Official Report

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The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

A GOOD MEMORY

Often Saves Money.

If you want to reach the farmers of Allen county, don't forget that the Weekly Sentinel is your paper.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY. OCT. 3. 1896. —PART FIRST— PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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The new Fall stock invites you. We are proud of our purchases, and feel confident that they will meet with your approval.

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We want you to get our prices on Domestic Goods.

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Cost for the Year, $7.00.
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DEMOCRACY

Takes Possession of St. Louis.

Democratic Banners and Emblems Everywhere

Vice President Stevenson Made a Strong Speech

Representatives of Political Clubs From Every State in the Union Meet in Convention.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 3.—This rather conservative town fairly boiled over with democratic enthusiasm today. It was visible at every corner and scores of banners which had been hung across the streets proclaimed it to the world. And if one were to judge by the badges and buttons worn by citizens one might easily have been constrained to believe that democracy had overwhelmed St. Louis from the river to its western limits. This was the opening day of the quadriennial convention of the National Association of Democratic clubs. The delegates began to arrive yesterday and they have been pouring in on every road that comes into the city since that time. All morning they gathered in the lobbies of the hotels, where the curbstone orators shouted and roared with enthusiastic energy, explaining the money question and "the true significance of 16 to 1." Then there were bands of music of every sort and description from the backwoods and from the metropolitan cities playing patriotic airs. It was about 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon when the delegates and visitors began to assemble at the auditorium where the convention was held, and it was almost an hour later when President C. F. Black called the meeting to order. At least 2,500 delegates were present and the vast hall was well filled with visitors. When the blessing of the Deity had been invoked the Jefferson Glee club of several hundred voices sang the national anthem, "America," in which the audience joined. When the applause following the singing of the anthem had died away President Black delivered his quadriennial address.

Mr. Black declared that the cause which the democratic party was supporting was that of no class, no section, but of the people as a whole. It was the cause of all classes from all parts of the country. He then entered into the discussion of the money question and concluded by denouncing Mark Hanna and the moneyed power. Mr. Black was frequently interrupted by applause. When he had finished he introduced Vice President Stevenson, who said:

"The gravity of the issues involved in the pending political struggles can not be overestimated. Their supreme importance to the masses of our people cannot be measured by words. This is not a mere contest as to men. The real issue cannot be obscured. In an hour so fraught with deep concern to all of the people appeal should be had to the judgment, not to passion.

"I ask no question as to the honest convictions of those who give their support to the ticket nominated at the Indianapolis convention. The fact remains, however, that the contest for the presidency rests solely between Bryan and McKinley. It cannot be claimed that any other candidate has a semblance of chance for success, or even that he will receive a single electoral vote.

"For what then do the real candidates for the presidency stand? Will the public interests, the interests of all the people best be subserved by the success of the democratic party or by the return of its great antagonist to power? It must be remembered that during the thirty-two years immediately preceding the inauguration of President Cleveland on March 4th, 1893, there was no single moment that the democratic party controlled the presidency and both houses of congress; never a moment that it could place a single law upon the statute books. For all of the legislation during that period which has brought in its train financial disaster, 'monopolies' and 'trusts' the republican party is alone responsible. During this period, the monetary policy of the founders of our government was abandoned and silver demonetized. The sad results to all kinds of business, to all conditions of men that have followed the demonetization act of 1873 have never been, will never be, adequately told. Something of the evils that have followed in its train can be found in the enforced idleness of those who vainly seek employment, in the wrecked fortunes of men once prosperous in business, and in the deplorable condition of the finances of the nation.

"But we are told that the real issue—that upon which this election is to turn—is not the monetary, but the tariff question. The nomination at St. Louis of the distinguished author of the last republican tariff law indicates the determination of our opponents when in the full tide of power to reenact the McKinley law and restore to the statute books the most unjust, the most odious tariff schedule known to any period of our history.

"The present tariff law is of untold value to the people. The election of a republican president and congress portends the renewal of tariff agitation, not in the interest of the consumer, but in the sole interest of monopoly and greed.

"The income tax provided for by the Wilson tariff bill has been declared unconstitutional. With many others, I deeply regret this decision of the supreme court. The revenue lost to the federal treasury by the income tax decision must be made good. The additional revenues should come from a tariff purely revenue in character imposed upon a few articles not of prime necessity.

"Believing, as I do, that gold and silver find equal recognition in the constitution of the United States; that by their joint use in effecting exchanges and performing the other functions of money we have prospered in the past, and that the evil days now befallen us are in no small measure the result of the demonetization of silver, I have no hesitation in maintaining my party allegiance and casting my vote for Bryan and Sewall, the nominees of the democratic convention. I deeply regret that many of those with whom I have been associated in former contests, now oppose the election of the candidates nominated in accordance with the time honored method and useages of the democratic party. Without questioning their sincerity, the inquiry is significant; what is there in the attitude of the democratic party upon the monetary question to justify its abandonment by those who have long shared in its councils, and who have been the recipients of its rewards and its honors? A belief in cheap money is no part of democratic teaching. It is a part of our creed "that the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic exchangeable value.' We believe 'in such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts.'

After quoting the declarations of the democratic party in the four national conventions preceding that which nominated Mr. Bryan, Mr. Stevenson asked: "Is it too much, then, to claim that in giving our support to the nominee of the Chicago convention, we are keeping the faith and the charge of recreancy to party does not lie at our doors? We believe that the election of a democratic president and congress will secure the restoration of silver to the position of standard money of the country, that was designed for it by the founders of the government. The destruction of silver as money and establishing gold as the sole unit of value must have a ruinous effect on all forms of property except those investments which yield a fixed return in money. Those would be enormously changed in value and would gain a disproportionate and unfair advantage over every other species of property. No power was conferred on congress to declare silver metal should not be money. Congress has, therefore, in my judgment, no power to demonetize either. If, therefore, silver has been demonetized, I am in favor of remonetizing it.

"I am firmly persuaded that in the present contest the interests of all the people are bound up in the success of the democratic party, whose creed upon the pending vital issues is the living faith of the founders of our government. Now, as in the struggle of the past, its appeal is to the judgment, the patriotism, sense of justice of the American people. Its candidate for the presidency is the able and eloquent statesman whose words have cheered the despondent, given hope and inspiration to his countrymen, and whose inauguration will be the beginning of better days to the republic."

When Vice President Stevenson had finished Governor Stone, of Missouri, was introduced. He excused himself from making an extended speech, as he had contracted a severe cold. He then proceeded to formally welcome the delegates.

PREPARING FOR WORK.

Mine Owners Repairing the Damage to Property.

LEADVILLE, Col., Oct. 3.—The building of a high plank fence around the Coronoda mine on the line of the one destroyed by fire during the murderous and successful attack of Sept 21 is being rapidly completed, and as soon as new machinery can be put in place and housed the mine will resume with a full force. This, with the other mines now getting under way, will leave practically none idle that were in operation when the strike began, except the Smith & Moffatt properties. These were employing about 300 men and Manager Smith says they will not resume work while it is necessary to have the protection of guns and guards. The meeting of the Miners' union held last night was attended by about 200 of the conservative element. This is regarded as an indication that disruption of the organization is impending.

SALE CONFIRMED.

The Reading Deal Was Legal and Must Stand.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 3.—Judge Acheson, in the United States court, today confirmed the sale of the property of the Reading Railroad and Coal and Iron company under the foreclosure proceedings. He overruled all motions for arrest of judgment and other proceedings instituted in opposition to the sale.

You can always save money and get wall paper to please you at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street.

BRYAN IN INDIANA.

Spoke to Many Thousands of Hoosiers Today.

The People Give Him a Hearty Greeting Wherever He Appears.

NORTH VERNON, Ind., Oct. 3.—William J. Bryan's arrival in Indiana and Illinois called forth the same hard work that has characterized each visit he has made to what is considered by many the battleground of the campaign. Fourteen stops were scheduled for these two states and he spoke at nearly every one of them, and where it was impossible for him to speak he again pressed into service ex-Congressman McMillan, who talked to the people for the nominee. Mr. Bryan left Cincinnati on the special car of President Peabody, of the Baltimore and Ohio, at 7 o'clock this morning. The car was in charge of Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner Cantrell, of Illinois, and Allen W. Martin, state committeeman of Indiana, and National Committeeman Woodson, of Kentucky. Lawrenceburg was reached at 7:35 and the platform erected near the depot was surrounded by a great crowd of expectant and enthusiastic people. They cheered the nominee as he made his way from the car to the platform.

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.

The National Democrats Organize for Work.

Name Nine Men Who Have Charge of Palmer and Buckner's Political Interests.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—The executive committee of the national democratic party (gold standard) has created a campaign committee consisting of nine members. John P. Hopkins, of Chicago, has been elected vice chairman of the committee, Mr. Bynum holding the chairmanship ex-officio. During the remainder of the campaign Mr. Hopkins will be in virtual control of the Palmer and Buckner interests, Chairman Bynum having arranged to take the stump. The campaign committee is as follows: Daniel R. Lawler, St. Paul, Minn.; W. B. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky.; L. C. Krauthof, Kansas City, Mo.; Col. L. M. Martin, Marshalltown, Iowa; W. D. Shelby, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Ellis B. Usher, La Crosse, Wis.; John P. Frenzel, Indianapolis, Ind.; C. V. Holman, of Maine.

SATOLLI'S SUCCESSOR.

Archbishop Martinelli Reaches His New Field of Labor.

Comes Over in the Campania and Has a Rough and Disagreeable Trip.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Archbishop Martinelli, successor to Cadinal Satolli as papal representative in the United States, was on board the steamer Campania, which reached her dock today. He is a short, dark man. When the health officer boarded the steamer, Dr. Martinelli was standing in the companionway, watching everything with keen interest. He said he had a rough and disagreeable trip, but that he was a fairly good sailor and had not been confined to his room. He was much interested to hear of the arrangements for his reception in this city. He said his health was excellent.

BEATEN BY THE ENGLISH.

America Fails to Win the Three Mile Running Race.

DUBLIN, Oct. 3.—Frederick E. Bacon, the English champion runner, defeated Thomas H. Coneff, the American champion, in the three mile run this afternoon on the track of the Balls Bridge grounds. Coneff retired after covering a mile and 300 yards. The time was 15 minutes, 29 3 5 seconds. The race thus decided is the first of a series of three events, for $500 a side each race, in which Bacon and Coneff are to compete. The second race is to take place at Manchester and the distance will be one mile. The third race, distance of two miles, may take place at Glasgow. Coneff has been under the care of A. D. Downing, of the Suffolk Athletic club of Boston, and Bacon has been looked after by Wm. Cummings, who was at one time a rival of W. G. George.

MILLS BURNED.

Two Woolen Factories Reduced to Ashes.

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 3.—The worsted mills of Ackroyd & Scull and Seymour & Boyer, covering nearly half a block, at Point and Pearl streets, this city, were destroyed by fire today. The flames originated from spontaneous combustion in the wool picker room of Ackroyd & Schull's mill. The two mills gave employment to about 300 persons, and the flames spread so rapidly that there were some narrow escapes, but no body was hurt. Ackroyd & Schull's loss is estimated at $650,000. Seymour & Boyer's loss is about $350,000.

AGAINST CHEROOTS.

Three Hundred Cigarmakers Strike for Better Smokers.

TAMPA, Fla., Oct. 3.—Over 300 operatives employed in Creagh, Gugneckt & Co.'s cigar factory have struck. The strikers asked that the management do away with the cheroot department and the company probably will accede. This is the second strike for the same cause within three weeks.

CAMPBELL FOR BRYAN.

The Ex-Governor Will Take the Stump in Ohio.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—Ex-Governor James E. Campbell, of Ohio, who is in the city, says that he will abide by the Chicago convention and vote for Bryan. He added that he would make a few speeches in Ohio in support of the Chicago nominees and may speak also in Indiana and West Virginia.

ON M'KINLEY'S LAWN

Trod Six Hundred Fort Wayne Republicans.

The Railway Club is Introduced by Mr. Enoch Cox and Addressed by the Major.

CANTON, Ohio, Oct. 3.—The day dawned bright and clear and in every way auspicious for the big demonstrations scheduled. The delegations were in before the city was astir. One came from Harrisburg and Dauphin county, Pa., and reached here about 5 o'clock.

The second delegation, which arrived at 7:15, came from Athens county, Ohio. Other trains arrived soon afterwards, the railroads having about twenty-five specials scheduled for the day.

The Buffalo contingent of wheelmen called at the McKinley home. They had with them several homeing pigeons which Mrs. McKinley released with the following message:

"CANTON, Ohio, Oct. 3.—The Wheelmen's McKinley and Hobart Republican club, of Buffalo, New York, arrived this morning and requested me to send greetings to their friends at home, in which I beg to join.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

Major McKinley, shortly after 10 o'clock, addressed the employes of the Standard Manufacturing company, of Pittsburg, and as soon as the lawn could be vacated employes of the Pennsylvania shops, of Allegheny, were on hand and were introduced by W. B. Kirker.

Speech No. 6 was delivered to railroad men in the employ of the Pittsburg and Western, introduced by Robt. K. Krahenbihl. Next came the farmers, miners, laborers, tin makers and wool growers of Washington county, Pa., a party of unusual proportions. Its greetings were presented by John H. Murdock on behalf of the citizens in general and by John G. Clark on behalf of the wool growers association.

Delegations from Pennsylvania, Fort Wayne, Ind., and Ohio listened to and applauded speech No. 8. In the crowd were American wire workers, of Cleveland, introduced by J. W. Sutherland; Kilby Manufacturing company, H. P. Nail company and Cleveland Hardware company, introduced by Charles O. Dailly; Star Fire Brick company employes, of Pittsburg, introduced by William Caldwell; Pittsburg Oil Well Supply company employes, introduced by Grant Hubler, and Fort Wayne, Ind., railroad men, introduced by Enoch Cox.

SUDDEN NEWS.

Death of Charles Rosenberger, in Covington, Ky.

He Left Unexpectedly Several Months Ago and His Whereabouts Were Not Known.

Today the police department received a telegram from the authorities of Covington, Ky., asking what disposition should be made of the remains of Charles Rosenberger, a Fort Wayne citizen, who died suddenly in that city.

Investigation showed that the body is that of Charles Rosenberger, a cooper of this city, and who at one time was a prominent Calhoun street saloon keeper, and also conducted the same business at different times on Fairfield avenue and Force street.

He had trouble recently with his family, and went out of business. His trade was that of a cooper, and he started out to work at his trade. His whereabouts were unknown until the announcement of his death.

The remains will be brought home and the funeral will be held from the family residence, 231 Force street, at a time to be announced later.

PRICES FALL OFF.

Wheat Today Goes Below Sixty-Nine.

The Decline Brought On by Weak Cables and Heavy Foreign Selling.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Wheat opened nearly 1c off, initial sales of December being made at 68¼@68½c against yesterday's closing price of 69⅛c. Cables came weaker than expected, and there was a growing conviction that a good reaction is due after the recent large advance. Northwest receipts were again very heavy, being almost as large as those of last year. The market received moderate support, however, and after selling at 68⅛c, gradually rose to 68½c, then reacted to 68⅜c. Foreigners were large sellers.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Wheat—Oct., 66⅜c; Dec., 67½@67⅝c; May, 71@71⅛c.

Corn—Oct., 22¼c; Dec., 22⅜@22⅝c; May, 25⅝c.

Oats—Oct., 17⅛c; Dec., 17½@17⅝c; May, 19½@19⅝c.

Pork—Oct., $6 30; Dec., $6 35; Jan., $7.10.

Lard—Oct., $3 90; Dec., $3 97½; Jan., $4.15.

Ribs—Oct. and Dec., $3 25; Jan., $3.30.

Officers Re-elected.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 3.—The Columbus, Shawnee and Hocking railroad today re-elected its old directors.

The board of works today located two electric lights, one at the Gay street bridge and the other at the Van Buren street bridge.

CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

Heady Relates His Thrilling Experience.

The Engineer Stopped to Adjust a Pin in the Engine When the Bandits Appeared.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Oct. 3.—Conductor Sam Heady, of the held-up passenger train from the west, tells the following story of the affair:

"When the train reached the Rio Puerco water tank Engineer Ross said that a pin in the engine was out of gear, but he thought he could go up the divide. The conductor thought not, and just as the engineer was about to fix the pin three masked men jumped on the engine, when the shooting commenced. A lantern was shot out of the hands of the brakeman, after which the engineer was told to uncouple the engine and express car from the train. Deputy United States Marshal Loomis, who has been down in Arizona on the trail of Southern New Mexico bandits, was on his return to this city, and he left the smoking car when the first shot was fired. He took deliberate aim at one of the robbers, shooting him through the head. The man ran for a hundred yards and dropped dead. The other robbers retreated to the malpais, where their voices calling for their comrades could be heard."

Conductor Heady states that Loomis remained at Rio Puerco, expecting the robbers to return for their dead companion, while Selvy met the posse of officers at the Atlantic and Pacific junction and returned with the party to Rio Puerco. The hold up was a failure financially, the robbers securing no money. It is thought the men were members of the same gang that robbed the Separ postoffice a few weeks ago and have been terrorizing the southern part of New Mexico and that the man who was killed, and whose name was Young, was their leader.

GERMAN GOODS

Outselling English Goods in British Markets.

Consul Moore's Report Attributes the Success of Germany to Superior Skill and Machinery.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—United States Consul Moore, at Weimar, Germany, has made a special report to the state department on the trade rivalry between Great Britain and Germany, using as his text a remarkable work, entitled, "Made in Germany," which is just now giving rise to great discussion in England and has had the effect of arousing the British merchants to the necessity of making extensive reforms in present methods in order to retain the trade they have at present. Mr. Moore calls attention to the curious fact that whereas the British government in special laws provided for the stamping of all goods imported into England from Germany with the words "Made in Germany," with the deliberate purpose of reducing these importations. The effect has been exactly the reverse, as is shown clearly in the report. The report gives many figures to show the enormous inroads the Germans have been making of late years into British trade, and the reasons assigned are not that the Germans pay lower wages, but that the cost of production is less in Germany, owing to the superior technical processes and great economies in manufacturing.

WESTERN UNION IS BEATEN.

Defeated in a Suit Over a Delinquent Tax Penalty.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 3.—In the legislature, following the passage of the general tax law, a supplemental act was passed fixing a penalty of 50 per cent. for failure of corporations to pay taxes, the latter becoming due at the regular tax paying time twice each year.

The Western Union refused to pay its taxes and the law was upheld both in the state and United States courts. The Western Union then offered to pay the regular taxes, but refused to pay the 50 per cent. penalty, claiming that the law was unconstitutional. Yesterday the supreme court decided the act valid and the telegraph company will have to pay an increase of one-half of its taxes for three years. The court declares that telegraph lines are peculiar property and that special remedies in case of failure to pay taxes are necessary.

SENATOR VOORHEES.

If His Health Improves He May Take Part in the Campaign.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 2.—Senator Voorhees arrived in the city unexpectedly last night from Chicago, where he remained over several days on his way from Mackinaw. He was accompanied by his son, Dr. Reese Voorhees, his daughter, Miss Hallie Voorhees, and Dr. Merlind, the physician who has been with him constantly for several months. The senator is very ill and is unable to receive his friends. It is said that it is hoped that he will improve so that he may be able to take an airing in a few days should the weather be pleasant. Farther than this there is no definite information as to his plans for the future, except that he may take part in the campaign.

CAN VOTE AS THEY PLEASE.

Charges of Intimidation of Wabash Railway Employes Denied.

LIGONIER, Ind., Oct. 3.—O. D. Ashley, president of the Wabash Railroad company, in an open letter addressed to John W. Lacy, agent of the company at Pleasant Lake, denies as without foundation the statement that employes of the company are being discharged on account of their political opinions. He says that whether or not the men in the service of the company vote for sound money or free silver, no official of the company will be permitted to interfere with them, and challenges proof of charges to the contrary.

BLOODY TRAGEDY.

Bud Chaffin and His Five Children Missing.

Their Humble Home Bespattered With Blood, Indicating Murder Most Foul.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 3.—Great excitement prevails at Devalls Bluff over the discovery of what is believed to be the bloodiest tragedy in the history of Prairie county. Bud Chaffin and his five children are believed to have been murdered and suspicion points to Mrs. Chaffin and John King, her paramour, as the murderers. Chaffin, with his wife and five children, lived on White river, between Devalls Bluff. John King, a hired man, lived with the family and is said to have alienated the Chaffin woman's affections from her husband. Neither King or any of the Chaffins have been seen since September 21. On that date King was seen driving away in a wagon in company with Mrs. Chaffin. As they did not return and nothing was seen of the other members of the family, the neighbors began an investigation. When the house in which the Chaffins had lived was opened, blood was found spattered all over the floor and there were evidences of a terrible butchery having been committed, but no bodies were found. The theory of the officers is that the bodies were thrown into the river. Every effort is being made to locate King and Mrs. Chaffin.

TO TEST THE DANA LAW.

Ohio Populists Want Fusion Nominees Twice on the Ballot.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 3.—The populists last evening filed with Secretary of State Taylor a certificate of the nomination of two candidates for state offices, though they have been put on the fusion ticket by the democrats already. The action is evidently to lay the ground for a suit to test the new Dana law providing that no candidate's name can appear on the ballot more than once, no matter how many parties nominate him.

The petition for the insertion of the gold standard democratic state and electoral ticket will be filed today. It contains the names of over 10,000 voters.

Mr. Taylor yesterday received a petition containing 9,500 names asking that the state ticket of the social party be placed on the ballot. Under the law he will be required to do so.

DIPHTHERIA CLOSES SCHOOLS.

Indiana in the Vicinity of Terre Haute Suffers From the Malady.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 3.—Diphtheria has caused the closing of five schools in this county and it is probable that others will be closed. The disease extends over the entire county and is of malignant form. North of here in Parke and Vermillion counties it has also obtained a foothold and some of the schools have been closed. The physicians fear there will be a widespread epidemic when the weather becomes colder and the school houses and other buildings are kept closed as the artificial heat propagates the disease germs.

WILL NOT COME HERE.

Prince Khilkoff Abandons the Idea of Visiting America.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 3.—Prince Khilkoff, the minister of communications, has abandoned his projected visit to the United States, during which he was to make a further study of the working of American railroads. The prince some years ago secured employment on a railroad in the United States, beginning as a stoker, in order to study American methods. He recently started on a tour of inspection of the trans-Siberian railroad, and from Siberia was to have gone to Japan, and thence to San Francisco, New York, London and Paris.

BANK STATEMENT.

The Reserve Increases Nearly Three Million.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes: Reserve, increase, $2,310,000; loans, increase, $2,624,900; specie, increase, $1,470,200; legal tenders, increase, $2,430,900; deposits, increase, $6,364,500; circulation, increase, $251,300. The banks now hold $16,526,025 in excess of the requirement of the 25 per cent. rule.

APPLICATION OVERRULED.

Romulus Cottell Must Hang for His Crime.

AKRON, Ohio, Oct. 3.—In the circuit court here today the application for a new trial for Romulus Cottell, sentenced to hang November 6 for the Stone family muder last March, was overruled. The case will be taken to the supreme court and an effort made to have the death sentence commuted.

Four Blocks Burned.

JEANETTE, La., Oct. 3.—Fire here yesterday afternoon destroyed four blocks of buildings, the Jeanette Lumber and Shingle company being the heaviest loser. Loss, $150,000; insurance, $60,000.

Raised His Donation.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Dr. D. K. Pearsons, who promised $10,000 to the trustees of the Mount Holyoke association, has agreed to give them $40,000 for the building fund.

BOUND OVER FOR TRIAL.

Thomas Kelker Charged With Robbing a Chinaman.

Harry Kramer and Charles Jones, Suspicious Characters, Are Let Go.

Officer Lot Sharp last night placed Thomas Kelker, a young man of this city, under arrest, as a suspect of the recent robbery at Wah Kee's Chinese laundry at 224 Calhoun street. The young man is charged with stealing $6 from the till at that place. This morning the prisoner was bound over in the sum of $200 for trial on the charge of petit larceny.

Harry Kramer, arrested by Officer Rohrer, and Charles Jones, arrested by Officer Sharp, were let go on a promise to get out of town at once.

JOE MASON STRICKEN.

Well Known Farmer Suffers a Stroke of Paralysis.

Patient is Sinking and Can Hardly Survive the Day—Does Not Recognize Friends.

Josephus S. Mason, of the Bluffton road, while attending market in this city, was stricken with paralysis and now lies at the home of Mrs. Louisa Flinn, a relative, at 101 Cass street, in a sinking condition. It is thought he cannot survive the day.

Mr. Mason is one of the wealthy and well known farmers of Allen county and this affliction will be a sudden blow to his many friends.

Today the immediate family and other relatives were summoned to the man's bedside but he was unable to recognize any of them.

Dr. Gavin, who attends him, states that the right side is affected and that there is little hope of recovery.

PUBLIC WORK.

Board of Works Passes Upon Some Important Business.

At a meeting last evening the board of public works approved the assessment roll on the improvements mentioned in last evening's SENTINEL and transacted other business.

The resolution calling for the paving of Wells street was changed to conform with the width of the street between the bridge and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern tracks.

The clerk was instructed to remind the officials of the Home Telephone company of the clause in their contract reserving the top cross piece on all poles for the city's use.

The clerk was instructed to notify William Limecooly to raise and relay his sidewalk on South Calhoun street; also to order the Jenney Electric Light and Power company to place arc lamps at the intersection of Clay and Hayden streets, and also at the western approach of the Van Buren street bridge.

The board approved the following bonds: Christian Rabel, Albert Schafer, Christ Keefer, H. Koenig, D. Nestel, W. Douglass, W. H. Oetting and H. G. Merz, for raising and relaying sidewalks on West Jefferson street.

The bonds of John Draker and W. H. Oetting, as licensed sewer builders, were also approved.

A petition was received urging upon the board the necessity for constructing sidewalks on the south side of Greene street, from Thomas street to Holton avenue, and the engineer was accordingly instructed to prepare plans and specifications for the improvement.

DANCES AT THE PARK.

Amusements Arranged for the Winter Months.

The large pavillion at Robison park is now enclosed with glass and presents a beautiful appearance. It is the intention of Manager Robison to give a series of dances and concerts twice weekly during the fall season. The first of those will take place Tuesday, October 6, and the program has been arranged. Overture, William Tell, Rossini; waltz, Educa, Hanson; two step, On the Parade, Sousa; polka, LaGigale, Coote; Waltz, Faust, Gounod; overture, Orpheus, Offenbach; waltz, 1001 night, Strauss; mazurka, Aufm Ball, Strauss; polka, Bicicletas, Morlet; overture, Belle of Corneville, Planquette; waltz, Dorfschwabbe, Strauss; gallop, qui vive, Ganz; polka, Cancoritos, Morlet; two step, King Cotton, Sousa; waltz, LaGitana, Bucalossi; Home Sweet Home.

SUNDAY GUESTS.

Visitors Who Will be at Some of the Hotels Tomorrow.

Among the guests at the New Aveline are F. W. Sines, Arcola; W. A. Butler, Van Wert; W. H. Whitney, Indianapolis; G. M. Thomas, Warsaw; W. H. Simons, Warsaw.

Among the guests at the Wayne are Harry Brown, Akron, Ohio; Joseph R. McCargar, Grand Rapids; H. B. Stanley, Logansport; John M. Bloss, Muncie; M. Gould, South Bend; Louis Nessler, Indianapolis.

Among the guests at the Randall are J. A. Morris, Bluffton; W. R. Austin, Norwalk, Conn.; George R. Taylor, Hamilton, Ohio; J. A. Turner, Indianapolis; J. C. Thomas, Granville, Ohio; A. C. Mebelham, Toledo; George C. Henry, Canton, Ohio.

STATE TICKET.

Indiana Gold Democrats Settle an Important Question.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 3.—The state committee of the national democratic party at its meeting yesterday decided not to put a state ticket in the field. S. O. Pickens, the member of the committee from this district, and its chairman were the only ones of the thirteen who were in favor of making a ticket, although several of the most influential gold standard democrats of this city attended the meeting and urged that candidates for state offices be named.

BRYAN WILL BE HERE.

The Free Silver Hero Will be in Fort Wayne October 17.

Members of the National Committee Pledge Their Honor That He Will Come.

The democratic headquarters in this city received a telegram this afternoon from Hon. R. C. Bell, who went to Chicago to confer with the national committee, in which it is stated that William J. Bryan, the presidential candidate will positively come to Fort Wayne on October 17.

Senator Jones and other members of the committee have pledged their honor to see that this promise is fulfilled.

TWO BANK PRESIDENTS

Will Tell How the Silver Dollar Will Bring Good Times

At the Saengerbund Hall This Evening—Hon. John Overmeyer and Hon. Hugh Dougherty.

Hon. John Overmeyer, of North Vernon, Ind., who for four years was chairman of the republican state central committee, but who is now for Bryan and Sewall, and the free coinage of silver, will speak at Saengerbund hall tonight. Hon. Hugh Daugherty, of Bluffton, will also speak. Both are interesting speakers and will have a large audience.

Monday night at Saengerbund hall Hon. C. J. Kollmeyer, of Columbus, Ind., will address the democrats.

PROHIBS MEET.

Candidates Named For the Various County Offices.

The National Platform is Endorsed by Acclamation—Some Good Speeches.

At 1:30 o'clock this afternoon the Allen county prohibition convention met in the commissioners room for the naming of candidates on the county ticket.

The regular chairman, Rev. Nelson, being absent, the convention was called to order by Secretary James E. Graham.

Mr. Graham was, on motion, elected permanent chairman of the convention and C. W. Harwood, of Perry township, permanent secretary.

The convention then proceeded with the selection of a county ticket and their deliberations resulted as follows:

Representatives in the State Legislature—James English, of Madison, and Henry C. Schrader, of Fort Wayne.

Sheriff—Thomas J. Twinning, of Washington.

Treasurer—J. W. Cromwell, of Fort Wayne.

Assessor—W. S. Herrick, of Milan.

Surveyor—Charles W. Harrod, of Perry.

Coroner—William F. Ferguson, of Fort Wayne.

Commissioners—Second district, Samuel K. Waterson, of Eel River; Third district, George W. Maxwell, of Eel River.

The convention endorsed by acclamation the national platform of the party, as follows:

We, the members of the prohibition party in national convention assembled, renewing our declaration of allegiance to Almighty God as the rightful ruler of the universe, lay down the following:

"That the liquor traffic has produced such social, commercial, industrial and political wrongs and is now so threatening the perpetuity of our social and political institutions, that the suppression of the same by national party, organized therefore, is the greatest object to be accomplished by the voters of our country. Therefore be it

"Resolved, That we favor the legal prohibition by state and national legislation of the manufacture, importation, exportation, interstate transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages.

"That we declare our purpose to organize and unite all the friends of prohibition into our party, and in order to accomplish this end we deem it but right to leave every prohibitionist the freedom of his own convictions upon all other political questions and trust our representatives to take such action upon other political questions as the changes occasioned by prohibition and the welfare of the whole people shall demand."

LOCAL LINES.

There are five cases of scarlet fever in Irishtown.

Wm. C. Thomas and Cora E. Bowers have been licensed to wed.

Judge O'Rourke has sentenced Edgar L. Wilgus to the penitentiary for one year for larceny.

Charles A. Hans, the liveryman, today received a telegram announcing the death of his uncle, Christian Hans, at South Bend, Ind. Owing to the illness of Mr. Hans' wife, he will be unable to attend the funeral.

A Poet Dead.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—William Morris, the designer, poet and author, who of late years has proclaimed himself as a socialist, died this morning. He was born in 1834.

SPECIAL SALE
OF CENTER STANDS.

These Stands are not Poor, Trashy Goods, but are Solid Oak, well finished and are worth almost twice what we ask for them.

Five Different Styles.

** 24x24 Top, worth $1 75, for $1.00.
** 22x22 Top, worth $1.50, for 80 cents.
** 18x18 Top, worth $1.50, for 80 cents.
** 16x16 Top, worth $1.00, for 60 cents.
** 16x16 Top, worth 75 cents, for 48 cents.

PICKARD BROS.
HEADQUARTERS FOR
FURNITURE and STOVES.

The Evening Sentinel.
BY E. A. K HACKETT.
SATURDAY OCT. 3, 1896.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

National Ticket.

President—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska.
Vice President—Arthur Sewall, of Maine.

State Ticket.

Governor—B. F. Shively, of St. Joseph county.
Lieutenant Governor—John C. Lawler, of Washington county.
Appellate Judges—First district, Edwin Taylor, of Vanderburg county; Second district, F. E. Gavin; Third district, Theodore Davis; Fourth district, Orlando Lotz; Fifth district, G. E. Ross.
Secretary of State—S. M. Ralston, of Boone county.
Auditor of State—Joseph T. Fanning, of Marion county.
Treasurer of State—Morgan Chandler, of Hancock county.
Attorney General—J. G. McNutt, of Terre Haute.
Reporter of the Supreme Court—Henry Warrum, of Marion county.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Prof. W. B. Sinclair, of Pulaski county.
State Statistician—O. H. Downey, of Noble county.

Congressional.

For Congress—James M. Robinson.

Joint Senatorial.

For Joint Senator—L. J. Bobilya.

Joint Representative.

For Joint Representative—William C. Ryan, of Allen.

County Ticket.

For Representatives—George V. Kell and H. I. Smith.
For Prosecuting Attorney—N. D. Doughman.
For Treasurer—L. C. Hunter.
For Sheriff—Albert Melching.
For Surveyor—Charles W. Branstrator.
For Coroner—Dr. J. H. Kappel.
For Assessor—Thomas Greer, sr.
For Commissioners—Second District—M. A. Ferguson; Third District—John Orff.

Politics in the Pulpit.

With the great national political campaign in which every American is supposed to be interested, and during which party feeling runs high, comes a time of trouble and trial for the minister of the gospel, and he must tread very carefully and tenderly around among the political corns of his parishoners if he would escape criticism.

During such times his situation is indeed most trying and critical. He dare not talk politics in the pulpit and scarcely out of it either, for, if he does, he is sure to tread on somebody's toes. The least possible allusion made by him now to the material of the heavenly streets, as given in Revelations, is taken as an indorsement of the gold standard, while any mention made by him of the silver money, so generally used by the people in Christ's time, will be understood as an argument for the free coinage of the white metal.

In such a period of distrust it would seem prudent for the minister to refrain absolutely from any political allusion; to divest prayer, hymn and sermon of the slightest indication of his political preferences, should he possess any, and so absolutely leave no trail that the political sleuth hound might follow. On questions of a moral nature, like the abolition of slavery or intemperance, the minister has, without doubt, a right to speak forcibly from his pulpit. Indeed it is his duty to do so. But on economic questions, such as the money question is, it would seem their discussion might much better be avoided in the pulpit and left with the politician and the campaign orators.

For six days in the week the air is filled with contention about gold and silver. It is the theme of conversationalists on the streets, in the hotels, around the home hearth—in fact, everywhere. It is impossible to get away from it and it becomes to many persons a weariness of the flesh. Surely there ought to be one day of surcease from all this encounter of opinions. The day which was instituted for rest and calm reflection ought to be preserved inviolable from those disturbing influences which invade and embitter life during the working days of the week.

Putting aside the moral aspect of the problem altogether and leaving out of the account the question of propriety, the demands of human comfort require a brief breathing spell once a week during this period of excitement and a momentary relaxation of the acerbities which annoy the country whenever it is swept by a presidential battle.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

Our Fall Stock is now complete in every department.

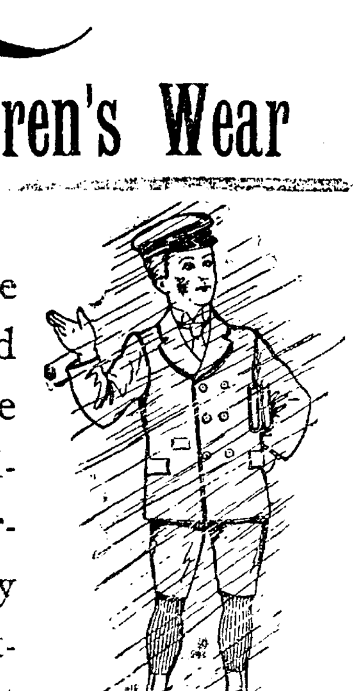
Men's Overcoats and Suits.

Greatest values we have ever shown. Prices range from $4.00 to $25.

OUR LINE OF Boys' and Children's Wear

A surprise to all.

A good durable Knee Pants Suit at $1.00 and upwards. We are sole agents for Neptune Anti-Pluie Boys Clothing, guaranteed water-proof. They have given universal satisfaction for the past three seasons.



Our Waterproof Boy.

LEHMAN'S.

Purchasing Votes.

An interesting decision regarding the use of money in the purchase of votes was rendered Tuesday by the appellate court of this state The case in question came from Vincennes, where in the presidential election of 1891, John McKinney accepted $5 from Charles Thompson not to cast his vote. Under existing election laws McKinney sued for $300 as damages, as provided by the statutes. Thompson fought the case on the ground that McKinney had voted in violation of his agreement, but the suit was decided against him. An appeal was taken in the appellate court where Judge Ross decided that when the appellant gave the relator $5 to refrain from voting, and the latter accepted the money, the hiring was completed, and the statute was violated. McKinney was awarded damages in the sum of $300.

Mere Guesswork.

The Chicago Record has engaged in a stupendous undertaking which it believes will, when completed, accurately forecast the result of the national election. On the assumption that the vote of the states of the central west will determine the contest, it has made arrangements by which it will receive a postal card ballot on national candidates from 10 per cent. of the entire vote of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa, Kentucky, Nebraska Missouri, South Dakota and North Dakota. These states have a voting population of 4 581,570, and the Record plan contemplates a canvass of 458,157 of these votes and the entire voting population of Chicago, making about 750,000 votes in all. Names are taken at random, except in Chicago, from lists furnished by postmasters in alphabetical order from cities, towns and villages. The purpose of these lists was not known to the postmasters when they were furnished. The Record believes that an expression from 10 per cent. of the voters will reliably indicate the sentiment of the entire body of voters in the states mentioned. As to the correctness of this most people will withhold an opinion until the poll is completed. If it comes his way the McKinleyite will swear by it, and so, too, will the Bryanite if it shows in his favor. It is possible that the result of the vote may be announced by October 10.

How to Promote Temperance.

One of the strongest arguments for total abstinence of which we have heard comes from the practical experiment of a number of workingmen in England. The question of total abstinence was being discussed in a meeting at the close of a lecture in favor of it by the late Mr. Silk Buckingham. A workingman arose and said it was very well for gentlemen like the chairman or "a parliament man," but for hard-working men like himself to do without beer was perfectly ridiculous. In this sentiment a group of his friends concurred The speaker then inquired, "Have you ever tried it? If not, how are you able to judge?' He then proposed to adjourn the meeting for a month, have the men try the experiment, and then come together and give their honest verdict. They agreed to do this. When the night of the second meeting arrived the building was crowded two hours before the time to commence. When the meeting opened the same workingman made an address substantially as follows: "We have kept our promise made one month ago, and from that time to this none of us have tasted intoxicating drink. We have continued to the end, improving sensibly as we have proceeded; and, as we had not been a single day or even an hour absent from work during that period, there was no deduction for lost time. So that, besides being stronger, healthier and happier than we were before, we had each of us at the end of the fourth week from thirty to forty shillings more in our pockets than formerly. We rejoice, therefore, that we attended the first meeting, though we came to oppose it, and we mean to persevere as we have begun, and recommend all workingmen to follow our example"

The two teams of the Y. M. C. A play a game of foot ball at Lakeside park this afternoon. The line up is as follows: First team—Center rush, Bradley; right guard, Casseo; left guard, Johnson; right tackle, Dick; left tackle, Hess; right end, Richter; left end, Ehrman; quarter back, Cohen; right half, Moring; left half, Lane; full back, Orff. Second team—Center rush, Moten; right guard, Birchard; left guard Crawford; right tackle, Olds; left tackle, Shulz; right end, Evans; left end, Breeze; quarter back, Shere; right half, Mills; left half, Greenick; full back, Seavey;

C. H. Newton, of this city, gives the per capita circulation of coin and paper money, outside of the United States treasury, and not including bullion, for the years named as follows: 1865, $20 57; 1866 $18 99; 1867, $18 28; 1892, $24 44; 1893, $23 85; 1896, $21 10. He writes that his figures are taken from United States treasury department circular No 123 issued July 1, 1896, on the authority of Secretary of Treasury Carlisle.

Arrangements are being made by the B. Y. P. U. social committee of the First Baptist church for a recital to be given by Miss Bertha Stimson, reader and impersonator, of Lafayette, Ind. The event will take place some time during the present month.

Most Famous Woman.

She is more talked about than any other woman living. She is in the papers every day in some part of this great country, and she is almost as much in the public eye in Europe as here, though not quite, for she belongs in the United States.

On Monday she was going home in the evening about dusk, when a fellow sprang from behind a tree, knocked her down, snatched her pocketbook out of her hand and ran away with it and was never caught.

Tuesday she stepped into a drug store to refresh herself with an ice cream soda. She laid her purse down upon the counter while she sipped the cooling drink with a spoon. When she went to pick it up, it was gone. Somebody had snatched it from the counter when she was not looking.

Wednesday she was going home from the bank, where she had just drawn out $2,000. She dropped it as she stepped out of the cab at her own door, forgetting for the moment that she had it. Somebody grabbed it quick as lightning, and she mourns to this day the loss of that big batch of money.

Thursday she went down town in a car to do some shopping. She put her purse on the seat beside her for a moment, forgot it when she left the car and never recovered it. The conductor swears in the most solemn manner that he "never seen nothing of it."

Friday she went to the club. Her pocketbook was in her lap. It slid to the floor when she got up to make a motion, and in her endeavor to follow out parliamentary usage strictly she never thought of it till the clubroom was empty and swept and garnished. She never heard of it again.

Saturday she stopped a moment to pat upon the head the dearest little doggie with a blue ribbon around its neck. While she did that a bold, bad thief snatched her pocketbook and made off with it.

Sunday, when she was going to put a crisp new dollar bill into the contribution plate, she found her purse was not at all in her lap, where she generally kept it. She must have dropped it when she went up the church steps.

She is the woman who carries her pocketbook in her hand.

The Briton is a man who stands up for his rights. He prides himself on it. When two small barges coming in opposite directions arrived lately at a lock of the Grand Junction canal in Northamptonshire, the captain of each vessel insisted on going through the lock first. Both could not go at the same time. It was not a matter of great importance, and anybody with any sense would have not cared a pin whether he or the other fellow went through that lock first. But these two sturdy British captains each determined in his mind that it would be a tremendous letting down of his dignity to back out and let the other one through. So at it they went and "jawed" each other 24 hours. They planted themselves squarely opposite one another, and neither would budge. Canalboat after canalboat arrived behind each one till there were more than 100 at the scene of action waiting to get through the lock, and still neither of the obstinate fools would back off. After a whole day had passed and the hours had turned the quarter of the next one the owner of one of the barges ordered his captain to give way, and then only was the blockade broken. We have in America one creature with as much firmness as an Englishman. It is the mule.

The Manitoba school question was an important factor in turning over the Canadian government from Conservative to Liberal control. That being the case, the prospect is that the school question itself will be settled, if not to the satisfaction of all, at least so there will be no loud grumbling. The Protestants held out stiffly that there should be no division of the school fund, and there will not be. But in neighborhoods where there are as many as 50 Roman Catholic children one teacher of that faith shall be employed. If it is desired, religious instruction may be given in the schools at stated times, on petition of the taxpayers. In settlements where both English and French are spoken school instruction shall be imparted in both languages.

In another century the crude devices at present made by experimenters in air travel will appear as antiquated as the original piano or the original bicycle does now. Inventions for air travel are crowding one another thick and fast, and it is only a question of a little more time when one or more of them will be successful. If a machine can be made to rise of itself and then propel itself 300 feet through the air, it is only a matter of mechanical perfection of arrangement to make it fly 5 miles or 500. The possibility has been demonstrated. A flying ship lately undoubtedly rose in the air and moved forward 383 feet against the wind. This is enough to know. The rest will come.

In a quiet way, not unmixed with humor, the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin has been doing something for American municipal government. It has prepared a set of 11 questions for whom it may concern. The questions make searching and delicate inquiry into the character and fitness for their office of the city councilmen, also as to corruption in office and the too liberal exercise of the franchise granting power.

Gladstone got his rise in public life not so much by his splendid talents as by his unquestioned and powerful earnestness in every issue he took up. His English was and is tremendous when he has been aroused. The name he recently applied to the sultan of Turkey was "The Great Assassin," and it will stick till the porte as a government shall be no more.

The nearer together producer and consumer can be, other things being equal, the greater prosperity there will be. It has been found, for instance, that the farmers who are near to factory districts become well to do selling their products to mill operatives. That old, original and wise Democrat, Andrew Jackson, said, "Plant the factory near the farm."

The man who has lost all faith in humanity is in a bad way. He ought to let a faith cure healer take a whack at him.

IN THEIR PULPITS.

The Pastors of the Churches Will Be Tomorrow.

They Announce the Themes of Their Sermons and the Hours for the Different Services.

A good man living in the town of Brilliant, Ohio, has bought an omnibus which is dedicated to the service of Christ. This omnibus will hold twenty five people, and every Sunday morning it moves slowly down the three long streets of the town, a mile in length, stopping wherever signalled to gather in the people who are too young, or too old, or too feeble to walk to church. Ever so many people who have not been able to go regularly to church in a long time now have the opportunity. Of course the omnibus has to have horses to draw it, but its owner has a pair of fine ones who work during the week and take this three mile trip and back each Sunday for exercise. There are many places where a Sunday omnibus to church would be a blessing

THE CHURCH SERVICES

St. Andrew's mission, on South Wayne avenue—Sunday school, 3 p m

Miss Sharp will lead the meeting at the Y. W. C. A. Sunday at 4 p m All women are cordially invited.

Trinity English Lutheran church—Preparatory service and communion at 10:30; Sunday school at 2.30 p. m; Luther league at 7; evening service at 7:30.

Railroad department Y M C A.—Bible study 3 p. m. Rev. A. K. Zartman will address the mixed meeting at 3:30 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

Services at the A. M E church, East Wayne street, at 10 30 a. m 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 3 p m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p m. All are welcome. G W Brown, pastor.

Third Presbyterian Church.—Preaching at 10:45 a m. Subject, "The Family," and at 7:30 p m., subject, 'Sincerity" Sunday school at 9.30 a m; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p m; Junior C. E. at 3:45 p m. J. M. Boggs, pastor.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner of West Berry and Fulton streets, Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector—Litany, sermon and holy communion 10.45 a. m; evening song service, with address, 4 30 p m; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m

Bethany church, Nebraska, Rev. Geo E. Davies, pastor—Morning services, 10:30 a m; Sabbath school rally, 3 p m., special program; Y. P S. C. E, 4 p. m; evening services, 7:30 p m., subject, "The Gold and Silver Standard."

Christ's Lutheran church, corner Jefferson and Webster streets—Sunday school, 9:30; morning service, 10:45; at 7:30 p m harvest home services by the children. You are cordially invited to these services. A A. Hundley, pastor.

Welcome to the services at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow. Sermon at 10:30 a m, "The Church Member's Duty to His Church." Evening service, 7:30; Sabbath school, 9:30; young people's service, 6:45 p m. A. K Zartman, pastor.

Calvary U B. church, corner Lewis and Harmer streets, A. W. Ballinger, pastor—Quarterly meeting services conducted by Elder Miller. Preaching tonight at 7:30 p m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m; Y. P. C. U. at 6:30 p m. All are cordially invited.

South Congregational church—Sunday school rally day. Special children's service with songs and recitations to which all the parents and friends are cordially invited at 10:15 This takes the place of the regular service. C E. at 7 p m. At 7:30 "The Art of Living With God." The Emerson quartet will sing fine numbers morning and evening. Rev. E. E Frame, pastor

Heidelberg Reformed, Harrison street, near Wayne; Rev. S. U Snyder, pastor. Sunday school, 9.30 a m.; public worship with sermon, at 10.30 a m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "True Confession; Before Whom Made;" evening subject, 'The Great Deliverance; or, Out of Egypt'—he fifth Sabbath evening lecture in the series Friends and strangers are welcome at Heidelberg

Rev. J. H. Evans, presiding elder of Fort Wayne district, will conduct quarterly meeting, in the Bethel church, corner of Clinton and and Holman streets, as follows: Tonight, English preaching; Sunday at 10 a m, German, followed by communion service; at 7:45 English. Young People's meeting will be held at 7 p. m, and Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Strangers are cordially invited to attend. Pastor.

Quarterly meeting at Simpson M E church tomorrow. Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 a. m, to be followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper In the evening there will be a sermon and consecration service. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m; Junior league at 2:30 p m; Epworth league devotional service at 6:30 p m., led by A. W. Paschall The pastor hopes to see a very full attendance of members at these services. Strangers invited and welcome J. W. Paschall, pastor.

Wayne Street Methodist church The Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bennett pastor. All the services as usual. The Sunday school will be held at 9:30 a m; the Junior League, at 3 p. m. The topic for the forenoon service will be the fourth commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" In the evening the pastor will give an exposition of the law, "Honor thy father and thy mother." All services in the Sunday school room, entrance on Broadway. Everyone cordially invited.

Baptist Tabernacle, Rev. Llewellyn L. Henson, pastor. At 10:30 the pastor will preach his first anniversary sermon. Services at night as usual. Sunday school at 12:15 p m; Juniors at 3 p. m.; B. Y. P. U, 6:30 p m.; South Wayne mission Sunday school, 9 a. m; Hanna street mission Sunday school, 9 a. m.; East Side mission Sunday school 2:30 p m; Bethel mission Sunday school, 2:30 p. m; German mission Sunday school, 2:30 p m.; North Side mission Sunday school, 3 p m. You are cordially invited to all these services.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D W. Moffat, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p m

German Baptists—Regular preaching services at the Zelt's hall Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m Everybody welcome to all these services. By order of committee.

City Y. M. C. A.—Rev. S U Snyder will address men at 3:30 p m. Subject: "A Vision of a New World." All men cordially invited. Charlie Brackenridge will have charge of the boys' meeting at 2:15 Everybody in the city welcome.

At Westminster church Rev. J. L. Leeper will preach at 10:30 a. m. on "Saving and Being Saved, or the Ends and Objects of the Westminster Brotherhood" Sunday school at 12 m; Sc. Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Musical service at 7.30 p m.

Farewell services at the Free Methodist church, 268 East Creighton avenue, Sunday at 10:30 a. m. General class at 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 7:30 p m Pastor preaches his farewell sermon All are cordially invited to come. N L. Stambaugh, pastor.

At the West Jefferson street Church of Christ tomorrow services will be held as usual in the Sunday school rooms. The subject in the morning will be "Christ in the Home" An interesting service will also be held in the evening. Entrance on Jefferson street. Welcome to all. P. J. Rice, pastor.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Cass and Fourth streets Edmund F. Albertson, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. Rev. F. T. Simpson will preach at 7:30 p. m. and administer the sacrament. Epworth league devotional meeting at 7 p. m. The public is cordially invited.

At Plymouth Congregational church the communion service and reception of members at 10:45 a. m; Sermon at 7:30 p. m., "The Reasonable Hope" Special music by the quartet and by Prof George Abram Smith. Sunday school at 9 30 a. m. and Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m. A wide welcome. J Stuart Ainslie, minister.

St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. M. C Cooper. Quarterly love feast at 9:30 Preaching at 10:30 by Rev. F. T. Simpson, followed with the sacrament of the Lord's supper and reception of members Sunday school at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Epworth League devotional meeting at 6:30 and preaching at 7:30 by Rev. Henry Bridge, a former pastor of the church. An orchestra of thirteen instruments has been organized in the Sunday school and tomorrow afternoon Will Killen and Will Cutler will play a mandolin duet.

Berry street M. E. church, corner Harrison. C. C. Cissell, pastor. General class, 9:30 a. m.; sermon, 10:30 a m, subject, "The Ark, or Provision for the Future"; Sunday school, 2:15; Junior League, 3:30; Epworth League devotional meeting, 6:30. Mrs. Stella Mohler leader; sermon, 7:30, subject, 'The Attitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the Temperance Question." The public most cordially invited to all our services. Special music at each service. Seats are all free. Strangers especially welcomed.

REFORMED CHURCHES.

Emanuel Reformed (German), corner Bass and Fairfield; Rev. W. H. Lahr, pastor. Sunday services, 10:30 a. m and 7:30 p m.

Salem Reformed (German), Clinton, between Wayne and Berry; Rev. John Kuelling, D. D, pastor. Sunday services 10:30 a m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p m.

St. John's Reformed (German) corner Washington boulevard and Webste; Rev. J. H. Bosch, pastor. Sunday services at 10:15 a m. and 7:30 p m; Sunday school at 9 a. m.

German Lutheran Church Notices.

St. Paul's, on Barr Street—Sunday services, 10 a. m., Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Trinity, Corner Huffman and Oakland, Rev J. A. Bohn, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Zion Lutheran—Corner Creighton avenue and Hanna, Rev. Henry Juengel, pastor. Services at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

Emanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson Street, Rev. Charles Gross, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p m.

St. John's Evangelical, corner West Washington and Van Buren, Rev. Henry P. Dannecker, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a m., 2 p. m (in German) 7:30 p m. (in English)

Roman Catholic Church Notices.

St. Paul's (German), Rev. Edward Koenig, Pastor, Corner Griffith and West Washington Streets—Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Joseph's Chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital)—Rev. Eisenring, C. S. S, chaplain Sunday services, 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. Weekly services, 8 a. m.

St Peter's (German), Corner East DeWald and Warsaw, Rev. A. Messman. Pastor—Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Patrick's—Corner DeWald and Harrison, Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor; Rev. E. F. Barrett, assistant pastor. Sunday services, mass 8 and 10 a. m; vespers, 3 p m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Mary's (German) — Corner of Lafayette and Jefferson streets, the Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Rudolph Denk. Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception—Cathedral square, Calhoun street, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, V. G., bishop; Very Rev. Joseph H. Brammer, Rev. J. R. Quinlan and Rev. Charles B. Guendling. Sunday services, 6, 8, 8:30 (children's service), and 10:30 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

TAKES A GERMAN.

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND SOON TO MARRY.

She Is Only Sixteen Years Old but Will Probably Marry Within the Present Year — Jealousy for the Germans.

IT HAS finally been settled who shall wed little Queen Wilhelmina, the 16-year-old queen of Holland, about whom there has been so much speculation since she has begun to grow up. Her second cousin, Prince Bernard Henry, a grandson of the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenbach, is the lucky youth. He is a German prince and consequently the match is not enthusiastically viewed by the Dutch, who are afraid of German influence. This betrothal brings about a curious relationship. The grand duke's wife, the grandmother of the prince-consort-to-be, was a sister of Wilhelmina's father and an aunt of the young queen. She is the heir-apparent to the crown and in case Wilhelmina died without issue she or her eldest male descendant would succeed to the crown. Wilhelmina is personally very interesting; she is the last heir of a great dynasty; she is quick, bright and gracious and her Dutch subjects would not exchange her for any king that lived. Her parents' history is very romantic. Old King William III., her father, who died in 1889, left behind him a very unsavory reputation. In fact, he was about the only ruler of whom Holland has had cause to be heartily ashamed. He had his favorites like Louis XV. and was proud of the scandals afloat concerning him. He had no shame, no conscience and no scruples and no domestic affections—he was a satire on monarchy. His first wife, whom he married while he was yet prince of Orange, was Sophia, daughter of the king of Wurtemburg, and she managed to keep him within bounds till he succeeded to the throne and lost his head in his new-found freedom and great wealth. Two sons were born from this marriage, but the eldest died, wrecked by a career like his father's, while the second had a spinal disease which rendered him an invalid unfit for ruling. Sophia had died and at the age of 62 the king fell deeply in love with Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who is now the widowed duchess of Albany. The princess laughed at the king when he asked for her hand.

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

The old king was sadly hurt and soon after heard the princess' younger sister, Emma, saying reproachfully: "Helen, I should never refuse to become a queen." The old king turned and saw a pretty girl of 19 and his fickle heart was once again smitten. As soon as possible he proposed, was accepted and almost immediately married. The young queen was childishly pleased with the state in which she lived in Holland and scandalized the courtier by clapping her hands and dancing with joy, but she soon learned dignity and proved herself entirely worthy of the high honor. She developed into a capable, majestic woman and since the death of her husband has ruled Holland as regent, while training her willful and headstrong daughter to be a queen as well as a woman.

Once when out driving with her little daughter, then but 7, the horses ran away and death stared them in the face. When the horses were caught by citizens and stopped at the palace the regent gave orders for them to be reharnessed. "If we do not start out again," said this Spartan mother, "my daughter will learn what fear is." Trembling like a leaf the little queen endured that second drive without a word of remonstrance.

Wilhelmina is of a very nervous, high-strung temperament and a doctor who has studied her says that the pace of her nervous emotions is such that she has already lived as much as some people of 80.

Until she was 4 Wilhelmina spoke nothing but French and was then taught other languages to the exclusion of German in deference to her father's wishes. It is rather a joke that she is now to marry a German prince.

His Last Name.

"Is your last name Walker, Sammy?"

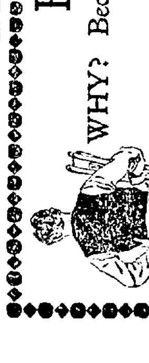
"Naw. Walker was me name when I was borned an' they did'n' call me Sammy till four weeks later. Sammy's me las' name, mum."

BACKACHE

WHY? Because your Liver and Kidneys are out of order

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM is the "PEERLESS REMEDY" for curing ailments of the Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Bright's Disease.

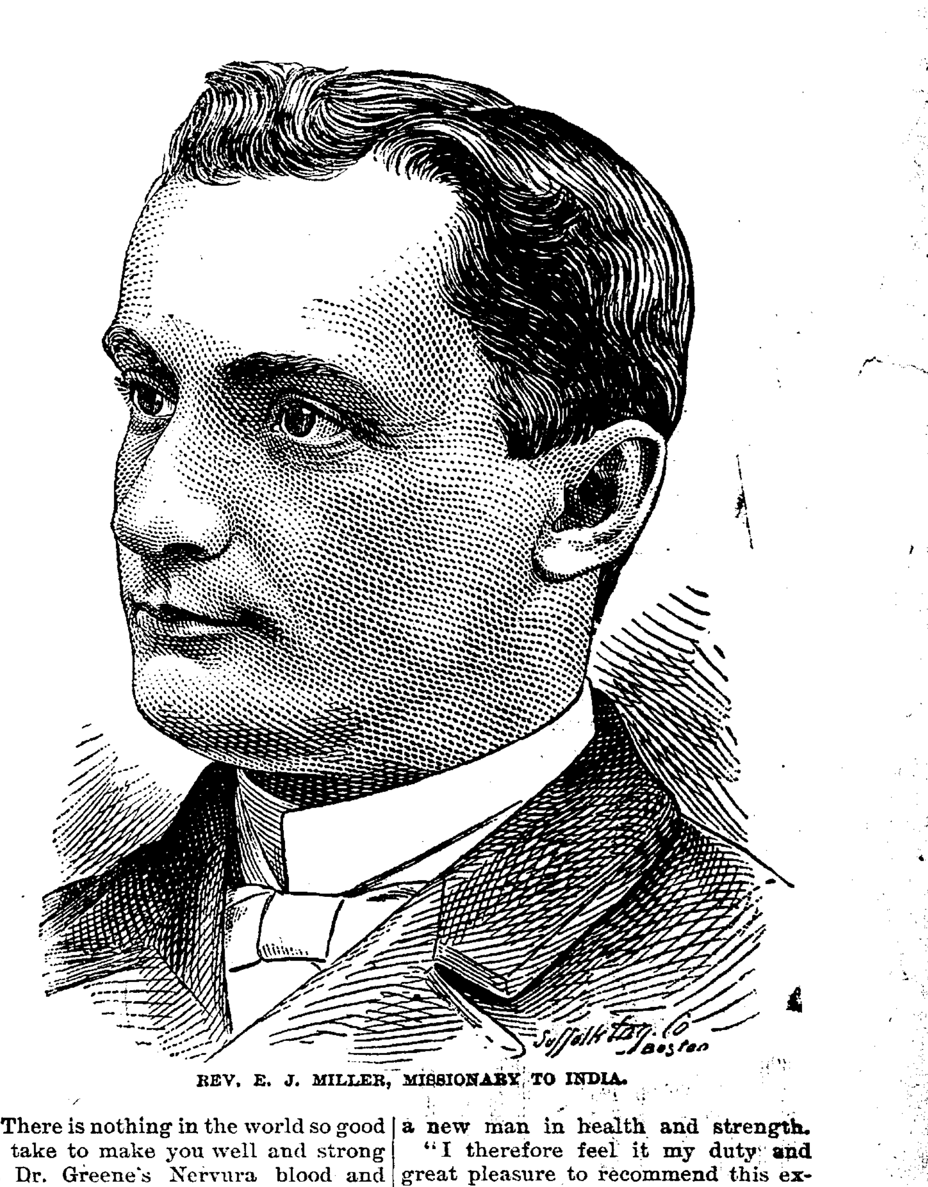
THE Dr. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.



PRAISE FROM PULPITS.

Distinguished Clergymen Recommend People to Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Grand Army Chaplain Buffum, Missionary to India Miller, Presiding Elder Walker, Praise Nervura. The Best Medicine You Can Take.



REV. E. J. MILLER, MISSIONARY TO INDIA.

There is nothing in the world so good to take to make you well and strong as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Testimonials by thousands from all classes of people have been published, showing its marvelous effects in making the sick well, the weak strong, and now our clergymen have become interested and for the people's good urge them to use this wonderful cure, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, in order to get well, for they are convinced that it is the most valuable medicine in the world to-day.

Rev. E. J. Miller, of Albion, N. Y., the eminent divine, who represents the Boston Tremont Temple Society as missionary to India, was broken down with overwork, liver trouble and malaria, and is now on vacation, in search of health, has found both health and strength in the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. He says:

"I returned to America broken in health, with a bad catarrh, neuralgia and stomach and liver trouble. The whole top of my head felt numb, so that at times I was robbed of my thinking powers, and could not do any work with ease. Having consulted a number of doctors and taken their medicines, I received no relief whatever.

'I was induced to try Dr. Greene's Nervura, which worked like a charm and produced the longed-for results. My head and whole system is now clean from catarrh, neuralgia and fever. I can now study and do my work with satisfaction. In fact, I feel like a new man in health and strength.

"I therefore feel it my duty and great pleasure to recommend this excellent remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, which certainly has done so much for me."

Rev. F. H. Buffum, of Winchester, N. H., who is Grand Army Chaplain for New Hampshire, says:

"The remedial effect of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy on the weaknesses and nervous prostration of my wife, was so positive and speedy that we can heartily testify to its undoubted merits."

Presiding Elder Rev. J. W. Walker, of Fort Dodge, Iowa; Rev. C. D. R. Meacham, pastor Baptist Church, Townsend, Vt.; Rev. G. L. Wells, of Hardwick, Vt.; Rev. Henry Langford, of Weston, W. Va., and many other well-known ministers of the Gospel in all parts of the country, all of whom have been cured by this great remedy, enthusiastically urge the people to use Dr. Greene's Nervura by all means, if they wish to be sure of a cure, for health and strength always follow its use.

Remember that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is not a patent medicine, but the prescription of one of our best-known physicians, the discoverer of Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th St., New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, hence the medicine is of necessity perfectly adapted to any case. Dr. Greene also can be consulted free, personally or by letter, in regard to any case.

FRANK'S CHOICE The Finest 5c Cigar made. Sold by all Dealers

Our Kitchen

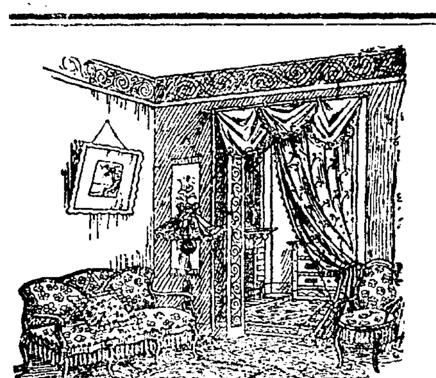
No kitchen is kept cleaner than the premises devoted to the manufacture of NONE SUCH Mince Meat. No housewife can be more fastidious in the matter of preparing food than we are in the selection and preparation of the materials of which it is made. The cleaning of the currants (for one thing) is more thoroughly done by means of perfected appliances, than it would be possible to do it by hand.

Its cleanliness, purity, wholesomeness and deliciousness are good reasons for using NONE SUCH Mince Meat. The best reason is its saving—of time, of hard work, of money. A ten cent package affords you two large pies, without trouble to you beyond the making of the crust. Makes just as good fruit cake and fruit pudding as it does mince pie. Sold everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine.

Send your name and address, and mention this paper, and we will mail you free book—"Mrs. Popkins' Thanksgiving"—by one of the most famous humorous authors of the day.

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Is As Clean As Yours



PRETTY HOMES

Need pretty Carpets. They add finish and grace, Art, and manufacturers have produced perfection in this line. Harmony in coloring, care in design and the best qualities of material make our Carpets and Rugs attractive evidence of utility—made to wear, hard to kick to pieces; prices run up from 50c per yard for standard makes. Mattings, Oil Cloths and Linoliums to suit all fancies

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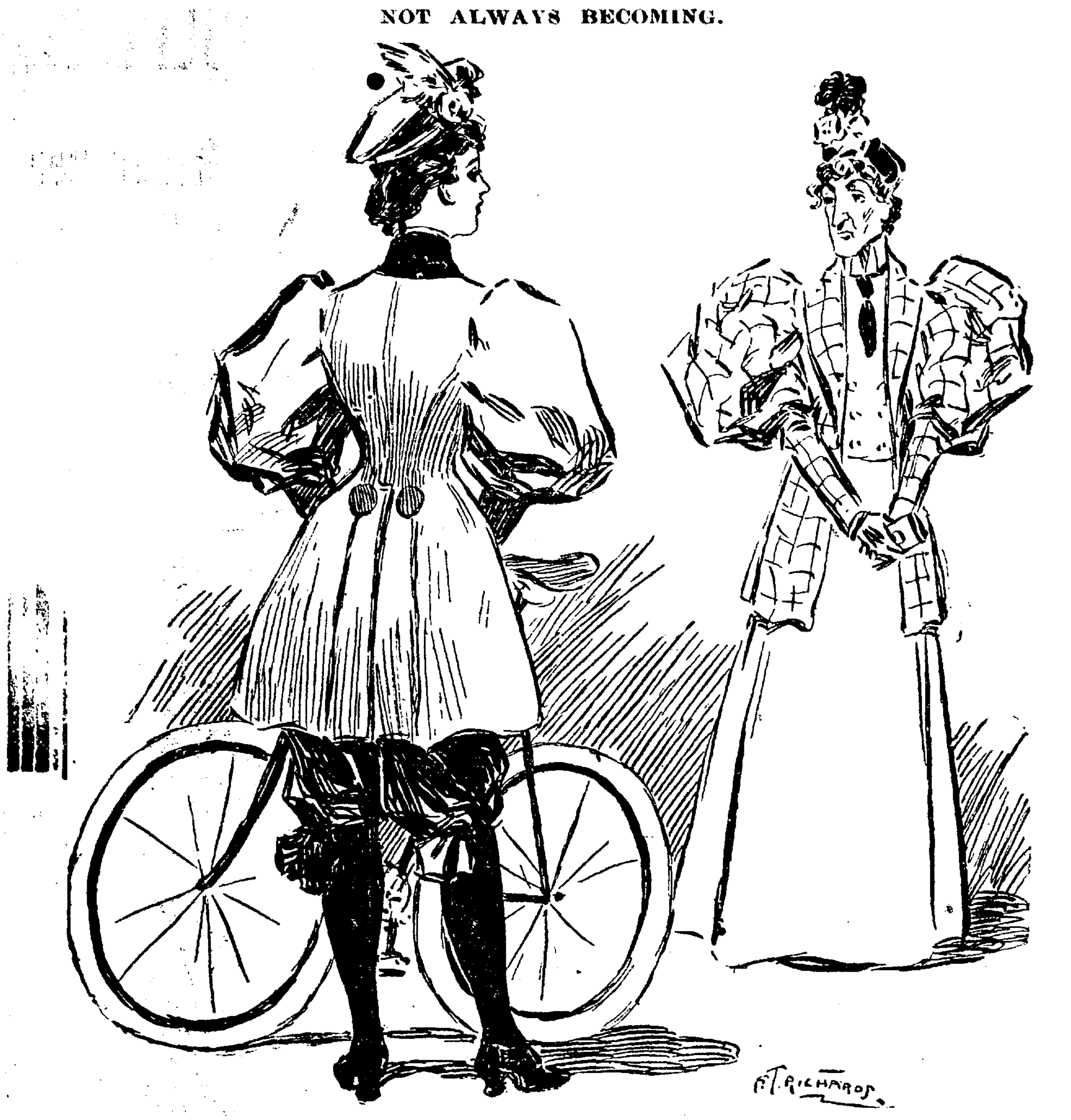
NOT ALWAYS BECOMING.



Miss Skinner—I wouldn't wear bloomers like those for anything.
Miss Goodform—I wouldn't either, if I were you.

Skin Came Off

I had an obstinate skin disease, called Eczema. My body, head, and arms were covered with spots like drops of mortar, which came off in layers of dry scales. I suffered for over a year without relief, consulted several doctors without aid, and had almost given up hope. I saw an advertisement about CUTICURA REMEDIES; took them, and in *eight weeks* I was as well as ever, for my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's.
GEO. REABURN, Hanover, Ontario, Canada.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great Skin Cure, externally, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor cures.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston.
"How to Cure Every Skin Disease," mailed free.

USE DR. KILMER'S SURE HEADACHE CURE.
Mf'd. at SOUTH BEND, IND
25 Cents a Box. 25 Doses. Sample Free
Worth $1.00 a Tablet.
Dr. Kilmer's Sure Headache Cure is worth $1 a tablet to me when I have sick headache."
High Gate, Va. Mrs. Berryman.
For sale by Gross & Pellens, 94 Calhoun St.

Happy Days
are those upon which sufferers experience the return of lost strength, vitality and energy.
Sex-ine Pills
TRADE MARK
The famous Brain and Nerve Food, bring about this happy result. They create healthy digestion, pure, rich blood, firm muscles, rugged strength, steady nerves and a clear brain. Drains checked forever.
$1.00 Per Box, 6 Boxes, $5.00.
A legal guarantee to cure or refund the money with every $5 order. Address
Peal Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.
For Sale by A. J. Keller, Druggist, Corner Calhoun and Washington Sts. juel5eodly

GERDING & AUMANN BROS.,
—DEALERS IN—

HOT AIR FURNACES,
STEAM and HOT WATER HEATERS,
STOVES, TIN and HARDWARE.
Slate, Steel and Corrugated Iron roofing. Repairing, Spouting, and all kinds of job work promptly attended to.
NO. 115 WALLACE ST.,
Phone 389. Fort Wayne, Ind.

50c
ROME CITY
And Return
Sundays.

For Sunday Trains During Sept. The G. R. & I. will sell tickets to Rome City and return for 50 cents, good going and returning on Sunday trains only, leaving Ft. Wayne 8:15 a. m., returning leaving Rome City 8 p. m.

A DULL SATURDAY.

Nothing of Importance Transpires in Shop Circles.

The McKinley Railway Club Goes to Canton—A Party of Pennsylvania Employes Leave for the Lakes.

Pittsburg engine 344 is in the shops for repairs.

John Kay, Nickel Plate brakeman, has gone east to visit friends a few days.

A half dozen of the employes of the electric works joined the excursionists to Canton today.

F. J. Ruch, a steam fitter who had been sick several days, took his place in the Pittsburg shops this morning.

Frank J. Woulfe, agent for the Lehigh dispatch, is in the city, to remain over Sunday with his relatives.

Master Mechanic W. W. Atterbury has returned from Detroit and resumed charge of affairs at the Pennsylvania shops.

C. H. Countiss yesterday assumed the duties of contracting agent of the Blue and Canadian Southern lines at Chicago.

The sharp advance in wheat has increased shipments very perceptibly, and corn is beginning to move again at the fifteen cent rate.

W. McDowell, Nickel Plate brakeman, who was off duty on account of sickness in his family, reported for work last evening.

The Pittsburg shops were in operation today, though all the departments ware "short on help," so many of the employes being at Canton.

Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern railway, says his company never had any intention of purchasing the Norfolk and Western.

Frank J. Burns, air brake machinist, came home from Coldwater, Mich., this morning and Monday will resume his place in the Pittsburg shops.

Brakeman Souder, who for the past month was "on a short haul" out of Bellevue, Ohio, has returned to this city and resumed a through freight run.

James S. Leah has assumed the duties of general southern and western agent of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, a promotion from traveling passenger agent.

Michael Hughes has returned to the Pittsburg machine shop after a six months' service in the round house. His place in the latter has been filled by H. Breeze, an apprentice.

The roads in the Transcontinental Passenger association have agreed to make a rate of $60 for the round trip from points in California to Canton, Ohio, for parties of not less than 100.

The officers of the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus road, at Columbus, Ohio will in a few days be removed to Mount Vernon. The removal includes the superintendent, train dispatchers and car accountant.

The adoption by the city waterworks department of the eight-hour labor day has resulted in the employment of another crew at the pumping station. John Nolan, jr., the machinist, is one of the new men.

A train consisting of two baggage cars, two coaches and three sleepers, passed over the Pittsburg at 1:50 o'clock this morning. It carried 167 Chicago bicyclists on a pilgrimage to Canton to see Major McKinley.

J. F. Sechler, master mechanic of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis road, has retired from that position and was succeeded by Frank C. Cleaver, late master mechanic of the Vandalia at its Terre Haute shops.

The funeral of the late Charles Stewart will take place from the house, No. 30 Hough street, at 8:30 o'clock Monday morning, and from the Cathedral a half hour later. No doubt many of the shop comrades of the deceased will attend.

The excursion party to Canton this morning numbered about 600 persons. The train, consisting of twelve coaches and a commissary car, was hauled by one of the big class X engines, No 277 Conductor Michael Ginty had charge of the train and Engineer William Gates was at the throttle. On one of the cars was a streamer bearing the legend, "Railroad Men's McKinley Club, Fort Wayne, Ind."

F. H. Tristain, who has been elected president of the American Association of Traveling Passenger Agents, is one of the most efficient passenger men on the Wabash system. He has traveled in the Central Traffic association territory for the Wabash for eight years.

J. V. Gruber, a boilermaker, who has been employed in the Wabash shops for some years, has been granted a leave of absence and next week he will go to Kansas City, where he has secured work until there is a demand for his services in the company's shops in this city.

Indianapolis Journal: "The rumor that C. M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk, was soon to retire is denied. Mr. Hays has a five years' contract with the stockholders of the company and has served but fifteen months. His salary is $15,000 per annum."

The Missouri Pacific is applying the rate cutting knife in all directions. Thursday it announced a cut in the rate on beer from the Mississippi river to all points on the Missouri to fifteen cents per 100 pounds. The rate for years has been twenty-two cents per 100 pounds.

It has leaked out that the reason the Scioto valley division of the Norfolk and Western was not sold at the recent foreclosure sale was that the Chesapeake and Ohio syndicate wanted to purchase the road, and consequently the interest on its bonds was not allowed to go by default.

The following gentlemen left over the Grand Rapids this morning for Austin Lake, Mich.: Robert Learmonth, T. J. Foley, L. A. Ivans, James Humphrey and F. E. Thorpe, of the Pennsylvania offices at this point; C. S. Sims, jr., of Pittsburg; B. H. Oyler, of Lima, and F. E. Lawyer, of South Chicago. They were accompanied by Robert Lee Roberts, a dining car cook, who will look after the culinary part of the expedition. The party will take quarters in the summer hotel at the lake, which had been closed for the season, but is reopened for their especial benefit. The gentlemen expect to return next Saturday.

The presidents of the western roads do not seem to be making any progress in their plans of providing for a successor to the Western Freight association. A majority of the presidents are at present in favor of reviving the old Union league agreement, which provided for a physical pool. To this some of the others object on the ground that no pool of the western roads has ever been found to work in a satisfactory manner. Every attempt to form a pool has resulted in the further demoralization of the rates it was desired to protect, and the instances in which one road has turned over to another any of its traffic are very scarce. However, the pooling arrangement seems to be uppermost with the presidents at the present time.

Sunday School Convention.

An interesting Sunday school convention was held in Lafayette township Thursday and Friday. The following officers were elected for the township:

President—William Lessig.
Vice President—N. H. Horn.
Treasurer—J. J. Lawrence.
Secretary—Arthur Kelsey.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,
·DR· PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant,
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., New York.

DEFY THE LAW.

Cigarettes Sold by Retail Dealers in This City.

They Have Taken Out No License—The Law May be Put to Test.

Notwithstanding the heavy penalty which attaches to the new cigarette ordinance, it is positively known that some retail dealers are selling cigarettes. Evidence could be easily secured if an effort was made to get it. A prominent wholesale merchant who handles the goods told a SENTINEL reporter today that it is a fact that dealers are selling these goods over their counters, without a license.

The statement has been made among certain dealers that the law is unconstitutional and that a test in the courts would declare it so. An opportunity is here to learn whether the law is good or not.

TEN DEATHS.

Light Mortality Record Reported by the Undertakers.

Death of Mrs. Baechtold—Funeral of Charles Stewart Changed to Monday.

Fort Wayne friends of Mrs. Charles A. Baechtold, of Lafayette, will be pained to learn of her death in that city a few days ago. Deceased was born in Dillsborough, Ind., on the 2d of September, 1875, and came to Lafayette with her parents in 1879. Her father, Joseph Abdon, died four years ago, and of the family there now survive the mother, a sister, Miss Eva Abdon, George Abdon, and W. D. Kerr, of Fort Wayne. Miss Eva Abdon will be remembered as a former stenographer in the offices of the Fort Wayne Electric corporation.

The funeral of Charles Stewart, the well known shopman, has been changed to Monday and will be held at 8:30 a. m. from the residence, 30 Hough street, and 9 o'clock from the Cathedral.

DEATHS OF THE WEEK.

The following is the list of deaths reported by the city undertakers for the week ending October 3:

Isaiah Wyatt, 34 years old, consumption.

Ada Keplinger, 30 years old, typhoid fever.

Christina Goebel, 73 years old, paralysis.

Charles Stewart, 63 years old, kidney trouble.

Margaret Lipes, 85 years old, old age.

Hattie Daler, 55 years old, cancer.

John Dolin, 76 years old, cancerous kidney.

Lisette Kleinsorge, 53 years old, sinking chills.

Andrew Oldfield, 1 year old, convulsions.

Henry C. Buettel, 1 year old, diphtheria.

A HUMAN CHAMELEON.

This Woman's Skin Changes Color to Suit Her Clothes.

A human chameleon who changes color upon coming into contact with various hues lives in Manchester, N. H. So strange a characteristic would, of course, command for its possessor a good salary in a dime museum, but in this case the possessor is a lady who has no desire for notoriety and looks upon the phenomenon as a dreadful affliction. It is caused by a disease, of course, but the physicians have never been able to determine the nature of the complaint. The color of her eyes remains brown and her hair black, but her face and hands change to suit the color of her clothes. She does not dare to wear ribbons nor any of the shades of blue, red, green or yellow. In pure white her face is ghastly, and the color of her hair and eyes make it even more so than it would be if they were lighter. Black renders her so dark a brunette that there might be a strong suspicion that she was not of the Caucasian race. She, therefore, wears none but subdued grays and browns, which render her less noticeable. The affliction, for it is a great affliction, came upon her gradually and is steadily growing more pronounced.

Kept Tab on Himself.

Dr. Argyle Mackey of Washington City shot himself with suicidal intent one day last week, and before the end came he explained to the physicians at his bedside in minute detail his feelings while dying. He felt his own pulse, and measured accurately the length of time the internal hemorrhage would take to kill him. It was like a quiet lecture delivered before a medical clinic. He feebly attempted to embrace his mother, and while trying to do so, closed his eyes and passed into eternity.

Neat But They Caught Him.

A professional burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor got suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

Subscribe for THE SENTINEL.

PHILLIP T. COLGROVE

NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Has Been an Able, Well-Known Michigan Lawyer for Many Years—His Advancement in the Pythian Order—Not Yet Forty.

MR. Phillip T. Colgrove, who was elected chancellor of the Knights of Pythias at Cleveland, was born in Winchester, Ind., April 17, 1858. His father's family moved to Charlotte, Mich., in 1863, where he lived until he attained his majority. At the age of 14 years he entered Olivet college, where he remained five years. He spent one year teaching in a business college and normal institute. In the fall he moved to Hastings, Mich., and entered into partnership with Judge Clement Smith, with whom he was associated in law practice until 1893, when the latter was elected judge of the Fifth judicial circuit. In the fall of 1882 Mr. Colgrove was elected prosecuting attorney of Barry county and was re-elected twice. In 1889 he was elected to represent the Eleventh senatorial district in the state legislature by upward of 2,000 majority. He became a member of Barry lodge, No. 13, at Hastings, Mich., Dec. 11, 1882, and served as prelate during the year 1883. He was elected vice chancellor in 1884; chancellor commander in 1885, and representative to the grand lodge in 1885 and 1886. He was elected grand master at arms in 1886 and in 1887, and was grand chancellor for Michigan for two years. He has been chairman of the committee on law of the grand lodge for six years. He entered the supreme lodge in 1889 at Milwaukee and was elected supreme vice chancellor at Washington in the session of 1894. In August, 1885, he joined Hastings division, No. 19, and participated in every national drill except the competitive drill at Washington.

P. T. COLGROVE.

THE TAAL.

Language Spoken by the Boer of To-day—A Shrunken Vocabulary.

The language spoken by the Boer of to-day is called "the Taal," says the Fortnightly Review. It is not French nor is it Dutch, nor is it even in the usual acceptation of the word a dialect of Dutch, but it is a broken form of speech based on that language. It is used at the present day all over South Africa by the Boers and half-castes as their only speech; it is found in its greatest purity in the Free State; Transvaal and frontier districts, where it has been least exposed to scholastic and foreign influences during the last few years. To analyze fully this tiny but interesting variety of speech would take us far beyond our limits. It differs from the Dutch of the Hollander not as archaic forms of speech in Europe often differ from the literary, as the Italian of the Ligurian peasant from that of the Florentine, or the Somersetshire or Yorkshire dialects from the language of the London newspapers; these archaic European dialects not only often represent the earlier form of the language, but are often richer in varied idioms and in the power of expressing subtle and complex thoughts than are their allied literary forms. The relation of the Taal to Dutch is of a quite different kind. The Dutch of Holland is as highly developed a language and as voluminous and capable of expressing the finest scintillation of thought as any in Europe. The vocabulary of the Taal has shrunk to a few hundred words, which have been shorn of almost all their inflections and have been otherwise clipped. The plurals, which in Dutch are formed in various and complex ways, the Taal forms by an almost universal addition of an "e," and the verbs, which in Dutch are as fully and expressively conjugated as in English or German, in the Taal drop all persons but the third person singular. Thus, the verb "to be," instead of being conjugated, as in the Dutch of Holland and in analogy with all civilized European languages, thus runs: Ik is, Je is, Hij is, Ons is, Yulle is, Hulle is, which would answer in English to "I is," "thou is," "he is," "us is," "you is," "they is."

Republican Silver Club.

Rooms 7 and 8, 12 West Wayne street, Fort Wayne. Reading rooms open every day and evening, where you can find all the books and papers bearing on the money question. Good speaking every Wednesday evening. Every one welcome.

A. B. WHITE, President.
J. C. CAIN, Vice President.
J. H. YOUNG, Cor. Sec'y.

S. S. S. Mr. A. H. Cransby, of No. 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had eaten two large holes in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of
Cancer
and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, declared her case was hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die S. S. S. was recommended, and astonishing as it may seem, a few bottles cured her sound and well.
Our treatise on this disease will be sent free to any address.
SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga

FREE DISPENSARY.

Open every day from 8 a. m. to 9 a. m. at the Fort Wayne College of Medicine, 160 W. Superior street. Medicines free to the poor. Patients too sick to come to the Dispensary will be visited at their home.

"77"
used in
SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER, NOVEMBER,
will keep you free from
COLDS
all Winter long

"Brain Fag."

General Debility; Physicial and Nervous Weakness and Prostration, arising from long continued illness, Excessive Physical or Mental Application, Exhausting Drains upon the system beyond its power of recuperation Cured by

HUMPHREYS' NO. 24
a HOMEOPATHIC NERVE TONIC that will make you well. If there is indigestion alternate with **No. 10**, the famous Specific for

Dyspepsia; indigestion; weak stomach, bad taste, coated tongue, offensive breath, loss of appetite, and dull, heavy stupid feeling; rising of water or food after eating.

Scores of sufferers have been restored to LIFE, HEALTH and VIGOR by the use of SPECIFICS No. 24 and No. 10

DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES FREE AT YOUR DRUGGISTS OR MAILED ON REQUEST.

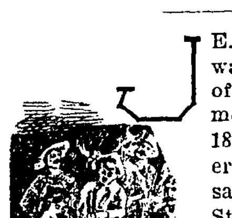
Small bottles of pleasant pellets, fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for $1. Humphreys' Medicine Co., corner William and John streets, New York.

DURKEE STRUCK LUCK

MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF ONE DAY'S NERVY WORK.

ALTHOUGH A MERE TRAMP HE RUN A BILL OF SIXTY THOUSAND.

On Credit He Made an Income of $1,800 a Day — Took to Riotous Living and Finally Wound Up in a Lunatic Asylum.



J. E. DURKEE, who was probably one of the best known men in Arizona in 1880, died the other day in an insane hospital at Stockton, Cal. Durkee began business one day near Tombstone without a dollar of his own and two days thereafter he was enjoying an income of from $1,500 to $1,800 a day. During the gold craze of '79 he had wandered up and down California, but failed to strike a "find." He made his way into Arizona, and there saw the opportunity of his life. He had the nerve and went to work to carry out his plans. He made contracts with the men who were digging ore to haul it to the railroads at Tombstone for $3 per ton. He was very successful in getting contracts but did not know where he was going to get the teams with which to do the work. One day he went to E. B. Gage, a wealthy mine owner, and requested the loan of $60,000, with nothing to give as security. After some hesitancy, the money was forthcoming, and Durkee bought 20 teams of 60 mules each, which he shipped to Tombstone. This meant that he could haul 600 tons of ore a day, and at $3 per ton meant $1,800 per day, or $650,000 per year. He employed 75 men at $1.50 per day and board.

The sudden wealth caused Durkee's head to turn, and he began to enjoy occasional excursions to nearby towns, where his money flowed like water. One of these visits was made to Los Angeles in the summer of 1886. At that time the southern metropolis had a real estate boom, and money was, in consequence, flowing very freely. Durkee was, however, equal to the wildest of the boomers in his ability to spend money, and even those who were making money by the thousands stood aghast at his utter abandon.

The most extravagant circumstance, and one which has lived to this day, was the occasion when he had just returned from driving behind some fast horses he had been purchasing for trotting purposes. Ringing up the boy after going to his room, he ordered that half a dozen baskets of champagne be sent up at once, as he wanted to take a bath. The wine was produced without delay, and the bath, such as a few even among the very rich have indulged in, and Durkee, evidently very much refreshed, paid for the luxury and resumed his riotous carouse.

The story of Durkee's high gambling in Tombstone is perhaps the most interesting of a series of wild extravagances and of which Arizona people like best to talk about. He was a frequenter of the Oriental saloon, kept by M. E. Joyce, said to be one of the richest gambling places in the West. One day Durkee came into town and announced that he was out for a little fun. This meant much to the saloon men, and he was given the right of way along the line.

"See here," said he, "I want a chance to play a little faro, and don't want any one to chip in. Do you understand?" said Durkee, impressively.

They understood, and he was told to shout his orders. He did so. The first to be issued was for a woman of the place, called "Em," to take the dealer's place at the table and another young woman of the same character to take the "lookout," whereupon he pulled off his coat, and calling upon all hands to liquor at his expense, he began his play. His first bet was $1,000 on an ace. He lost before he had time to draw his breath, but instead of being disconcerted he went at it with renewed vigor. Luck was always against him, save with an occasional small winning, and in three hours after taking charge of the table he lost $5,000, all the money he had with him, and he withdrew from the game.

DURKEE IN BLUE JEANS.

Despite all adverses of this character Durkee never lost his temper and seemed utterly careless as to the outcome. These gambling periods were more or less frequent, each time he played resulting disastrously financially.

When coming to Los Angeles he always appeared dressed in a teamster's garb of blue overalls and a big hat. On his hands, no matter how warm the day, was a pair of gloves. Fine clothes was not one of his weaknesses, no matter what other desires he may have had and indulged in. In spite of all his lavish expenditures and his unlucky ventures he left a fortune of upward of $100,000 to his wife, who is now living in Los Angeles.

The friends of this wonderfully fortunate teamster speak in very high terms of his past generosity to less fortunate citizens of Tombstone, and state that he was a man who, with all his faults, was much respected.

Here we go again to Rome City and return for 50c, Sunday morning, at 8:15. 1t3

The Ames Tree Co.

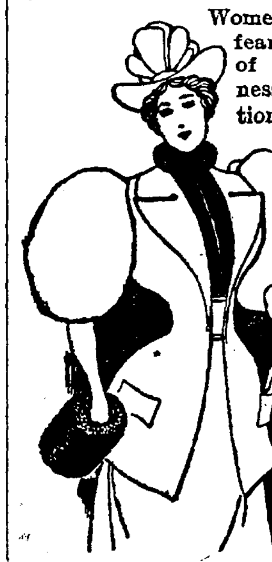
Are prepared to furnish shade trees from 4 to 16 inches in diameter and guarantee them to live. Why wait a life time to grow shade trees when you can have them within ten days. $100 invested in trees will enhance the value of your property $1,000

Home office No. 29 Pixley-Long block. I. M. VANSLYKE, Manager.
16tf

HESITATE NO LONGER.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms.

No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.



Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitiveness in this direction. They couldn't say to the physician what they ought to say to someone. Mrs. Pinkham has received the confidence of thousands. Women open their hearts to her. She understands their suffering, and has the power to relieve and cure.

In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the male physician does not understand the case and treats the patient for consumption—indigestion—anything but the right thing.

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their heart and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

You ask how she can tell if the doctor cannot? Because no man living ever treated so many cases and possesses such vast experience.

Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, sends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you.

Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure cure for this trouble. For twenty years it has done its grand work and cured thousands.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Bicycles at $5. $10 and $20, ladies' and gents, at 91 Cass St. 3-2t

FOR SALE—At the Broadway nursery, a fine stock of nursery goods; office will be open Monday and every day until end of November. D. Nestel.

FOR SALE—An eight year old mare. City broke, perfectly gentle. A road wagon and phaeton almost new. Will sell cheap if taken at once. For particulars, call at 26 W. Berry St. 30tf

FOR SALE—One 160 acre farm; two 40 acres, one 37 acre, one 21 acre, one 16 acre, one 15 acre, and two 5 acres; these are within two miles of city. To trade: One 262 acre, one 122 acre, one 90 acre, one 63 acre, one 80 acre; also plenty of city property to sell or exchange. For particulars call on R. C. Niswonger & Co., 33 Calhoun St., up stairs. tf

LOST

LOST—A shopping bag containing spectacles, between Vordermark's hall and the corner Main and Calhoun Sts. Finder please leave at 177 Calhoun street. 13-2t

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY.
Office and Residence 26 Madison St.
Specialty—Diseases of Women.
HOURS: 8 a. m. to 4 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.
Telephone 470.

Always FIRST
Gail Borden Eagle Brand
CONDENSED MILK
For 35 years the leading brand. It is the Best and the most economical.
A PERFECT FOOD FOR INFANTS

Cool Mornings AND Cool Nights
Causes a person to think of an Overcoat.
We have the finest line of Overcoatings and Suitings in the city for Fall and Winter wear, at lower prices than anyone else.
G. SCHMIDT,
Merchant Tailor.
70 East Main Street.

The Rosy Freshness
And a velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use POZZONI'S Complexion Powder.

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to Officer Schlandroff, 88 Clinton street. Telephone No. 55

F. J. ZIMMERLY & CO.
PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,
Gas and Steam Fitters.
186 CALHOUN STREET

Thousands of men are afraid of the lightning, and yet not one man in ten thousand is ever killed by it. Few men are afraid of consumption, and yet it causes one-sixth of all the deaths in the world. It is more deadly than either wars or pestilences. Any sort of wasting disease may lead to consumption. Any slight disorder of the respiratory organs may easily develop it. Weakness of the body, emaciation, lack of vitality are plain invitations for the germs of consumption. Consumption is not entirely a disease of the lungs. It is a disease of the blood that shows itself most strongly in the lungs. It is not—as it used to be considered—incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has changed all that. It will cure ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of consumption if taken in time. It is the most wonderful blood maker and flesh builder in the world. It cures where doctors have failed. It has brought back to life hundreds of men and women who were considered as good as dead.

Mrs. Nancy R. Tubb, of Amory, Monroe Co., Miss., writes: "About ten years ago I suffered an attack of nervous prostration resulting in other troubles which my family physician pronounced consumption. We doctored with him until we lost all hope. I finally happened to find one of Dr. Pierce's little Memorandum Books, saw his medicine recommended and thought I would try it; sent and got one bottle of each—'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription'—and one bottle of 'Pellets.' As soon as I began to use these medicines my health began to improve, and before I had used one-half dozen bottles I felt almost as strong as I ever was. I am now enjoying good health again. Two years ago I had a little boy who seemed to be subject to phthisic (asthma) and I thought I would try the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and to my surprise it cured him entirely; he has never had another attack."

Special Prices
FALL OF 1896.

Suits to Order.
$45 Suits for $35.
$40 Suits for $30.
$35 Suits for $25.
$30 Suits for $20.
$25 Suits for $18.
Good suits for $17.

Overcoats to Order.
$45 Overcoat, $30.
$35 Overcoat, $20.
Fine Overcoats for $17 and $18.
Good Pantaloons $4 50.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.

A. FOSTER
Merchant Tailor,
15 W. Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

WANTED.

WANTED—Two first-class pattern makers. Apply at office of Kerr Murray Mfg. Co. 1-3t

WANTED—Two unfurnished rooms, centrally located. Address P., care Sentinel. 3-2t

WANTED—Washing or house cleaning; will take washings home. Address J. T., 149 Wallace street. 15tf

WANTED—Two or three unfurnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Address "Rooms," care Sentinel office. 2-2t

WANTED—Two or three pleasant unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping: no family reference given. Address B., care carrier No. 8. 3-7t

WANTED—Girl for general housework in small family; must come well recommended. Apply to Mrs. Bulson, 55 West Wayne street.

WANTED—A few ladies and gentlemen to canvass; a stipulated salary guaranteed. Call or address J. W. Barnes, room 6 Arcade, Fort Wayne, Ind. tu-thu&s-tf

WANTED—Salesmen to sell to dealers; $100 monthly and expenses. Experience unnecessary; write for particulars. Acme Cigar Co. 5th Ave., Chicago.

WANTED—Call at the Associated Charities office if you want to hire laboring men or women to do washing or cleaning. Room No. 8 City hall. Telephone 445. tf

WANTED—Agents; either sex. $5.00 daily, supplying regular customers. Goods sell in every house. Free samples given for distribution; immense profits; write for samples. Excelsior, 44 S. Mozart St., Chicago, Ill. 29-1m

WANTED—By an honest and industrious colored man a place to work for his board. He desires to attend the City Grammar school during the winter. Is about 30 years of age and is willing to do any kind of work. Call at Sentinel office. 1-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Furnished room on ground floor. Inquire 46 Douglas Ave.

FOR RENT—An excellent store room on Calhoun street; apply Sentinel office. tf

FOR RENT—Front furnished room with board, also table board, 95 East Berry street. 3-3t

FOR RENT—Two delightful office rooms, centrally located. Rent reasonable. Apply at Sentinel office. 26tf

FOR RENT—House of five rooms with gas and water, No. 94 W. Superior. Inquire at 221 W. Washington street. 3-2t

FOR RENT—House No. 40 Garden St., corner Jefferson; eight rooms, gas and water. Hoffman Bros., 200 W. Main street. 2-3t

FOR RENT—A pleasant furnished room suitable for single gentleman. Apply at Randall Cycle Co., 31 W. Berry St. 29-1-3

FOR RENT—Suit of nicely furnished rooms on first or second floor, suitable for light housekeeping. Call or address, 126 E. Wayne street. 3-2t

FOR RENT—Store room Nos. 43 and 45 E. Main street; store room No. 209 Calhoun street and store room 1st floor No. 60 East Columbia street. Schrader & Wilson, 7 Court street. 2-1m

FOR RENT—Good pasture for cows and horses, on Walton avenue, south of Lutheran farm. Inquire of Squire Hawthorn, third house south of Pontiac street, on Walton avenue. 13tf

FOR RENT—An eight room flat, corner Calhoun and Allen streets, with bath room, hard and soft water, natural and artificial gas; rent low to right party. Address, "C," care Sentinel. 11tf

FOR RENT—Very desirable five room "Flat," two squares from Court house; bay window front, mantel, grate, closets, store room, etc; most complete "Flat" in the city. Geo. R. Bowen, 110 Barr St. 3 eod-4t

FOR RENT—Rooms, or a house of five rooms and a basement, 143 Fairfield Ave., Northwest corner of Fairfield avenue and Williams streets. Call at 130 W. Williams street. Cheap rates to an honest renter.

FOR RENT—Two six room houses. All modern improvements, at 235 and 237 Barr street. Also two on Hillside Ave., between Lakeside and Feebleminded. For particulars, call at Dr. Niswonger, 33 Calhoun St., up stairs. 10tf

The Nation's Pride
The Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine
Shuttle never wears out.
Bobbin holds 100 yards 50 Cotton.
Rotary Principle free from friction & vibration noise.
Woodwork equalled by none.
Attachments the finest made.
BUY A STANDARD.

You will Never Regret it
PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER
AGENTS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

INSURANCE.

JAMES E GRAHAM,
. . . LAWYER. . . .
ABSTRACTOR OF..................
Titles, Insurance, Collecting and Loan Agent.
Room 26 & 28 Bank Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

S. C. LUMBARD.
Insurance, Real Estate and Loans
Aveline House Block.

BANKS.

HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK.
Capital $200,000. Surplus $[illegible].
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of three (3) per cent. per annum on certificates of deposit if left four months.
President—Charles McCulloch.
Cashier—John Mohr, jr.

White National Bank
Capital & Surplus, $240,000.
Pays 3 per cent interest per annum on time deposits
Safe deposit boxes for rent at $5 per annum.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. WM. D. RUHL.
Office and Residence 454 Calhoun St.
Hours: 7 to 9 a. m.; 12 to 2 p. m.; 6 to 9 p. m.
Telephone 371.

D. C. FISHER.
Insurance, Real Estate, Loans.
No. 28 East Berry street, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

DR. B. GARD—To ladies suffering from ailments peculiar to their sex, may consult me free of charge at my office. 18 W. Wayne St. Telephone 245.

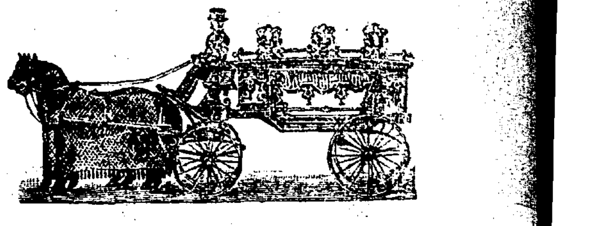
G. W. BOWEN, M. D., Homoeopathic Physician and Surgeon. Office hours for consultation, from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Sundays, 9 to 12. Office No. 19 West Main street, Fort Wayne, Ind. Special attention paid to chronic diseases.

DR. H. W. NEISWONGER.
Physician and Surgeon.
Specialist in all Acute or Chronic diseases. Special attention given to all private diseases and Diseases of the Bladder and Kidneys. Office 33 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne Indiana. OFFICE HOURS: from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m.

DRUGGIST.

GROSS & PELLENS.
DRUGGISTS,
Corner Calhoun and Wayne Sts. Phone 185

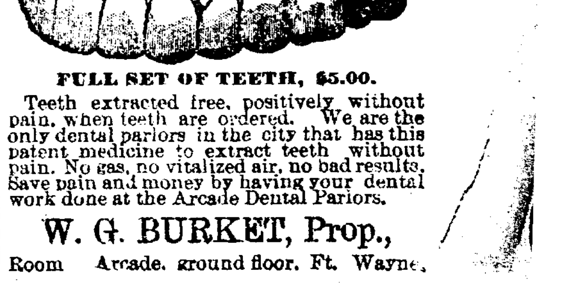
J. C. Peltier.



Undertaker and Embalmer.
17 West Wayne Street.

Cheap Meals served to women.
Young Women's Christian Association
NOON REST,
24 West Washington Street
Breakfast, 6:30 to 8. Dinner, 11 to 2.
Supper, 5:30 to 7.

GOLD
Crowns, 22 Karat, $5.00.
$5. FULL SETS, $5.
Gold Crown, 22 K, $5 and upward.
Gold Fillings, $1.
Silver fillings, 50c to 75c.
Good Sets of Teeth, $5.
Best Sets of Teeth, $8.



FULL SET OF TEETH, $5.00.
Teeth extracted free, positively without pain, when teeth are ordered. We are the only dental parlors in the city that has this patent medicine to extract teeth without pain. No gas, no vitalized air, no bad results. Save pain and money by having your dental work done at the Arcade Dental Parlors.
W. G. BURKET, Prop.,
Room Arcade, ground floor, Ft. Wayne.

OCTOBER

FOR FALL CARPETS, FOR FALL WRAPS, For Woolen Dress Goods.

It's the month when the store has made the complete change. When its stocks are full to overflowing—ready in all its departments to show you the novelties and the beauties for Fall and Winter.

THE NEW FALL CARPETS.

There's not a form of carpet luxury so attractive as the rich, heavy

Wiltons, Axminsters and Moquettes.

They are more than handsome, they have a peculiar durability IN WEAR that belongs to all cut-pile fabrics. We now exhibit the new, rich dark and medium colorings in

Whittall's Elegant Wiltons,
Smith and Hartford Axminsters,
Beattie's, Smith's and Stinson's Velvets,
Smith's Best Moquettes.

The prices of these fine floor coverings are about one-half of what they formerly were.

IN BODY BRUSSELS CARPETS

You will find the best stock that was ever in the store. They include large lines of the newest patterns in the Bigelow, Lowell and Whittall makes, which all the world knows are the best. Tapestry Brussels Carpets, in large variety.

AGRA INGRAIN CARPETS

Take the lead in Ingrains—for quality, for choice patterns, for wear. There's none like them. Ingrain Carpets from 15c a yard up.

Draperies.

We now exhibit all the new and charming Lace Curtains and Portiers in Damask and Chenille Curtain Materials and Upholstery Fabrics. The showing of these lines are very great.

Black Dress Goods.

The new Black Dress Goods for Autumn are already here in lavish profusion and such a gathering of black novelties has never been seen in this city.

Jacquards in all wool and mohair and wool. Plain and fancy Cheviots, Boucles, Camel's Hair, Matalasses, Brocades and Diagonals in a great variety of effects, 50c to $5 00 a yard.

Women's Fall Wraps,

Women's Fall Suits.

All the late styles now in, the prettiest showing of these goods ever made here.

Blankets.

You'll do your best work in Blanket buying in October. Stocks are at their best—you'll get the choice in borders We never gave such values in Blankets as we'll do this month. Blankets were never so cheap.

Dress Goods.

There's just one complete Dress Goods store in all this section of state—It's Root's, as you all very well know. Rich imported novelties are now shown. Medium rough weaves with curls of Mohair, heavy wale goods, Pineapple weaves, newest Covert Cloths, Boucle Cloths, 50c a yard up to $6 00.

Then there's the low price dress fabrics—imitations of the finer novelties—10c a yard to 45c.

Our Fall Gloves

Are all here—button and hook kids; all lengths—all colors for street and evening wear.

You can buy anything you write for, as well through our Mail Order Department as if you came to the store.

ROOT & COMPANY.

SAVE YOUR MONEY
By depositing it with the
Allen County Loan & Savings Association
32 East Berry Street

Try our new plan. Shares $1.00 each per month, matures in seventy-seven months.

No Fines or Membership Fee.

MONEY TO LOAN

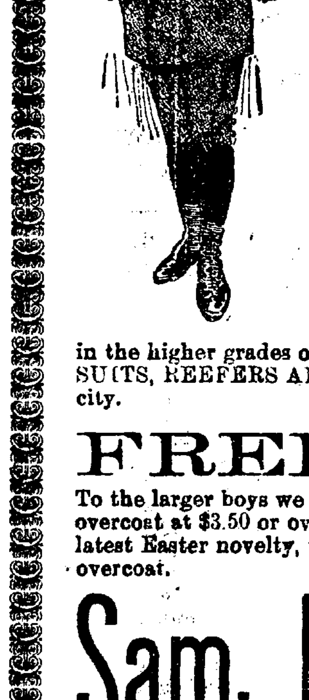
On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, rooms 6 and 7 Bass Block. 2tf

Millinery, Wraps, Overcoats and Shoes—Special Sale.
30t4 "FAIR," TRUSTEE'S SALE

Good All Around Men

ARE RARE—The great statesman can't manage his own children; the preacher can't drive a nail straight. JUST-SO with clothing. It's half good—good stuff, but spoiled in cutting; or well sewed, but ill-fitting and shapeless. Do you easily find clothing that's excellent all over?—especially Boys' Clothing.

WELL IT'S HERE—That's what makes these suits so remarkable.



BOY'S GOOD CLOTHES,

Made up in either Reefer or Double-Breasted style in all new colorings and Scotch fabrics, Strictly all-wool and the kind that is hard to wear out—at

$2.50, $3.00, and $3.50.

Other stores have goods at the same prices, but none of them can equal these values.

If You Are Interested

in the higher grades of Boys' Clothing you will find our stock of SUITS, REEFERS AND OVERCOATS the most complete in the city.

FREE

To the larger boys we give a full size FOOT BALL with a suit or overcoat at $3.50 or over, and to the little fellows we give the latest Easter novelty, the MECHANICAL FLY with every suit or overcoat.

Sam, Pete & Max.

COST SALE!

To make room for our Fall stock of Pianos, we will close out our entire line of Organs at cost.

PACKARD, STORY & CLARK, NEWMAN BROS., WICK ORGAN CO., HAMILTON & KIMBALL.

Dont buy an Organ until you have seen our bargains.

G. CONKLIN,
34 East Berry Street.
CASH OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

The Evening Sentinel.
SATURDAY, OCT. 3 1896.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office..........No. 173.
Editorial Rooms........No. 650.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3—For Indiana:—Fair tonight and Sunday; warmer in central portions tonight; warmer Sunday; variable winds.

NEWS NOTES.

Mrs. G. B. Stemen entertained a thimble party this afternoon.

The Concordia foot ball club played at the college campus this afternon.

Miss Edith Harding, daughter of D. L. Harding, is down with scarlet fever.

Miss Dougherty and Miss Nabor, of Wabash, are visiting Miss Etta Mossman.

The Wayne True Blues will give a social hop on the evening of October 22.

Nick Petgen has been appointed on the police force in place of J. W. Flickinger.

A. Hattersley and daughter, Kathryn, arrived yesterday from a three months' sojourn in England.

Mrs. Bisel and son Oscar, of Canton, Ohio, who have been the guests of Mrs. Quinn, returned home today.

The first meeting of the Women's Reading club will be held Tuesday, at the home of Mrs. E. T. Williams.

Mrs. N. S. Woodward, of Plymouth, Ind., is visiting her daughters, Mrs. C. E Read and Mrs. Charles Wilding.

The Baptist state convention will be held at Bluffton, October 15 to 19, and quite a number from here will attend.

Rev. C. C. Cissell will preach at the Trinity M. E. church at 7:30 this evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

W. W. Vale and mother, who have been visiting friends in the city, returned to their home in Canton, Ohio, this morning.

Miss Emilia Remus, the charming daughter of Julius Remus, will be married to Christ Schults the latter part of this month.

Mrs. P. L. Potter and Mrs. S. A. Gillette returned today from Middletown, Ohio, where they have been visiting relatives and friends.

Hugh Duncan, a well known insurance agent of this city, has been appointed to take charge of an agency in Illinois and has left to assume his new duties.

Word was received in this city yesterday that the Rev. Albrecht, formerly of Fort Wayne, was dangerously ill from the effects of eating tainted canned fish at Milwaukee.

Harvey A. Snyder, who was visiting his brother, Rev. S. U. Snyder, pastor of Heidelberg Reformed church, left for Columbus, Ohio, where he is taking a course in medicine. He also contemplates studying in Europe.

Mrs. Sophia Wiebke, an aged lady who resides in the country, was painfully injured yesterday morning at the home of William Yergens, on Washington boulevard, where she is visiting. She fell from the doorstep and fractured her thigh bone.

The Lakeside Ladies' Aid society, which discontinued meetings during the summer, will begin their regular meetings next Tuesday at the home of Mrs. George R. Hench, 49 Elmwood avenue. All Lakeside ladies interested in charitable work are cordially invited to be present.

The Echo Minstrel Croquet club has organized with the following members: Thomas Patton, president; George Litot, secretary and treasurer; Frank Sallier, general manager; Ben Schnieders, property man; Eugene Hammond, Joseph Schnieders, Charles Strietmatter, Ed Barry and Joseph Leonard.

C. W. Siebold has taken out a permit to erect a two story dwelling on lot 7, Nelson's addition, to cost $1,000. Anna Kucher has taken out a permit to erect an addition to her house on Savilla avenue, and Charles Buhr one to erect an addition to his house on lot 98 Chute's homestead addition, to cost $150.

A careful examination of the trees that are struck by lightning shows that over half of them are white poplar. From this fact scientists conclude that the poplar has some value as a conductor of lightning. This being the case, agriculturalists are advised to plant these trees in the vicinity of their farm buildings.

It was Joseph R. Lowry, a nephew of the judge and a student in his office, who spoke at Huntertown on Thursday evening. The latter was then absent at court elsewhere. He expects to be out speaking soon, however, in response to several invitations. The speech was Joseph R. Lowry's maiden effort and made an excellent impression.

Today and tomorrow are memorable days for the war survivors of the battle of Corinth. It is the anniversary of that famous battle. The survivors in this city are Joseph Lumbard, James E. Graham and William Benedict, the two former being of the same company. That battle was a hot contest of two days, in which Rosecrans won a great victory.

Court No. 96, Tribe of Ben Hur, will hold their regular meeting tonight at Vordermark's hall, on Calhoun street. This is the new court that was instituted last Saturday night. This order calls its lodges courts, after the old traditional name of official meeting places of the Hebrews. The Tribe of Ben Hur is founded on the birth, life and death of our Saviour.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters for This, Saturday, Afternoon.

Large Selects, for frying,	28c can.
Best Standards, for stewing,	22c can.
Best Michigan Celery,	23c bunch.
Nice Sweet Jamacia Oranges,	25c doz.
Kelley Island Grapes, 9lb baskets,	15c
Cape Cod Cranberries,	6c quart.

FRUIT HOUSE.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Blair, of Andrews, formerly of this city—a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Van Slyke went to Kendallville to attend the fair today.

Mrs. N. B. Rowe has returned from Colorado, where she has been the guest of her son.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Evans will soon be at home in the Evans homestead, on West Berry street.

Mrs. Miles and daughter Eva, of Huntington, will be the guests of Mrs. Joe Russell next week.

Miss Grace Gilbert has returned to her home in Marion after a short visit with Fort Wayne friends.

Mrs. Frank Stone has been elected president and Miss Chrissie Davis secretary of the Baptist sisterhood.

Miss Elenor Watham, who has been visiting Miss Charles Muhler, jr., leaves today for her home in Louisville.

Ed Freiburger, who has been in the city as representative for the Remington typewriter, left for Indianapolis last evening.

Mrs. D. D. Williams is seriously ill. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene La Point, of Huntington, have been called to her bedside.

L. G. Holsey, representing Allen B. Wrisley Co.'s Old Country soap, is introducing his goods among the dealers of this city.

An old man named S. W. Chase fell in a fit on Hoagland avenue yesterday and the patrol wagon conveyed him to his home on Huffman street.

Miss Alice Caps, who has been a visitor in the city for some time, and her mother, Mrs. W. C. Taylor, have gone to Kansas City to spend the winter.

Gus Klinkenberg has resigned his position as prescriptionist at the Klinkenberg drug store and will leave next week for Oregon to locate permanently.

Henry Geller and Mont Kerr have been elected members of the Beati Viri club. The next meeting of the club will be held next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. W. Andrews has accepted a position in the school for the blind at Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. Andrews was formerly with the orphans' home in this city.

Miss Anna Rocholl has issued invitations for a party to be given at her East Wayne street home Monday, Oct. 5, the occasion being her eleventh birthday.

The Letter Carriers' association will hold a meeting tonight at which A. K. Mehl will submit a report of the last national convention, to which he was sent as a delegate.

Capt. C. M. Simpson, of Pasadena, Cal., is in the city, the guest of R. J. Fisher. Captain Simpson is a member of the California state legislature and is a leading attorney of Pasadena. He is legal advisor for Mrs. Maude Walker, Mr. Fisher's daughter.

Mrs. George Boggs and daughter, of Pittsburg, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sperry. Mrs. Boggs is the author of "A Romance of the New Virginia," written under the name of Martha Frye Boggs. The story is published by the Arena Publishing company, of Boston.

Louis Nessler, of Indianapolis, representing the toy house of Kipp Bros., has arranged to put up an emporium at the Wayne hotel for the display of his goods. He will be here six weeks, and will be assisted by Charles Kane in showing goods to merchants who come in from surrounding towns.

Last Thursday evening a very pleasant surprise was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bail, at their home in Lakeside, by a large number of friends, who gathered to remind them of the first anniversary of their marriage. The M. S. orchestra furnished the music, and cards and games were the features of the evening. Luncheon was served at a late hour.

The board of public health have compiled the following mortality report for September, 1896: Total number of deaths, 62; consumption, 13; Bright's disease, 6; cholera infantum, 5; cancer, 5; meningitis, 5; old age, 5; typhoid fever, 4; exhaustion, 3; diphtheria, 3; bronchitis, 3; accident and operation, 3; stillborn, 1; obstruction of bowels, 1; paralysis, 2; epilepsy, 1; cause not given, 2

An entertainment and social will be given at the East Side Baptist mission, Thursday evening, Oct. 8, at which the following program will be rendered: Prayer, Rev. L. L Henson; piano solo, Miss Winnie Dougall; recitation, Miss Anna M. Philley; zither solo, Art Hartzler; recitation, Clara Kanne; piano duet, Mrs. Frank Stone and Miss Lena McElfatrick; address, Rev. L. L Henson; vocal solo, Art Dougall; recitation, Miss May Williams; vocal solo, Miss Georgia Davis; zither solo, Art Hartzler.

The political census idiot who goes through trains demanding the views of the passengers, or indulges in straw votes on street cars, ferry boats, or at picnics and reunions, have received a setback. One of these impromptu vote takers polled a train a few evenings ago at Madison, Ill. When his voice was heard demanding, "Silver or gold," one sleepy passenger, under the impression that he was dealing with a train robber, shot him full of hot lead. The straw vote fiend will now have a chance to see how the inmates of the hospital are going to cast their vote.

Decatur has a holy terror in the person of Frank Schumacker, who drinks heavily and then drives his family out of the house with an ax, club or anything else handy. Last night he was in the midst of a war dance on the mangled remains of some furniture, when a crowd of neighbors took him in charge, and tying a rope around his neck escorted him to the river. When the stream was reached Schumacker was given two minutes to make his peace with the Lord, and was on the last thirty seconds of his prayer when the city marshal arrived on the scene and rescued him from death in the St. Mary's river. Neighbors threaten to lynch him next time.

St Bernard branch 103, C. K. of A., will hold a meeting tomorrow afternoon.

C. S. Siebold is building for himself a handsome new home on Runion avenue.

Degree of Honor lodge No. 2, A. O. U. W., holds a special meeting this evening.

Richard Sithen, who was visiting at the home of R. L. Romy, has returned to his home at Bloomington, Ill.

A praise meeting will be held at the Northside reading room, No. 96 Wells street, Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

William E. Jennings, of Lafayette, arrived here this morning for medical treatment from Dr. N. B. Smith.

The board of managers of the "Door of Hope" will meet next Friday afternoon at 3:30, at the Home, 141 Cass street.

U. S. Shoaff, traveling salesman for DeWald & Co, will resume his duties on the road next Monday after a week's sickness.

Kendallville Sun: "Henry Wichman, of Fort Wayne, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. F. Kiel, and other friends in the city."

Mrs. James McCrea, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Edward M. Wilson, returned to her home in Wabash today.

Mrs. Fulton, of Bucyrus, Ohio, will make her home for awhile with her nephew, Harry D. Keplinger, and care for his children.

James L. Romy and bride are now cozily domiciled in their new home on the Romy farm, west of the city on the Romy gravel road.

Miss Frances Cramer has decided to remain in the city this year and has accepted a position with the Kimball Piano company as assistant bookkeeper.

The ladies who take part in the Spinster entertainment for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. are requested to meet next Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Mrs. Meyer's home, 22 West Wayne street.

Sheriff Clausmeier and Superintendent Gorsline went to Michigan City today, having in charge three prisoners, Chippie Klug, Charles Lewis and one Hoke, who will serve terms in the penitentiary.

Tomorrow will be a day of special services at the Grace Reformed church. Every member and friend of the church is urgently requested to be at the morning service, when the pastor will speak on the topic, "The Church Member's Duty to His Church."

The regular season at Robison park will close tomorrow with the exhibitions in the afternoon and evening of Arion, the king of the high wire. The Hibernian Rifles will give a drill and dance in the pavillion Wednesday night, October 7. The Zollinger Battery will also drill.

Services in the Odd Fellows' hall, on Berry street, tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. of the First Spiritual society, conducted by Mrs. J. Lindsey, a noted medium and speaker from Grand Rapids. We invite the public to these services free. Children's lyceum at 9 o'clock.

Homer C. Hartman and Hugh Keegan addressed a republican meeting in the Sixth ward last night. This is Mr. Keegan's first year as a campaign speaker and he is winning many compliments, his efforts last night being highly praised. The speech of Mr. Hartman was an excellent one. He made an able and interesting presentation of the financial question at the meeting last night.

An exchange draws a parallel between a man and a dog, which inclines to favor the latter, in these words: "Help a dog out of a ditch and no matter what sort of a dog he is—town dog, or country dog, educated or illiterate, aristocratic or plebian, he will wag his tail into paralysis and exhaust every muscle trying to tell that every drop of blood in his veins is at your service. Help a man out of a ditch and what follows will depend very much upon his breed."

Muncie Herald: "Dr. J. W. Younge, of Fort Wayne, spoke to the most packed house last night that has been in Muncie during the campaign. The doctor is a rapid talker, and no one can misunderstand what he says. It was a great speech in behalf of the laboring class and free coinage of silver and carried the audience with him from start to finish. The subject of finance and tariff was handled without gloves and each rounded sentence was followed by the greatest of applause."

The St. John's Reformed church will hold their annual mission festival tomorrow at the church, corner of Washington boulevard and Webster street. In the morning at 10:15 o'clock, Rev. F. W. Horstmeier, pastor of the Reformed church at St. Louis, Mo., will deliver the sermon, and also speak to the Ladies' society and Young People's society in the afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Rev. Horstmeier is an interesting pulpit speaker, and has been successful in his mission work at St. Louis. In the evening at 7:30, Rev. Dr. Kuelling, the pastor of the Salem Reformed church, will deliver the sermon. There will be special singing by the church choir at all the services. There will be communion services at the close of the morning worship.

Last Tuesday, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Pierr, of St Joe township, occurred the marriage of their youngest daughter, Mary, to Mr. John Kelliker. The bride, a sweet blonde, looked lovely in her gown of white organdie with chiffon and white satin trimmings. She was attended by two little flower girls, Josie Henry and Clara Vashaw, her sister, Miss Anna Pierr, and Katie Kelliker. The groom's attendants were Mr. Johnnie Bothner and Frank Pierr. The groom is very prominent in St Joe and has hosts of friends who extend their congratulations. The Goeglein Cornet band rendered music all day and in the evening the Goeglein orchestra played for dancing. Many beautiful and costly presents were received.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Barnett left today for Kansas City to visit friends.

Misses Frankie Eldred and Irma Medsker left today for Galion, Ohio, to be the guest of Miss Igou.

Hon. John Overmyer and Hon. Hugh Dougherty arrived in the city at noon today and are ready for their meeting in this city this evening.

Rehling & Bischoff have a novel window exhibit at their store. Various poisons are exhibited and as a central figure there is a grinning skull with a cigarette clinched between its teeth.

Mrs. Jennie Ray Ormsby will open her school of physical culture in the Sons of Columbus hall, new Lau building, on Monday night, October 5. All interested in physical culture are cordially invited to meet with Mrs. Ormsby at this time and consult with her in regard to the work. Arrangements will be made at this meeting for various classes.

BICYCLE MISHAPS.

Carl Tuttle and Miss Flora Rodeheaver Are Injured.

Carl Tuttle, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Myron E. Tuttle, of Washington boulevard, was badly injured at noon today by falling off his bicycle at the corner of Wayne and Van Buren streets. The handle of the bicycle ran into his side and inflicted injuries both externally and internally. He was conveyed to his home, 220 Washington boulevard, and was unconscious for a time. Dr. McCausland attended him.

Miss Flora Rodeheaver, stenographer for Root & Co., while riding her wheel today noon, collided with another rider and sustained an injury to one knee. She will be confined to her home for some time on account of the accident.

Hon. Hugh Dougherty, of Bluffton, will discuss the silver question at Saengerbund Hall tonight.

PLEASING PROGRAM.

Harvest Home Entertainment Tomorrow Night.

There will be a "Harvest Home" entertainment given tomorrow night at Christ's Evangelical Lutheran church, corner Jefferson and Webster streets. The program will be as follows:

Prayer and Scripture Reading	Rev. A. A. Hundley
Song—"Step by Step"	School
"Husking of the Corn"	Louisa McElfatrick
"Only a Boy"	Bertie Mangen
"A Seed"	Nina Sharp
"The Summer Invites"	Ethel Nerhood
Solo	Edith White
Selected	Harvey McElfatrick
"Slender Blades of Grass"	Maggie Pence
"Use and Abuse of God's Gifts"	Clarence Lopshire
Duet	May Bradley and Maude Merillot
"In the Looking Glass"	Lola Stout
"A Kind Little Girl"	Gracie Thain
"A Useless Life"	Fay Ramsey
Solo	Lulu Meyer
"The Road to Yesterday"	Pearl Nelson
"Teddie and Nell"	Irene Siebert
"A Dream"	Sadie Arnold
Solo	May Bradley
Selected	Myrtle Henry
"Give Thanks for What"	John Kester
"The Apple Tree is the Tree for Me"	Rosa Thain
Song—"Be Thou With Us"	School
Lord's Prayer	

WORKING GIRLS.

They Will Give an Entertainment and Hop at A. O. U. W. Hall.

The Working Girls' union will give an entertainment and hop at the A. O. U. W. hall, corner of Calhoun and Superior streets, next Monday evening, at which the following program will be carried out:

Star Mandolin Club	Selection
Select Reading	Mrs. Gorsline
Dialogue—A Practical Life Lesson	
Harp solo	Miss Tillie Reily
Recitation	Miss Grace Eggleston
Song and dance	Eva Howard
Vocal solo	Mrs. Rosington
Selection	Mandolin club
Zaro family	Eva, Katie and Tony
Piano solo	Lillian Mathews
Recitation—Pantomime	Grace Eggleston
Selection	Star Mandolin Club
Dialogue	
Tableaux	

Musical Service.

The first musical service for this season will be given tomorrow evening at Westminster church, West Berry street. The following numbers will be given:

Theme' Kreutzer Sonate	Arr. by Batiste	Miss Lindeman.
Love Divine	Abt	Miss Smyser, Mr. Bash.
Scene from Lohengrin	Wagner	Mr. Jennison.
Fear Ye Not O Israel	Buck	Mr. Bash.
Babylon	Watson	Miss Smyser.
Prayer to Madonna	Gordigiani	Mr. Jennison.
Selection—"Mignon"	Arr. by Warren	Miss Lindeman.

Hon. John Overmeyer, of North Vernon, will discuss the silver question at Saengerbund Hall tonight.

The leaves at night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore the strange device,
Excelsior.

A large lawn can be cleaned quickly and nicely with our Excelsior Wheel rake, which is made to push and a boy can use it.

MORGAN & Co , Columbia St.

We cure Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis.
HIRONS MEDICINE CO.,
Room 3, Schmitz Block.

The wall paper you are in search of is at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street, and costs less than you think.

Persons interested in the Kindergarten work and to those who are thinking of sending their children, should do so at once, so that they may receive the entire year's work. Terms, $10 00 a term of twelve weeks. Misses Cramer and McCracken, 114 West Wayne street, corner Wayne and Ewing.

HON. W. J. BRYAN AT LOGANSPORT.

On Wednesday, Oct. 7th, the Hon. W. J. Bryan will speak at Logansport, for which the WABASH will run a special train, leaving Fort Wayne at 8:10 a. m., returning at 11 o'clock same evening. Tickets at one fare for round trip. 'Phone 6. 3t3

A large Railway Map of United States, so arranged in sections as to be entirely practicable and convenient to passengers in any position, is contained in the Rand-McNally Railway Guide. This will aid the most inexperienced traveler in tracing his route.

You can always save money and get wall paper to please you at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun St.

Dr. Jno. J. Ogle has opened an office in ROOMS 10, Arcade. 14tf

50c to Rome City and back, Sunday morning, at 8:15. 1t3

Hon. John Overmeyer, of North Vernon, will discuss the silver question at Saengerbund Hall tonight.

Millinery, Wraps, Overcoats and Shoes—Special Sale.
30t4 "FAIR," TRUSTEE'S SALE.

Try it again to Rome City and return for 50c, Sunday morning, at 8:15. 1t3

Great Reduction.

100 piece decorated dinner sets, reduced to $7.50.

10 piece chamber sets, reduced to $2.00.

Haviland decorated china, 113 pieces, reduced to $25.00.

112 piece dinner sets, reduced to $7.50.

All articles in our large stock of China, Lamps, Silver Plated Knives and Forks and Spoons reduced 30 per cent.

We make this reduction to enable us to close out our entire stock.

Mason Jars, 50 cents per dozen.

29sat's 9t WARD'S CHINA STORE.

The Best

Carpet cleaning, sewing and laying is done by the Zimmer Carpet Cleaning Company. 3eod3t

Farmers' Excursion.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway will give their Annual Excursion to

Grand Rapids

on Tuesday, October 6th. Tickets will be sold at Fort Wayne for $1.75 round trip. Special train will leave Fort Wayne at 4:10 a. m. Train returning will leave Grand Rapids at 7 p. m. and 11:30 p. m; giving excursionists all day in the city, and an opportunity to visit the theatres.

C. L LOCKWOOD, G. P. A.,
22eod7t Grand Rapids, Mich.

Millinery, Wraps, Overcoats and Shoes—Special Sale.
30t4 "FAIR," TRUSTEE'S SALE.

THE LAST DAY

—OF OUR—

GREAT SHOE SALE

Which closes Saturday Night, Oct. 3rd.

Your choice of all our Fine Shoes for $2 00 These goods are worth from $2 50 to $5.00 a pair.

All our Ladies' and Gents' fine Shoes worth $2 and $2 25.
GO AT $1 50 PAIR.

All our Ladies' and Gents' fine Shoes worth $1.75 to $1 90,
GO AT $1 25 PAIR.

Ladies' Oxfords & House Slippers go at 50, 65 75, 85c & $1 pair

Boys' Shoes, all kinds and all shapes, go at $1 00, $1 15, $1 25, $1.35 and $1 50 a pair.

Misses' and Children's Shoes, all styles, 75, 85, 90c, $1.00, $1.15 and $1 25 a pair.

Ladies' Overgaiters in all colors from 25c upwards.

Remember this sale closes Saturday Night, Oct. 3rd.

THE

Manufacturers' Shoe Store

25 Calhoun Street.
PETE KISERS' OLD STAND.

LOANS. LOANS.

Ten Thousand Dollars

To Loan in Sums of

$10, $15, $20, $30, $50, $100, $200,

Or any amount you may wish, on furniture, pianos, organs, cows, horses and wagons, bicycles, store fixtures, machinery, storeage receipts, or any other available security.

Everything left in your possession, undisturbed, and you still have the use of the money. You can pay it back in weekly or monthly installments as you may find it most convenient. All business strictly private and confidential.

Loans made the same day you apply for it. Real Estate Loans made also.

Indiana Mortgage Loan Co.,

Room 5 Foellinger Block.
36 Calhoun Street.

T. H. McQUILLAN.

(Successor to Louis Mohr.)
DEALER IN
Domestic and White Sewing Machines.
Supplies for all Machines.
Sales Room 150 1-2 Calhoun St.

I pay the Best Price for
CAST-OFF CLOTHING.

Please notify me at No. 76 Barr street, and I will call. I also do the best cleaning and repairing of clothing at the lowest price.

S. FIELDBLEAT,
76 Barr Street.

Voice Culture Studio.

Prof. George Abram Smith, of room 12, Schmitz block, will accept a limited number of students. Excellent references. 26 1m

Coal and Wood.

The most reliable and best fuel is Coal or Wood. Don't rely on Natural Gas. Now is the time to buy Coal for winter. Don't wait until the Gas fails. For good quality, low prices and quick delivery, go to

GEO. H. KRUDOP,
Tel. No. 135. Cor. Francis and Hayden St.

STOP

At Lydia E. Auger's, No. 15 E. Washington St., for your Carnations and Roses, or at Vesey's Greenhouses, 90 Thompson Ave. Telephone 231.

Removal Sale.

We will sell everything at the very lowest price, on account of removing to 176 Calhoun street, opposite Cathedral.

Goldstein's New and Second-hand Store.
176 CALHOUN STREET.
New and second-hand Bicycles at your own prices.

THE LOWEST PRICES

—AND—

THE BEST VALUES!

In Good, Honest, Reliable Dry Goods are always found at "The People's Store" The items quoted below are samples of the extremely low bargains offered all over the store.

10 cases Best Fancy Prints	AT 4c YARD.
50 pieces 60 inch Turkey Red Table Linen, Fast colors, worth 35c	AT 19c YARD.
100 doz Extra Size Marseilles Towels, worth 15c	AT 10c EACH.
50 dozen All Linen Huck Towels, large size, worth 20c	AT 12½c EACH.
200 pieces Heavy All Linen Crash Toweling, worth 7c	AT 4c YARD.
50 pieces Unbleached Sheeting 2¼ yards wide, worth 20c	AT 10c YARD.
100 pieces Light and Dark Heavy Outing Flannel, worth 8c	AT 5c YARD.
150 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Seamless Hose worth 15c	AT 10c PAIR.
50 dozen Ladies All Wool Cashmere Seamless Hose, worth 25c	AT 17c PAIR.
50 dozen Children's Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, worth 15c	AT 10c PAIR.
75 doz Ladies' 4-Button Kid Gloves in new Fall shades of Tan, Red, Brown and Black, a glove equal to anything sold in the city up to $1 00; go on sale	AT 59c PAIR.
Not more than 2 pair sold to one customer.	
100 doz Ladies' Fine Cambric Hdkfs, edged with Valenciennes Lace, worth 10c	AT 5c EACH.
50 doz Ladies' Fine Swiss Embroidered and Lace Insertion Hdkfs, worth 19c	AT 12½c EACH.
100 doz Ladies' Fine Ribbed Underwear, Fleece lined, Fine Egyptian Cotton, worth 39c, in White and Natural Grey	AT 25c EACH.
100 doz Men's Heavy Camelshair Underwear, sold everywhere at 75c; go on sale	AT 50c EACH.
50 doz Children's Ribbed Union Suits, Fleece lined, worth 75c	AT 50c SUIT.
100 doz All Wool Flannel Skirts, full size, worth 75c	AT 50c EACH.
100 doz. Ladies' Gingham Aprons, large size and Fast color, worth 15c each; go at	3 FOR 25c.
36 inch All Wool French Serge in new Fall shades, worth 39c	AT 20c YARD.
50 pieces 38 inch Novelty Dress Goods, new and pretty designs, worth 25c	AT 19c YARD.
Best quality Corduroy Velveteen, in new Fall shades	AT 62½c YARD
100 Ladies' Figured Mohair Skirts, 4 yds. wide, Rustle lining, Velvet bound, a regular $2 50 Skirt	At $1.48 Each.
50 Ladies' Heavy Beaver Double Capes, Beaded and Fur trimmed, worth $5 00	At $3.90 Each.
100 Ladies' Jackets and Capes which have sold at $3.90, $5.00 and $6.00; go at	98c EACH.
100 Ladies' Jackets and Capes which have sold at $7 00 to $10; go at	$1.90 EACH.
Cuticura Soap	AT 15c CAKE.
Genuine Buttermilk Soap	AT 20c BOX.

REMEMBER ....

These prices are not quoted for one day only, but are our regular every day prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

The People's Store.

BEADELL & CO.

Best Lighted Store in the City.

S. W. HULL, WALL PAPER.

Latest Designs, Most Select Coloring, All Grades. Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, House and Sign Painting. Wall Tinting, Etc.

Do Not Forget our Initials or Number.

27---Clinton Street---27

TELEPHONE 250.

ROBISON - PARK.

SUNDAY 3:30 and 8:30 P. M.

Special Performance of

ARION

The king of high wire walkers, rides a bicycle at night on a live 500 volt trolley wire.

Tuesday, Oct. 6th
Grand Musical Concert
and dance in the pavilion; everybody invited.

Wednesday, Oct. 7th
Military Drill and dance under the auspices of Hibernian Rifles.

Are You a Sufferer?

HE NEVER FAILS.

Dr. N. B. Smith,

the leading and only expert specialist in the city, treats all private diseases, varicocele, nervous debility, and all wasting diseases in young, middle-aged and old permanently cured. Dr. Smith is a graduate of one of the best medical colleges in the United States. He GUARANTEES a prompt and complete cure in all cases undertaken.

OFFICE.....
No. 107 Calhoun Street.

CUT SALE

—OF—

All Horse Boots & Clothing.

20 per cent. off all other goods in stock. Light, Double Carriage and Surrey Harness; Team, Express and Farm Harness, Hair Brushes, Curry Combs, Whips, Collars, Etc., Etc.

No. 11 Harrison Street.

Geo. H. Kuntz.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I, Samuel Bard, trustee, will offer for sale the entire assets of the Old Fort Spice & Extract Co. remaining on hand, Oct. 30th, 1896; bids will be received up to that date.

SAMUEL BARD,
Trustee.

Art Needle Work Display.

We are now showing some of the most beautiful Embroidered Table Linens, in doilies, center pieces, lunch cloths, etc., ever shown in the city. It will repay you to call and see them.

We have also received our Fall line of stamped linens, stamping patterns and embroidery materials.

Coronation Braid is new and popular. We have it.

Art Needle Work Co.,

22 W. Berry Street
(Miss Lowry's China Store.)

People Will Buy Goods

In Hard Times, if they are Sold Cheap Enough.

We are selling lots of goods—more than ever before in the history of our great store, but are making mighty little money.

Times are not propitious for money making. The people will only buy when they are offered a $2 article for $1.

We have been filling our immense establishment with car load after car load of just such bargains, bought of receivers of factories that have failed.

The effect upon our business has been magical. In August of 1895 our sales exceeded those of August of 1894 sixty-two per cent. In August of this year we made a gain in sales over last year of twenty-two per cent, making a gain in August of 1896 over the same month of 1894 of eighty-four per cent. We doubt if such a record of increase of sales can be matched by any old established house in the state.

Foster Furniture Co.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At lowest rate, on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, carriages, fixtures, etc., and leave the property in your possession.

Payments arranged on the weekly or monthly installment plan or to suit your convenience.

Furniture leases paid off and more money advanced. Business strictly private and confidential.

Fort Wayne Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 2, Seidel Blk. 52½ Calhoun St.

PART SECOND.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

8 PAGES, 72 COLUMNS.

PART SECOND.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A DAY WITH A BEE LINER

On a Hunt For Wild Honey With Old Hamp.

HOW HE ROBS THE BUSY BEE.

Some Secrets of the Art as Divulged by a Veteran Honey Hunter—Lots of Patience and Much Knowledge of Woodcraft Required.

"Yes," said Old Hamp, "I cal'late ter do a leetle bee linin 'termorrer, an I don't know as there's anything ter stop yer comin along if yer want ter."

This was not a very cordial invitation, but no one expected cordiality from Old Hamp. Was not he a genius, and was it not enough for a genius to say that he had no objection to having for companions ordinary, everyday persons who were so ignorant that they couldn't tell a bee line from a clothesline? Of course it was.

BOXING A BEE.

"Wild honey! Why," said one of his neighbors, "I believe Old Hamp can smell it miles away, and what he don't know about bees ain't wuth knowin nohow."

But Old Hamp was more modest. He firmly denied that he could smell honey at a distance of more than a dozen feet, and he said that he learned something new about bees every time he went on a hunt.

His preparations seemed extremely simple. First, he saw that a good substantial lunch was put in a basket. Then he ascertained that we had plenty of tobacco, both "smokin an eatin," also a good supply of matches. These arrangements being made to his satisfaction, he took down his bee box. This was a queer looking affair and looked more like a homemade kodak camera than anything else. It was about six inches deep, and perhaps ten inches long. The top cover was of glass, arranged so that it would slide. In the bottom of the box Hamp put a good sized piece of honey in the comb.

We followed him out into the bracing autumn morning. After a walk of half an hour we turned from the main highway into a little used thoroughfare. Then we crawled through a pair of bars and struck straight across a pasture. This proved to be a short cut to a woods which led us to a clearing where the stumps were so thick that traveling was difficult.

"This is 'bout as likely a place as I knows on," remarked Hamp.

To my mind it was about as unlikely a place as he could have found, but I did not say so. The clearing had evidently been burned over the fall before, and from the rich soil had sprung up a wonderful growth of weeds. There were great billowy stretches of yellow goldenrod blazing in the forenoon sun with oriental splendor; splotches of purple where stood clumps of bull thistle in defiant ranks; tangles of wild asters, milkweed, vervain and other flowering growths that none but an expert botanist could name.

"Now fer the bees," said Hamp.

Sliding back the glass cover from his bee box, he waded carefully among the nodding blooms, bending a searching glance on each. To the great blundering bumblebees he paid no attention. It was honeybees he was after. Finally, after a few moments' search, he found one of the little black workers busily exploring the concealed sweets of a tassel of goldenrod. Breaking off a little twig, Hamp gently brushed Mr. Bee into his box and shut the glass cover. Then he made his way to a stump, set the box on it and carefully covered it with his felt hat.

TRACING THE BEE LINE.

Then Hamp condescended to explain. He told us that Mr. Bee was a short tempered customer, and that he resented any interference with his work. Just at that moment he was as mad as he could possibly be. In fact, we could hear him buzzing around at a great rate inside the box trying to find a way out, and doubtless saying all sorts of things that strained his bee vocabulary to the utmost. Hamp said that the bee's anger would cool quicker in the dark than in the light. And it did cool in a few minutes, for soon Hamp, after carefully lifting the edge of the hat, told us that the bee had found the honey at the bottom of the box and was busily loading up his saddlebags.

"That fellow in the box," said Hamp, using a dialect that cannot be reproduced, "thinks he's struck a regular picnic. And so he has. He'll get more sweet stuff in five minutes than he could collect from flowers in an hour. He's so tickled over his find by this time that he has clean forgot all about the way he got in there. Now, we'll just leave him in there until he gets all he can carry, and then we'll let him go."

At the end of about five minutes Hamp shoved back the glass cover and allowed the bee a free exit. Soon after that the little fellow left off boring and winged his way out. First he took a few circles around the box.

"He's locating that stump so he'll know right where it is when he comes back, and he's getting his bearings at the same time. Oh, you bet, he'll be back fast enough—just as soon as he has unloaded. Now he's off!"

All this time Hamp was standing in an alert attitude, his hand to his eyes, watching the bee's every movement. Mr. Bee had taken a straight course, a regular bee line, for the adjacent woods. When Hamp had watched him out of sight, he looked around until he had firmly fixed the direction the bee had taken. Then he sat down on a log and lighted his pipe.

"Yes, that feller has gone straight to his nest. It may be 100 rods away, and it may be a mile or two. Follow him? No use in that yet. You would lose sight of him before you got out of the clearing. I can tell when he gets back about how far he's been by the time it takes him to make the trip. Do you know what he'll do? Well, he'll tell another worker about this private snap of his, and that fellow will spread the news."

After three-quarters of an hour of patient waiting, during which time Hamp had regaled us with wonderful tales about caves filled with tons of honey which he had heard about, but which he had never seen, he quietly remarked:

"Here he is, back again. And he's brought his mate along too."

Sure enough, when we looked into the box, two bees were at work. They loaded up and then started off in the same direction as the first bee had taken. After another long wait a bee showed up again, and he was followed by three more. The news had spread. It was slow work, though, waiting for them to make their round trips. Talk about a fisherman's patience, a successful bee hunter needs to have all of Job's chief virtue.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we had emptied the lunch basket before Hamp was satisfied that he had established the line. By that time there was a regular procession of bees coming and going. Leaving the box where it was, we struck out after Hamp. He was going for the tree where the bees were depositing that honey of his. Across the clearing it was easy enough to trace the busy workers, but when we got into the woods it was different, and we would have soon wandered from the trail, but Hamp walked forward as steadily as if there had been a guideboard on every tree. More than half the time we could not catch sight of a bee, but it was only after we had tramped for half an hour that Hamp told us to watch the trees.

GETTING OUT THE HONEY.

It looked like searching in a haystack for a needle, but finally Hamp held up his hand and stopped. "Hear that!" he said. "We've struck it, I guess."

We did not hear a thing but the breeze singing in the tree tops, but Hamp evidently did, for he soon pointed out a big old maple with a burled trunk. Half way up was a knothole about as big as an apple. Flying in and out we could see the bees.

"Guess I'll just put my trademark on this tree," said Hamp as he opened his jackknife and proceeded to carve his initials in the bark, "and termorrer we'll come back and see how she pans out."

As we left the woods Hamp made a mental map of the tree's surroundings. We were tired enough that night and glad to hear that we were to ride part of the way next day. A very different outfit Hamp carried on the morrow. He had an ax, some sulphur and a couple of big milk cans. We rode as near the edge of the woods as possible and then carried our apparatus to the foot of the bee tree. First Hamp chopped a hole in the foot of the trunk and burned sulphur in the hollow. This killed the bees, and after that it was an easy job, comparatively, to chop the old maple down, split it open and take out the honey. There were about 75 pounds of pure wild honey in the tree.

"Pooty fair, pooty fair!" commented Hamp as he looked at the amber colored mass of ambrosial sweetness. "But I've got as high as 150 pounds at one lick before now."

But Hamp was probably trying to cool the enthusiasm to which we gave free reign as we made an impromptu feast on the proceeds of the find there in the heart of the woods.

SEWELL FORD.

Modesty In Incomes.

"You have a modest income?"

"Well, it's always more or less shy."—Detroit Tribune.

A Traveler's Tale.

Gad About (telling a story)—We worked at the pumps for an hour, till finally, by dint of desperate work, we—

Miss Under Toe—Saved the ship?

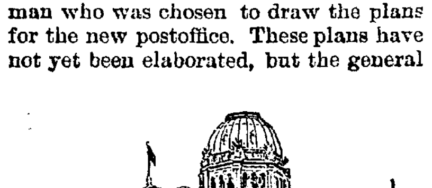
Gad About—No. Got the tires of our wheels full.—Truth.

ARCHITECTURAL GEM

CHICAGO'S NEW POSTOFFICE WILL BE A THING OF BEAUTY.

The Plans of Henry Irving Cobb Call For an Imposing Structure That Will Be an Ornament to the Western Metropolis. To Cost $7,000,000.

Some time after the beginning of the next century Chicago is to have a new postoffice building to take the place of the universally condemned structure which is now being demolished. If the new federal building is built according to the plans which are soon to be submitted to the authorities at Washington, it will be one of which Chicago will be proud for several generations to come. Henry Ives Cobb, a Chicago architect, who drew the designs for the beautiful Fisheries building at the World's fair and whose work is to be seen in many cities of the Union, is the man who was chosen to draw the plans for the new postoffice. These plans have not yet been elaborated, but the general designs as exhibited by water color perspective and outline of floor plans have met with hearty commendation from all sources.



DESIGN FOR THE NEW CHICAGO POSTOFFICE.

Mr. Cobb had to meet and overcome several difficulties in the outset—difficulties which architects seldom have to contend with. In the first place, there was a restriction which obliged him to cover the entire lot upon which the old postoffice stood. This meant a building 361 feet by 321 feet.

In the second place, this government plot was located in the heart of what will inevitably be a group of the tallest skyscrapers in Chicago. The advance guard of this group—the Monadnock—had already dwarfed the old federal building into insignificance, and other equally tall buildings were planned and will soon be erected. To prevent the new structure from sharing a like fate was the problem that Mr. Cobb found before him. To erect a 20 or 30 story building which should cover the immense lot was manifestly out of the question. Yet the land had to be covered. The architect's solution seems wonderfully simple now that it is completed. His design is for a two story building which shall extend to the sidewalk bounds, supporting as a base a cross shaped structure rising six stories higher, with a tower located in the axis of the arms and rising to a height which it is doubtful if any office building will exceed.

There are several features about this design which make it appropriate. The general appearance of such a building would be one of a lofty pyramid. The two story structure would fulfill the government requirement concerning the covering of the lot and would give ample floor space for the postoffice work proper as well as providing natural light both from windows on the street and by means of skylights. The first floors of office buildings are generally dark, gloomy and undesirable. Four big skylights are to remove this feature from the new federal building.

Of course the four wings of the building will be admirably lighted, for their walls will be pierced by numerous big windows, which, instead of facing on a narrow street, will look out on an air space fully 100 feet wider than an ordinary street. The central portion of the building, 100 feet square, will be lighted by a big skylight in the flat top of the central tower.

The two story structure will be 42 feet high, the pediments 128 feet high, and the row of bronze eagles around the top of the tower will look out over the city at an elevation of 270 feet above the sidewalk. In looking at the building the eye will first take in the magnificent proportions of the base, stretching from block to block; then it will rest on the four pediments, follow them to a common center and watch them develop into the octagon tower, which in turn will be capped by a golden dome rising with graceful curves to an imposing height and being crowned with a corona.

HENRY IRVING COBB, THE ARCHITECT.

At the corners of the lower structure will be pieces of statuary effectively placed, and there will be more bronze figures perched on the square corners of the tower just above the points where the roofs of the pediments jut out. The four street ends of the wings will be relieved by four stone pillars 40 feet high. The structure is to be built of granite, and it is now estimated that it will cost about $7,000,000. It will not be completed before 1900, even if there are no unlooked for delays.

C. T. BAXTER.

Entirely In Accord.

She—I hate to hear a girl when she is out walking with a young man make any suggestion about how fond she is of ice cream soda, don't you, Mr. Walsingham?

He—Indeed I do, Miss Atherton. By the way, won't you step in here and have an ice cream soda now with me?—Somerville Journal.

The Best They Could Do.

"I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning," said the wrathful citizen.

"Yes," said the official of the water company, "that is the best we can do just at present. We can't afford to furnish fish. All we are able to furnish is bait."—Indianapolis Journal.

SUCCEEDS SATOLLI.

ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI, THE NEW PAPAL DELEGATE.

The Head of the Augustinian Order Throughout the World—His Training and Accomplishments—He Speaks English and Has Visited This Country Before.

The Most Rev. Sebastiano Martinelli, who recently arrived in this country from Rome and who succeeds Cardinal Satolli as papal delegate, is to play an important part in a large number of affairs of more or less public interest here. He is therefore a man in whose personality and character there is much general interest.

In the first place, he is a man of middle age, being in his forty-eighth year, and looks even younger than he really is. He has a frank, genial manner, in which there is not a trace of that pompous dignity sometimes assumed by church dignitaries. He is first of all a student. He has come in contact with the outside world but little, for most of his life has been spent in Rome, where, in the narrow confines of his cell, his books were his most constant companions. In church politics he has taken no hand, but the leadership of his order and the prominent position which he now holds have been forced upon him not a little against his will. There is not much doubt, so the intimate friends of Father Martinelli assert, that he would rather be today back at the convent of St. Monica, a humble friar, coming in contact with none but fellow monks, than here in the new world, laden with all the responsibility which the personal representative and mouthpiece of the pope must bear.

Sebastiano began his clerical career when he was 16 years old. At that age he was sent from his birthplace, Borgo St. Ann, near Lucca, Italy, to Rome, where he entered the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, commonly known as the Augustinian order, which is one of the four great mendicant orders of the Catholic church. Of the five boys in his family he was the third one to become a Black Friar, the eldest being the late Cardinal Martinelli.

At the age of 23 he was ordained to the priesthood. For 17 years he studied and taught in the convents of his order at Rome, and one day, much to his surprise and little to his gratification, he found that he had been chosen as prior general of the order. He has filled the high position, however, with great credit and has been honored by being made a member of the holy office, that select and supreme tribunal at Rome which claims as its prefect the pontiff himself.

ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI.

When the new dignity of apostolic delegate to America was offered him, he is said to have declined twice, and only accepted when commanded to do so. Doubtless he knew all about the opposition which Cardinal Satolli met when he first came here, and, being of a retiring disposition, shrank from a similar experience. But it is probable that he has found out by this time that the ice has been well broken. The antagonism which some Catholics in America expressed toward the sending of any papal delegate at all has been squelched. They understand that the office is to be a permanent one, and many of those who said harsh things about Satolli now wish they hadn't, for it is a serious matter to oppose the will of the sovereign pontiff.

Then, again, Satolli was ignorant of the language of the people among whom he was sent with so much power. Father Martinelli, on the other hand, speaks English perfectly and is familiar with the character of the people who compose at least two-thirds of the church's strength in this country. All of this he learned while a professor of theology in the Irish Augustinian college in Rome. No one need be surprised, in fact, if the new delegate, in spite of his Italian birth, betrays a decided brogue when he speaks in English. He has paid at least one visit to America before, for he was here in 1894, at which time he presided over the chapter of the Augustinian order which was held at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Although the new delegate is entitled to be called monsignore and is spoken of as Archbishop Martinelli, he has never performed the duties even of a bishop. He was given the rank of archbishop before being appointed delegate in order that it might not be said by sensitive bishops that a common priest had been set over them. His archdiocese, however, is a mythical one and is expressed in his title by the words, "in partibus infidelium," or "in the regions of the unbeliever."

It has also been suggested that there would be opposition to Mgr. Martinelli because he is a monk and not a "regular," but this is not likely to develop. As before hinted, open opposition has not been found profitable by the American bishops, and it is likely that the new delegate will find his work pleasant and agreeable.

ANDREW DOWNS.

A Mystery.

"I'd like to ask one thing," said the cross boarder.

"What is it, please?" asked the landlady.

"How did you get this steak cooked so hard without even getting it hot?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Do not be flabby in your mind. Brace up.

SPAIN'S NEW REBEL.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS REVOLT AGAINST HER IRON RULE.

Another Case of Taxation Without Representation—Interesting Features of the Islands—A Land of Lotus Eaters Where Work and Taxes Are Unpopular.

If the Spanish have any old saw corresponding to "it never rains but it pours," they are probably using it quite freely now, for right in the midst of their frantic endeavor to retain their grasp on Cuba comes the revolt in the Philippines, another faroff possession whose fertile isles have for more than two centuries enriched the coffers of the Spanish crown. But Spain has used the Philippines exactly as she has used Cuba and her other colonies, merely as sources of revenue, from which were wrung the very last peseta that could be squeezed out.

We seldom hear much about the Philippine islands except when an unusually severe earthquake occurs there and kills some hundreds of natives. On the average map the group is represented by a half dozen islands of varying size and a sprinkling of little dots which are not named, but which give us to understand in an indefinite sort of way that there are a lot of little islands there besides. And there are a lot of them—about 1,200. The exact number is not known. Even Spain does not know, for the geographers have not taken the trouble to count them. They range in size from Luzon, which is 550 miles long and 130 miles wide, with an area larger than that of the state of Illinois, to little islets hardly big enough to accommodate more than one native hut.

Only 400 of these islands have a permanent population, but those that are inhabited are so densely populated that it is estimated that 8,000,000 persons live on them. Over all these Spain holds nominal sway, but there are millions of islanders who never heard of Spain and know no king but the obscure savage monarch who rules over the particular tribe to which they belong. In the larger islands, where there is a certain sort of civilization, the power of Spain is felt, however. A governor general appointed in Madrid and sent from there rules for the boy king over the group, and under him are hundreds of Spanish officials who, with garrisons of fully 15,000 soldiers, exact outrageous taxes from every inhabitant within reach.

A HALF CASTE MESTIZA.

The largest city in the Philippines is Manilla, the capital of Luzon. The nearest port to it on the mainland is Hongkong, which can be reached by a sail of 60 hours on a P. and O. steamer. Manilla and its suburbs have a population of about 330,000, of whom only about 10,000, including troops, government officials and the clergy, are European. The number of English speaking people in the island is but a few hundred, Spanish being the commercial and official language. The rest are mostly Malays, Chinese, natives and half castes.

Although Manilla seems to us to be in such a faraway corner of the earth, it is in daily communication by steamer and cable with the rest of the world, and doubtless the result of our coming presidential election will be published there before it is in some of the smaller towns of our own country, although but a handful of islanders will deign to read the item. If it were not for the earthquakes, occasional typhoons and regular epidemics of cholera, Manilla would be an ideal spot to live in. For a tropical country, the climate is delightful. As for the country itself, it is a regular garden of Eden, where all sorts of edible luxuries grow in abundance.

The natives are lazy, but pleasant and unaggressive folk, who would be perfectly happy if Spain did not compel them to work occasionally to pay the capita tax, which is assessed with liberal hand. Business is mostly monopolized by the Chinese. They are the merchants, and many of them become rich. The half castes, or Mestizas, are the producing class. They own big sugar and tobacco plantations and often become extremely wealthy. The picture accompanying this article is that of a 16-year-old Mestizas girl who is heiress to $3,000,000. She is just at the marriageable age, too, so you see the Philippines would not be a bad place for an accomplished fortune hunter to visit. She would make a good wife, too, for she has been educated by a French governess and knows how to dress with good taste. The waist she wears is an article known in Manilla as a pina corsage. It is made of pineapple fiber and is worth $1,000. There are other things beside sealskin sacks which are expensive. She probably is betrothed to a young Mestizas dude, however, who wears a high collar, the regulation full dress, and, according to the custom of his class, allows the tails of his white shirt to fall gracefully outside his trousers after the Chinese mode.

S. P. SCHENCK.

Excitement.

"Terrible excitement in the curio hall."

"Yes?"

"Yes, somebody yelled fire, and the two headed girl lost both of them."

The laughing hyena, having an acute sense of the absurd, thought he would do nothing but die.—Detroit Tribune.

A Thing of Dread.

Mrs. Wickwire—The grocer was here with his bill today. Hadn't you better step in and settle it as you go down town?

Mr. Wickwire—I think I shall send you. If I go in and pay it, he will insist on treating me to one of his cigars.—Indianapolis Journal.

Saved.

Smurbs—Say, old man, can I talk to you for a moment?

Crurbs (dejectedly)—What is it?

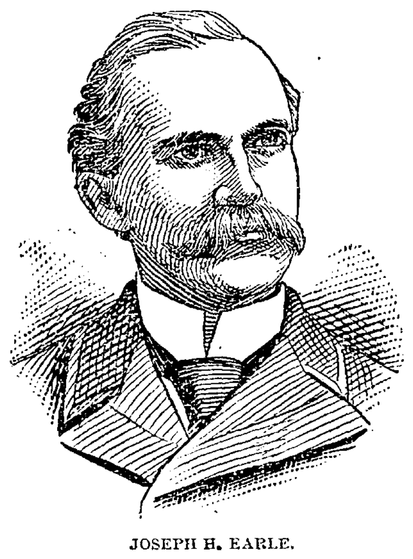
Smurbs—Can you loan me a fiver?

Crurbs (joyously)—Certainly, old boy. I thought you were going to explain the political muddle to me.—New York Herald.

A PROSPECTIVE SENATOR.

Career of Judge Joseph H. Earle of South Carolina.

Judge Joseph H. Earle, who will succeed J. L. M. Irby as United States senator from South Carolina, has been for 20 years in the very center of the redhot political activity which is peculiar to the Palmetto State. He has been a lifelong Democrat, but is not identified with either of the national factions of that party just at present, which neutral position seems to have added to his popularity. His whole life has been an extremely active one.



JOSEPH H. EARLE.

Born in Greenville, S. C., 49 years ago, he left school at the age of 17 to enter the Confederate army. He served to the end of the war in Kemper's artillery. When peace was declared and he had given up his sword, he returned to Greenville, entered the university, was graduated and spent several years teaching school and studying law. Five years after he had discarded shoulder straps he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession.

Judge Earle's public service began in 1873, when he was elected to the state legislature. He served in that body until 1880, when he declined a re-election. In 1882 he was elected to the state senate, but in 1886, before his term as senator had expired, he was elected attorney general of the state, being re-elected in 1888. In 1890 he made an exciting canvass for governor against Benjamin R. Tillman, but was unsuccessful. In 1894 he was elected circuit judge and still holds this office.

Some of his campaign experiences have been exciting and interesting. His life has often been threatened by his political opponents, and on one occasion he slapped the candidate for governor in the face on a public platform. He practically threw away the governorship in 1888 by declining to allow his name to be used in the convention because of a previous promise to another candidate that he would not oppose his nomination.

SONS OF VETERANS.

The Record of James L. Rake, the New Commander In Chief.

James Lewis Rake, the new commander in chief of the Sons of Veterans, is a prominent young business man of Reading, Pa., and has taken an active part in the work of the organization since it was started in that city 15 years ago. He has seen the national association grow from a small nucleus to an organization numbering nearly 100,000 members.

Colonel Rake was born in Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 20, 1855, but has spent most of his life in Reading. He began his business career as an employee of the Reading Railroad company. He rose to be manager of the drafting department and finally established himself in business as a contractor for iron and steel construction.

In 1884 he became captain of a Sons of Veterans' camp and the next year was appointed aid-de-camp on the staff of General Frank P. Merrill, then commander in chief. He was sent to the commandery in chief encampment at Buffalo in 1886 and there was elected lieutenant general. Subsequently he served for two terms as a member of the council in chief.

JAMES L. RAKE.

In 1888, when the Pennsylvania division became involved in serious financial difficulties, Colonel Rake was appointed by Commander In Chief Abbott to the provisional command. By the hardest kind of work he was able to bring order out of chaos, save the organization from disruption and wipe out a debt of $1,700. He was unanimously elected division commander after this.

Commander In Chief Rake is a Mason of high standing, an Elk, a Knight Templar and a member of several other secret societies, in all of which he has held positions of honor and trust. There are now 29 states represented in the national organization of the Sons of Veterans, which has a like number of state departments and 2,000 camps. The members are all lineal descendants over 18 years of age of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors or marines who served in the civil war. The next annual encampment is to be held at Indianapolis.

There seems to be peculiar political activity in the natural gas belts.

CLAIMS THE THRONE.

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF DON CARLOS, THE PRETENDER.

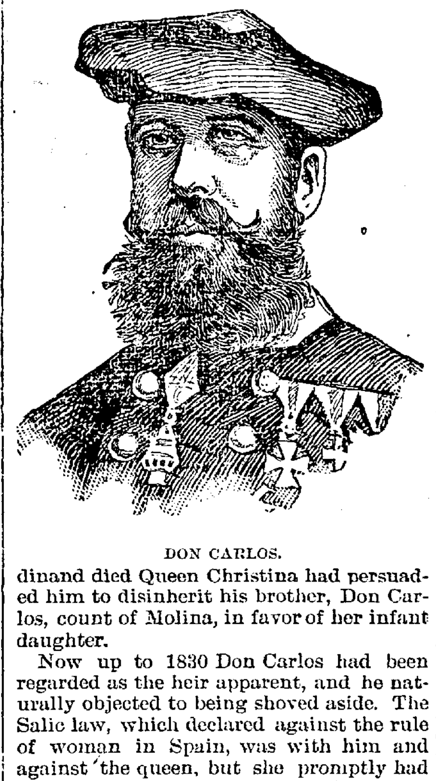
He Is the Third of the Line of Claimants to the Spanish Crown—His Partisans Are Evidently Preparing For Another Uprising.

Poor Spain! With her hands full in looking after rebellious colonies, she is threatened with a revival of an ancient civil strife which has many times drenched the land in blood. With her troops fighting desperately to retain Cuba, with more soldiers needed for the revolutionists in the Philippines and with Puerto Rico already to break loose comes the long silent Don Carlos threatening to make one more frantic bid for the throne.

Of course to the average American it would seem somewhat unpatriotic for Don Carlos to plunge Spain into civil strife just at this critical period, when the rich islands which she has held so long and so tenaciously may be swept away. But the gallant Carlos meets this in a very ingenious manner. He says he is perfectly free to choose any opportune moment to assert his rights. There is every indication, too, that the Carlists think that identical moment is not far off. The recent action of the Carlist deputies in withdrawing from the chamber is significant and gives color to the rumor that all Carlist adherents throughout Spain have been warned to prepare for a call to arms.

Just who this Don Carlos is who claims a right to rule over the Spaniards instead of the boy King Alfonso XII may possibly have been lost sight of. It is a story as old and as romantic as any connected with modern events. The royal row dates back to the beginning of the present century, when Ferdinand VII was closing a troubled reign. Ferdinand found little comfort in his crown. He had just got to reigning nicely when Napoleon gobbled up his kingdom and made him resign in favor of Joseph Bonaparte. Ferdinand remained a prisoner in France until the downfall of the first empire, and then he was restored to his throne. He found Spain a hotbed of political excitement, and, being a man of weak mind, he was bandied back and forth between the crown supporters and the popular parties.

About all that Ferdinand was industrious in pursuing was marriage. Within the space of 28 years he married five wives in succession. The last one, Princess Christina of Naples, was a woman of much strength of mind as well as great personal attractions. She became the mother of his first child, a daughter. If the child had been a boy, all would have been well and the Carlist war would have never been fought. But it was a girl, and the girl's mother was ambitious. Before King Ferdinand died Queen Christina had persuaded him to disinherit his brother, Don Carlos, count of Molina, in favor of her infant daughter.



DON CARLOS.

Now up to 1830 Don Carlos had been regarded as the heir apparent, and he naturally objected to being shoved aside. The Salic law, which declared against the rule of woman in Spain, was with him and against the queen, but she promptly had the law repealed. Soon after Ferdinand died in 1830 the baby Princess Isabella was declared queen of Spain and Christina was appointed regent.

Then the Carlist war broke out in all its fury and raged for years with varying fortunes for both sides. The Carlists fought ferociously, but the odds were against them, and finally, in 1839, Don Carlos, the original claimant to the throne, quitted the country. It was then thought that Isabella, then a little girl not yet in her teens, would be left undisturbed to reign. And so she would had the new dynasty been conducted with ordinary prudence.

But the scandals which brought Queen Christina's regency to a premature close kept alive the hopes of the pretender's partisans. Then in 1855 the original Don Carlos died. Another Don Carlos, his son, rose up and began to plot with even more vigor than had his father. In 1860 he made an attempt to stir up Valentia and, with his brother, was arrested. The two young men were released, however, after having signed a renunciation of all claims to the Spanish throne. The next year saw the end of the second pretender.

Then came the third and present Don Carlos, a nephew of the second pretender. Again the Carlists rallied around a new leader. In 1869, 1870 and 1872 there were uprisings, but they were all speedily suppressed. In 1873, however, Don Carlos took the field himself, and this proved to be a more formidable affair. For three years the Basque provinces were kept in the greatest confusion, but in 1876 the revolt was finally crushed, and the simple Basques, who had not diplomacy enough to abandon the leader of a cause already lost, were deprived of the last vestige of their ancient privileges.

Don Carlos took refuge in Paris and issued from there a bombastic pronunciamento. He expressed sympathy with the Legitimists, however, and was expelled from France in 1881. He went to London and since then has alternated between Venice and Viareggio, where he has splendid establishments.

Twice has Don Carlos replenished his purse by a fortunate marriage. His first wife was the Princess de Bourbon, with whom he lived for years in poverty. The death of his wife's uncle and aunt brought them a big inheritance, but when the princess died, three years ago, it was found that Don Carlos had squandered the most of it. In 1894 he startled his Legitimist followers in France by his marriage to the wealthy Princess de Rohan, who is 20 years younger than he and has in her veins the blood of several royal houses. This marriage makes him not only the Carlist leader, but placed him at the head of the Bourbon descent.

ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

He'd Done His Duty.

He had done his duty.

He smiled with conscious pride. His chest puffed out, and he trod the earth with elate footsteps.

His very air convinced those around him that no dipterous insects could find any lodgment on his person.

He had done his duty.

A glow irradiated his countenance, and at times he laughed aloud.

Twice or thrice he roared with jollity.

He had done his duty, and was proud of it.

"Say," he said to some of his acquaintances who had met him at the steamer landing, as they repaired to a near by saloon, "them custom house inspectors are blind as beetles. Did I do 'em? Well, watch me!"

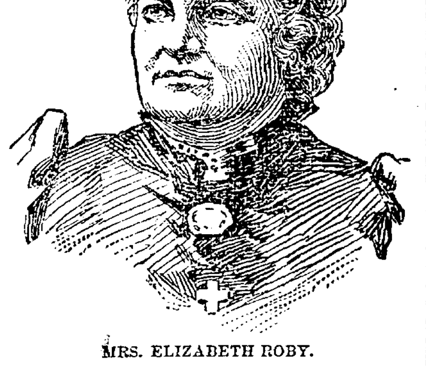
Unbuttoning his vest, he disclosed several layers of silks. From his pocket he extracted about half a dozen diamonds of the first water, and he passed around samples of some cigars of which he said he had 1,000 more at the bottom of his trunks.

He had done his duty with a vengeance.—New York Sunday World.

FOR VARSITY RACES.

Another Windfall Gives Wolf Lake to Chicago University.

Through the generosity and enthusiasm of Mrs. Elizabeth Roby of Chicago the Chicago university is to be given the use of half a million dollars' worth of property, which will provide an ideally situated inland lake biological station and a fine boat course for the varsity crew. Mrs. Roby is the wife of a wealthy lawyer who is in hearty sympathy with the enterprise, but who has allowed her to manage the affair. The Robys own a large tract of land around Wolf lake, a pretty little body of water near Chicago. They also have two sons who are students at the university, and both of the young men are much interested in rowing, Charles having been stroke oar of the crew and his brother having been commodore of the boat fleet.



MRS. ELIZABETH ROBY.

Wolf lake is owned by the Shedd brothers, who use it for ice cutting purposes. Mrs. Roby induced Mr. C. B. Shedd to take an interest in her project of providing the university boys with a rowing course, and he promised to do so. As a result of these arrangements the university trustees have been tendered the use of the lake and have been promised a boathouse, which Mr. Shedd is to build. He has also offered to furnish the necessary buildings for a complete biological station on the shore of the lake, this being a subject in which he has long been interested. Mr. Shedd has taken a great interest in the work of the university and has made several previous contributions in a quiet way.

For a long time the university crew has been looking for a suitable boat course, and the one on Wolf lake will be just what is required. A channel 300 feet wide and about 2 miles long has been dredged out for the purpose of having the ice clear, and this furnishes an excellent short course.

A site for a biological station has also been long wanted by the university, and Wolf lake offers every natural advantage for experiment and study in this science. The region is also full of interest to the botanist and to the geologist. There is no doubt that the generous offer will be gratefully accepted, and the university will soon be equipped with the finest experimental station of the kind in the world.

LIKES HIS LOG CABIN.

Captain Thomas Built It Himself and Prefers It to His Mansion.

Many men have exchanged a log cabin for a mansion, but it remained for Captain P. R. Thomas of Berkeley, Cal., to voluntarily desert a mansion to live in a log cabin which he had built with his own hands. Captain Thomas is the president of a big soap manufacturing concern, and, up to a short time ago, he inhabited a fine, big house luxuriously furnished and beautifully situated in the center of broad acres.

CAPTAIN THOMAS' LOG CABIN.

But the captain several years ago conceived the idea that he would like to live over again some of the experiences that he enjoyed when, as a pioneer, he first settled in California. Near his mansion was a large grove of eucalyptus trees, and among these he determined to build a house in which he could be comfortable. It was nearly five years ago that he began the work, using only such time as he could spare from business and employing no one to help him. First he chopped down some of the great trees and cleared the ground for the foundation. The logs were allowed to season for a year, and then the work was fairly started.

Early and late the rich man worked, chopping, sawing and piling the logs one on the other. Slowly the walls rose, but they were substantial walls, more solid than those of his expensive mansion. It was a good, roomy cabin, too, not one of your little one room affairs. On the first floor he planned three rooms, and one large room for the second floor. A big log fireplace, with a carefully tiled floor, gave him the hardest kind of work to complete, but he finished it after three months of steady labor.

Captain Thomas had no sooner got his cabin in shape than he moved his bed into it and has lived there ever since, much to the surprise of the servants and many of his neighbors. In these few rooms, however, Captain Thomas has collected almost everything which he values highest. He was a captain in the Union army during the civil war and has been an ardent collector of war relics for many years. These he has arranged about the lower rooms in profusion. There are flags draped from every possible corner and swords and old muskets placed around in picturesque confusion.

Up stairs, where the captain spends most of his time when he is in the cabin, there are more flags and the old uniform and sword which the captain wore during the war. Here among his treasures the wealthy manufacturer lives in frontier simplicity, but he keeps open his big mansion, located only a short distance away, for the purpose of entertaining his friends.

The Doleful Bachelor.

"Why," asked the sweet young thing, "why do they say that love is of the heart?"

"To show," said the doleful bachelor, "to show that the brains have nothing to do with it."—Indianapolis Journal.

TO HONOR DR. VIRCHOW.

Preparing For a Notable Celebration of His Seventy-fifth Birthday.

The scientific world is preparing to pay signal honor to that renowned German physician Rudolph Virchow on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, which is to be celebrated in Berlin on Oct. 13. Eminent scientists from every important country in the world, including the United States, are gathering at that city to present gifts and congratulations to the veteran student and statesman. In Germany the day will be one of national importance, in such esteem is Dr. Virchow held in his own land. It is not often that a nation expresses its affection for a living hero.

Rudolph Virchow was born Oct. 13, 1821, at Schievelbein, a small town in Pomerania. He was educated at the gymnasium in Berlin, graduating at the age of 18. He then began his medical studies and was graduated from the University of Berlin in 1843. From the beginning of his medical career to the present day he has been in the habit of occasionally startling the scientific world with some new discovery or theory. The study of diseases he has made a special feature of his work and the volumes which he has written concerning his investigations in this direction are among the most valuable which the modern school of medicine has at its command. His conception of cellular processes introduced wholly new and most fertile ideas as to all the phenomena of disease. This invaluable contribution to pathology would alone have made him famous, but his researches in other fields have produced equally brilliant results. In 1856 he was appointed professor of pathological anatomy at Berlin, and this position he still holds.

RUDOLPH VIRCHOW.

In political life Professor Virchow has also been an active figure, and he has been a brave and outspoken leader on the side of progress and liberality. At one time he had Bismarck as an opponent, and the controversy became so heated that it was rumored the scientist and the Iron Chancellor were to fight a duel, but this never occurred. He was for many years a member of the municipal council of Berlin, and it is due largely to his influence that the sanitary condition of that and other German cities has been so much improved. His political activity he never allowed to interfere, however, with his scientific pursuits, which he always regarded as his proper and serious labor, although he often said that it seemed more like recreation to him than work.

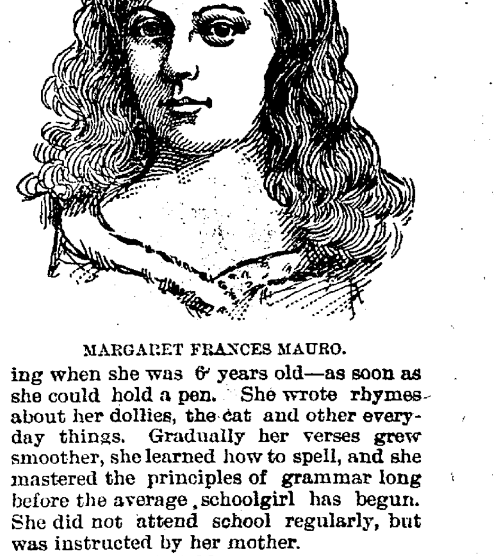
A CHILD POET.

Margaret Mauro Has Won Fame at Fourteen With Her Verses.

Margaret Frances Mauro is a little girl who lives in Washington and who is just now hailed as the "child poet." Margaret is not one of those prematurely old children who betray their precocity in both speech and appearance. In fact, she is precocious in nothing besides her ability to write poetry. It is real poetry too. Some of it has been printed in St. Nicholas, and she has been paid for it. Here is her "Sonnet to a Purple Pansy:"

O lovely flower, loveliest of thy kind,
Fair as the purple cloud that sunset decks,
A beauteous blossom of thy gentle sex,
A bit of fragrance, budding on the wind,
A storehouse for the honey gathering bee.
Now coyly smiling with coquettish grace,
Now with a lovely look upon thy face,
An upward glance of grave, sweet purity,
A drop of purple dew that gleams, then fades,
Sets upon earth's green breast another gem.
Then, lifeless, hangs upon its withered stem,
Drops, and the grassy woodland dells and glades
Know it no more—forget it did exist.
But in my heart, O flow'r, thou art for ever missed.

But Miss Margaret has not always written as good verse as this. She began rhyming when she was 6 years old—as soon as she could hold a pen. She wrote rhymes about her dollies, the cat and other everyday things. Gradually her verses grew smoother, she learned how to spell, and she mastered the principles of grammar long before the average schoolgirl has begun. She did not attend school regularly, but was instructed by her mother.



MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.

At the age of 12 Margaret wrote a poem of nine verses entitled "Ye Romance of Ye Oldenne Tyme." It was so smooth and musical that it attracted the serious attention of her father, who is a patent lawyer. He sent this poem, with several others, to the editor of St. Nicholas, asking for an opinion as to their merit. The editor's opinion was a very flattering one, and he offered to buy and print the poems. They appeared recently, much to Margaret's delight.

Miss Mauro is not yet 14 years old. She has lately returned from France, where she has spent a year, accompanied by her mother, in studying French. She bears her poetical honors modestly and devotes as much time as ever to playing with her dolls.

Thanksgiving For Rain.

In most of the London churches on a recent Sunday night special thanksgivings were offered up for the rain that had fallen.

The Change.

"What changes time makes! Two years ago, when he married her, he was dead broke."

"Well, how are things now?"

"She is in the same condition."—Detroit Free Press.

An Itching Palm.

Private—May I have a furlough for a day? We slaughter our hogs tomorrow.

Sergeant—All right. If you want to stay a day or two longer, just send me word, but wrap it up carefully.—Fliegende Blatter.

Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1896.

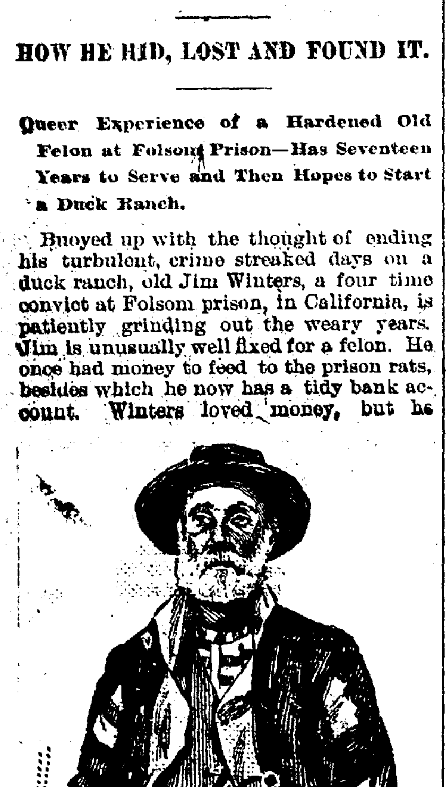
A CONVICT CAPITALIST

His Wealth Gave Jim Winters a Deal of Trouble.

HOW HE HID, LOST AND FOUND IT.

Queer Experience of a Hardened Old Felon at Folsom Prison—Has Seventeen Years to Serve and Then Hopes to Start a Duck Ranch.

Buoyed up with the thought of ending his turbulent, crime streaked days on a duck ranch, old Jim Winters, a four time convict at Folsom prison, in California, is patiently grinding out the weary years. Jim is unusually well fixed for a felon. He once had money to feed to the prison rats, besides which he now has a tidy bank account. Winters loved money, but he loathed work, so the shiftless James went forth and burgled and assaulted to kill nice folks who never did anything to him. He got coin, also 39 years of time thrown in, which is sometimes reckoned as money; hence the delay in getting the duck ranch started. The money that was fed to the rats forms the basis of a picturesque prison story, an interesting tale of criminal cunning, cupidity and patient waiting, in which the aged convict finally triumphed.



JIM WINTERS.

When Winters entered Folsom, in 1885, presumably for the last time, he had $150 in greenbacks sewed up in the sleeves of an old brown coat. He had quarried rock at Folsom before and knew that in cold weather the prisoners were allowed coats. Any old coat will do. If an inside man has a comfortable garment, it is given to a man outside in the weather.

Jim was well aware of this arrangement and had prepared himself accordingly. But his provident plans received a setback. He had served three terms and was classed as an incorrigible. So he was placed in the dungeon. There he remained in utter solitude for 791 days, harassed by doubts and fears of the most aggravating description. The coat had been given to another prisoner.

In time there came a change at the prison. Warden Aull succeeded Warden McComb. The new official took pity on Jim, and the old man was relieved from the irksome confines of a dungeon cell on Jan. 14, 1888. They placed him in charge of the limehouse, a small wooden structure in the center of the prison yard where the whitewashing appliances are kept. Even before he was regularly installed in this position of trust and responsibility Jim had his weather eye peeled for the old brown coat, but it was many weary days before he caught a glimpse of it. It wouldn't do to ask questions among the 900 convicts, many of whom were as crafty as himself, so Jim had simply to watch and wait.

At last one day Jim caught sight of his perambulating bank. It passed the limehouse on the back of a big Mexican horse thief who worked on a derrick in the quarry. Though somewhat changed, Jim recognized the coat. It had been patched here and there, and the man with money on deposit noticed, with a sinking heart, that the cuffs had been renewed with strips of horse blanket. However, he took hope, for, as a rule, convicts do not cut away the frayed portions of a garment. They simply sew the patch on the outside and let it go at that.

Jim was nearly two weeks recovering possession of the coat that had been among strangers two years. The line of prisoners marching to and from the quarry to meals and to bed passes the limehouse, where Jim and his assistants fall in. It is only a walk of 100 yards, and Jim had to exercise great caution. Watching his chance, he would drop in behind the Mexican, and in that way gradually worked up an acquaintance. He also complained of cold and the need of a heavier coat, and in time made a dicker with the horse thief, in which smoking tobacco figured largely on one side.

Thus Jim recovered possession of his money after it had passed through at least 20 pairs of hands, as the coat had been very popular on cold days. He stowed the money away on his person for the sake of being near it for a few months, and then, finding that his job in the limehouse was a permanent engagement, he rolled the bills up in a bit of rag and hid them in the building. There the treasure remained for about five years, drawing no interest, but safe, as Jim thought.

One day, however, when the burglar went to look for his money the roll was gone. His natural conclusion was that some other convict had stumbled across the hiding place. Still Jim said not a word, figuring that the thief would again hide the money. So he kept on mixing whitewash and probing around in nooks and crannies when the chance offered. At the expiration of eight months, to his great joy, Jim fished his precious dollars out of a rathole, but the bills were in a fearful state of mutilation. Each bill retained its original size and shape, but the nibbling had reduced them to miniature lace curtains, so far as the fabric was concerned.

In one corner of the limehouse the cooks had thrown their empty fruit and vegetable cans. There were at least 2,000 in the pile, one of which Jim selected as a safety deposit box on the theory that rats are unable to bite through tin. After carefully placing his money in the can Jim hid it in the rear of the pile in such a manner that he could easily locate that particular can. Here the money remained undisturbed for another two years.

One night a convict "hid out"—that is, he was missing when the line had been counted in at the prison gate. This affair did not concern Jim directly, for he was safely accounted for in his cell. But the guards in searching for the hiding convict invaded the limehouse and threw the 4,000 empty cans into a hollow back of the building, thinking that the prisoner might have concealed himself under the pile.

When Jim went to work next morning and discovered the condition of the bank, he nearly fainted. Truly the way of the wealthy convict is hard, yet Jim did not despair. His money was somewhere in that half acre of cans scattered about, but which can was the question that bothered the secretive Mr. Winters. The yard was full of idle convicts on the incapacitated list, and it would never do for Jim to systematically pick up can after can, examine the interior and place them in a pile by themselves. His fellow 'cons, having nothing else to do, might join in the search and find the money.

So Jim again resorted to stealth and strategy. From time to time he mingled casually with the cans, occasionally picking one over by accident and stooping listlessly to see if it contained anything. Day after day, outwardly calm, but raging inwardly and tossing wildly at night, Jim toyed with the tomato cans. Ever and anon he carried a couple into the limehouse as if to experiment with a new shade of whitewash. The investigation went on for weeks, and so cunningly did the convict continue that he never once excited suspicion. In time Jim fell upon the right can, but he was almost a physical wreck and was laid up from mental and physical exhaustion for over a week. With some paste made of prison bread Jim stuck the ragged bills, back down, to sheets of the pink tissue paper forming the inner package or wrapping for prison smoking tobacco. Then he sent for Warden Aull, told the story of the mutilated currency and asked the warden to have the bills redeemed. The warden is holding the $150 in trust for Jim should he live to complete his sentence. But 1914 is a long way off, and Jim is 79 years old.

To date Winters has served 35 years in prison pens.

TRAVELS OF A SLIPPER.

The Unconventional Journey of a Southern Girl's Shoe.

The remarkable journey of a dainty red slipper that once contained the foot of a pretty southern belle is nearing its end. After a ride on fast express trains all over the country the "little red shoe" will be returned intact to its owner, Miss Daisy Walsh, a young society girl of Chattanooga, Tenn.

The novel idea of sending the slipper on its long voyage was conceived by W. A. Henderson, cashier of the Southern Express company at the point named. Under pretense of sending the slipper to a friend of Miss Walsh in New Orleans the young man tacked it on to a big express receipt book, adding a tag reading, "I am the property of a very pretty young lady, so tie a message to me for her," and started it on its voyage of discovery.

When it started out fresh from its owner, the slipper had known very little of life, but after seeing the country and being fondled by hundreds of devoted admirers from Maine to California its appearance was decidedly world weary and blase. From its start the unique deadhead rapidly journeyed toward the east.

The first stop made for signatures was at Albany, where all the employees of the express companies at the West Shore depot signed their names in the book. One agent wrote: "My best wishes to the young lady. If not married, I hope her name will be Mrs. W. A. Henderson before the year expires." Thomas J. Enright gave other agents the warning: "Don't let this slipper get to Chicago. They have no use for this size there."

THE SLIPPER AND ITS OWNER.

Troy and Chicago got into something of a wrangle over the size of the "collar girl's" feet, but the agent at Cranstons was more sentimental and sent Miss Walsh "lots of love and kisses."

A Boston man passed the slipper along with the observation that "Trilby is not doing business in Boston at present." H. A. Sturtevant of Greenfield, Mass., is a trifle skeptical, however, and writes a poem called "Seeing Is Believing."

The agent in Bellefontaine, O., enjoins the slipper's owner to take advantage of leap year and "ask the hand of some fair knight." For fear of fire, flood, cyclones or other unexpected catastrophes, the Bellefontaine man enjoins her to hasten matters.

Just before the slipper started south, L. N. Dyer, manager of the Western Union Telegraph company at Lafayette, Ind., wrote:

May "dots" and "dashes" o'er wires of gold
"Click" the "click" of joys untold.
Wreaths around your "sounder" bright
Rest lovely flowers of pire and white.
Success be yours where'er you roam,
And happy be your "Ohm, Sweet Ohm."

Candles Made of Human Fat.

Some criminals, it would appear, entertain the horrid creed that use of a candle made of a murdered man's fat will protect them from discovery during their depredations. Actuated by this hideous and insane superstition it is averred that two burglars in the district of Ostrogojsk (Voroneje government) recently murdered a handsome, stalwart young fellow villager of 18 for the sake of his tallow.

The story goes on to state that, having butchered their victim, these fiends ripped open the body and tore out the epiploon, which they put in a tin box and carried [illegible]. Next came the melting down process. The men's strange operations aroused the suspicions of their landlady—the more so as ugly rumors of the poor young fellow's disappearance began to circulate—and she gave information in the proper quarter. In conclusion, it is mentioned that the tin box and its contents have been handed to two well known professors for examination. True or not true, the charge is noteworthy as bearing upon a very gruesome piece of thieves' folklore or black art.

Mexicans Fond of Drink.

The sum raised by the government of Mexico from the manufacture of tequila, one of the native intoxicants, is about $500,000 annually.

Singular Accident.

While at play in a cemetery at Halifax a girl leaned against a tombstone, back of which her brother was sitting, and it fell on him, breaking his thigh.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store. Regular size, 50c. and $1.00.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents, at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

A PHANTOM COLLISION

An Engineer's Experience With Ghostly Railroad Trains.

MIRAGES ON THE PANHANDLE.

Visions That Appall the Stoutest Heart Sometimes Appear on Hot Summer Days. "An Interview With the Ghost" Is a Common Experience.

Jink Smith, as he is commonly called, is one of the oldest and most trusted locomotive engineers that run on the Fort Worth and Denver railroad. For years he has been on one of the Panhandle divisions, and it is said to his credit that no human being has ever lost life or limb on his train during all that time. But he has had adventures in the flattest country on earth.

"Sometimes the country I run through is the grandest, most beautiful, in the world," he remarked recently, "and sometimes it's about the cussedest. In the spring, when we've had plenty of rain, and the crops are all growing nice, and the grass is green as far as the eye can reach, the Panhandle seems as if it might have been designed for a kind of earthly paradise. In the summer, when there hasn't been any rain for a long time, and the crops are dead, and the grass burned brown as far as you can see, and the hot, parching wind is sending the alkali dust scooting everywhere, the country seems mighty like a borderland of hell. The Panhandle engineers have lots of advantages over the fellows that run engines over a country that ain't as flat as ours, but then we have our disadvantages too. One of our advantages is that we can see so far. There ain't a great deal of danger of our slipping up on something we can't see till we get close to it. Of course there are a few places where there are hills and curves, and even cuts, but there are mighty few of them. One of our chief disadvantages is that we see so darned many things that ain't there."

"How's that?" asked an auditor.

"Ghosts!" answered Jink. "Didn't you ever hear of the ghosts of the Panhandle?"

Most of his listeners shook their heads, but one or two of the older ones smiled and nodded knowingly, and some one uttered the word:

THE SPECTER LOCOMOTIVE.

"Mirage!"

"Yes, that's about the size of it," continued the speaker. "Out in our country, though, we just call 'em ghosts. It's rather disconcerting to look out of the cab window some boiling hot afternoon and see, away ahead of you, a good big town where you know there wasn't no more town than a spirit the last time you passed that way. Then again it sorter shakes you up to see a big, cool looking lake of water not very far away, when you know the whole cussed country for miles around is dry as the inside of a powder horn. The scientific fellows call 'em mirages and have a long rigamarole to account for how they occur, but they don't keep 'em from making a fellow feel sorter creepylike when he sees one anyway. The worst things on a fellow's nerves, though, are the ghost engines. The first time you see one of them you get shook up just about as bad as if you'd seen a genuine spook.

"It'll be a long time before I forget my first round with one. I had been running a passenger on the road for some time then and had never seen anything extraordinary. Of course I'd heard the other boys guy each other a good deal about the ghost, but I never thought there was anything in it. Finally my time came, though. It was one blistering hot August afternoon, and the whole country was parched as brown as if it had been on an enormous skillet and set over a big fire to cook it. The heat was rising up in great, weltering, skimmering waves from the long double lines of gleaming rails in front of me, hot enough and bright enough to mighty nigh put out a fellow's eyes, especially when he had to keep his eyes pretty near glued to the track for hours at a time. Worse than that, a scorching wind was blowing like a fury and sending the alkali dust whistling in great clouds. If there's anything in the world calculated to make a man's eyes feel like they were on fire, I reckon it's this same alkali dust when a good, big dose of it gets inside them. Something called my attention inside the engine for a few seconds, and then, quick as a flash, I glanced at the track outside again.

"It'll take me a long time to forget what I saw. There, on the track right in front of me, and not 100 yards ahead, was a big monster locomotive, with a long trail of black smoke pouring out of her smokestack and bearing down on us with a full head of steam on. In my excitement it looked twice as big as any engine I ever saw. The engineer's head was sticking out of the cab window. He had wild, staring eyes, but the rest of his face was like a corpse. That face haunts me now like a sure enough ghost. My first impulse was to jump—I don't deny that—but in about a tenth part of a second I decided to stick to my machine and take what would come. You'd better believe I swung to my levers, though, and got the thing stopped so quick that they tell me it threw half the passengers out of their seats. I shut my eyes for a moment and waited for the smash to come, but it didn't come. Then I looked at the track close in front of me again, and there wasn't any more engine there than a rabbit. While I was rubbing my eyes in a dazed sort of a way here came the conductor and a lot of passengers running up to the engine.

" 'What's up?' the conductor yelled.

" 'Suthin on the track,' I answered.

" 'You look like you might have seen a ghost,' says one of the passengers.

" 'I ain't sure but what I have,' says I.

"My fireman had been shoveling coal at the time and so had not seen anything unusual. Just at this point he suddenly glanced down the track, and then with a start he pointed his finger in that direction.

" 'Thunderation!' he yelled. 'See that, will you? No wonder the old man got rattled.'

"Of course everybody looked in that direction. Sure enough, away down the track in front of us, there was an engine with the smoke pouring out of the smokestack and a long train of cars behind. Every man in the crowd could see it as plain as you please. We waited and waited for the darned thing to come up to us, but it never did come, and finally we could not see it at all. Then we all decided that it was only a mirage, and so we started on. I didn't see any more ghosts that trip, but I was sort of trembly for weeks afterward. The affair got into the Texas papers somehow, and one fellow in writing about it said that likely the engine I saw was only my own reflected somehow or other on a mass of heated vapor just in front of me, and that it was a reflection of my own face that I saw sticking out of the cab. If it was, I must have been nearer dead than I hope to be soon again, judging from the expression on the face."

"I suppose next time you see a ghost on the road you will run right over it, won't you, Jink?" suggested a listener.

"Not much," answered Jink decidedly. "One fellow tried that once. You know, a big part of the business on our road is hauling cattle. In the spring we haul hundreds of carloads of them from Texas to the ranges in Colorado and Montana and those states up there, and then in the fall we haul them back to Texas again to winter there. In this way our traffic is mostly all one way in the spring and all the other way in the fall. Naturally enough, our locomotives and cabooses all get collected at one end or the other of the line. The cars go on to different roads, so it don't make so much difference about them, but every road owns its own locomotives and cabooses. The result is that they have to send lots of locomotives and cabooses back by themselves without any cars. The boys call them horse and buggy trains. Well, this fellow I started to tell you about was bringing a horse and buggy back from Denver, and going it at a pretty lively gait, too, when suddenly, right on the track ahead of him, he noticed another horse and buggy, with the buggy end toward him.

"He couldn't have been giving very good attention to the track for the last minute or two, or else the combination of circumstances blurred his eyesight, for he said afterward that he never noticed the thing until he was tolerably close up to it. Still he had plenty of time to stop if he wanted to. On the trip up, however, he had had an interview with the ghost and been guyed about it by the boys, so he concluded this time he would run square over the ghost.

"A few seconds later, when he ran kersmash into the thing, he was perhaps the worst surprised cuss that ever cracked a throttle in Texas. Luckily there was nobody killed, but some of them were pretty badly shaken up, and there was some pretty badly damaged railroad property. It turned out that the first horse and buggy had been disabled some way and was simply waiting on the track when the second one struck it. No, I don't propose to run over any ghosts. I'll stop for them just the same as I will for a regular train. I'd rather stop 100 times for the ghost of a train that ain't there than to go ahead once and smash into a train that is there.

"Of course, you fellows understand," Smith continued, "that we don't see those things all the time. They are comparatively rare. A fellow may be on the road a long time and never see one at all. They say that heat has something to do with making a mirage. I reckon it does, for nobody ever sees our ghost except in the heat of summer time."

Tax on Mustaches.

A Belgian journalist thinks that a good way of increasing the revenue would be to lay a tax upon mustaches. He calculates that there are 2,000,000 Belgians who would not part with their mustaches for a paltry 10 francs, and that the revenue would thus be augmented by 20,000,000 francs a year.

HOW THE SHERIFF WON.

Thought I'd gallop in the race—
Office looked so hearty.
Sorter hankered fer the place.
Said so ter my party.

Sheriff he'd been in so long,
Rollin in the clover,
Voters got ter talkin strong.
Thought they'd haul him over.

Old man did his level best
(Every speech wuz tellin).
Rolled my sleeves up, jerked my vest,
Had the voters yellin.

When he'd talk, I'd call him down.
Every time I'd pin him,
Till he seen that, field an town,
Campaign wuz agin him.

But, endurin of the race
('Peared like I wuz winner),
Speakin nigh the sheriff's place,
Axed me inter dinner.

Then the trouble come for shore.
Took a drink o' water.
Some one standin in the door—
"This here is my daughter."

Gentlemen, I give a look.
Talk erbout yer cherries,
Faces in a pictur book,
Peaches an strawberries!

My, but they wuz nothin like,
With them ribbons on her!
Sorter felt the lightnin strike.
Knowed I wuz a goner.

Clean forgot my campaign speech.
Sorter knocked me silly.
Cheeks as rosy as a peach,
Thar she stood—a lily.

Well, the sheriff told a joke,
Talked erbout the weather,
Finally went out ter smoke—
Left us thar tergether.

Thar I sot, that purty face
Stings o' conscience givin.
Me a-makin of a race
Fer her father's livin.

Sich bright eyes an dimpled cheeks—
Eyes that seemed complainin!
(Wouldn't meet in forty weeks
Sich a sight—campaignin.)

* * * * *

What's the use ter beat erbout?
Campaigns ain't no funnin.
I decided I'd draw out—
Leave the sheriff runnin.

Told the voters fur an nigh
Sheriff—he would win it.
When good men's in office, why—
Better keep 'em in it.

An the sheriff stemmed the tide.
(Always thought he orter.)
We jest swapped. * * * I'm satisfied
With the sheriff's daughter.

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

The Frailty of Wisdom.

Nip—I wonder what the sage thought when he wrote, "There is nothing new under the sun?"

Tuck—Thought, no doubt, he'd said a most original thing.—Truth.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 4.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings i, 28-39. Memory Verses, 28-30—Golden Text, I Kings ii, 3—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

28. "Then King David answered and said, Call me Bathsheba. And she came into the king's presence and stood before the king." Bathsheba (daughter of an oath) was the mother of Solomon or Jedidiah (II Sam. xii, 24, 25). The occasion of her being sent for at this time was a matter concerning the throne and the kingdom, as fully described in the first part of this chapter. The troubler of Israel was now Adonijah, the fourth son of David (II Sam. iii, 4). His name signifies "Jehovah, my Lord," but his actions said, I am my own master, and I'll master others too. Like Absalom, he is against the king and the kingdom and suggestive of antichrist.

29. "And the king swore and said, As the Lord liveth, that hath redeemed my soul out of all distress." Although on his deathbed, he had no fear, for he could say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who redeemeth thy life from destruction!" (Ps ciii, 4, 5.) His comfort in his dying hour was not that he had been faithful, or lived a perfect life, but it was in the living God and His faithfulness, of whom he said, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure" (II Sam. xxiii, 5).

30. "Assuredly Solomon thy son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne in my stead." This was the Lord's appointment, as fully stated in I Chron. xxii, 9, 10, and in chapter xxviii, 5, David says, "Of all my sons—for the Lord hath given me many sons—He hath chosen Solomon, my son, to sit upon the throne of the kingdom of the Lord over Israel." When the queen of Sheba came to see Solomon, she said, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee to set thee on His throne, to be king for the Lord thy God!" (II Chron. ix, 8.) No earthly throne was ever called the throne of the Lord, except that at Jerusalem, and Jerusalem shall yet be the throne of the Lord for the benefit of all nations, notwithstanding all anti-Christian hatred (Jer. iii, 17, 18).

31. "Let my Lord King David live forever." Thus said Bathsheba. Compare I Sam. x, 24, and margin, and also Neh. ii, 3; Dan. ii, 4, etc. David still lives with Christ in glory, awaiting the resurrection of his body, unless he rose from the dead in the company of Math. xxvii, 52, 53, which does not seem probable from Acts ii, 29, 34. Our great comfort as believers is that He who once died for us on Calvary is alive forevermore, having all power in heaven and on earth, and because He lives we live also (Rev. i, 18; John xiv, 19).

32. "And King David said: Call me Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada. And they came before the king." All are at his bidding, whether wife or officers or servants, for any manner of service wholly at his commandment (I Chron. xxviii, 21). The kingdom was well represented by those now assembled, the king, priest and prophet and one of the leading mighty men (II Sam. xxiii, 20). Our Lord Jesus Christ is all in one.

33. "Cause Solomon, my son, to ride upon mine own mule and bring him down to Gihon." It was foretold of David's greater Son that He should ride upon a colt, the foal of an ass (Zech. ix, 9), and this He actually did. It is foretold of Him that He will come upon a white horse, accompanied by all the armies in heaven, to overthrow His enemies and establish His kingdom upon the throne of David, and this He will surely do (Rev. xix, 11-15; Isa. ix, 6, 7; Luke i, 32, 33).

34. "And let Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anoint him there king over Israel and blow ye with the trumpet and say, God save King Solomon!" The anointed of the Lord from the first use of the phrase in I Sam. ii, 10, 35, points to Him who is truly the Lord's anointed, and of whom all anointed priests and kings are but foreshadowings.

35. "He shall be king in my stead." These words "in my stead," found also in verse 30, along with the words in verse 33, "ride upon mine own mule," emphasize very strongly that David's place was to be taken by Solomon. The words in Gen. xxii, 13, "in the stead of his son," show how truly the ram took Isaac's place as a sacrifice, and just as truly the Lord Jesus Christ took our place to suffer in our stead. He took our place that we might take His (II Cor. v, 21).

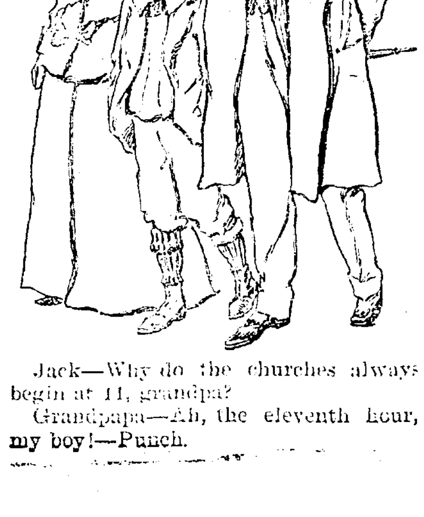
36. "And Benaiah the son of Jehoiada answered the king and said, Amen; the Lord God of my lord the king say so too." This is a proper attitude of a servant to a king, saying amen to what the king says, heartily one with him in all he says and does. What happy people Christians would be if as in the days of David "whatsoever the king did pleased all the people" (II Sam. iii, 36). As believers it is our privilege to think God's thoughts, eat His words and be heartily one with Him in everything. Otherwise we cannot walk with Him (Amos iii, 3).

37. "As the Lord hath been with my lord the king, even so be he with Solomon." The secret of any success of David was that, "the Lord was with him" (II Sam. v, 10; vii, 3; viii, 6, 14). It was even so of Moses and Joshua and Gideon and Jeremiah (Ex. iii, 12; Joshua i, 5; Judg. vi, 16; Jer. i, 8), and as if it included all else, it was one of our Lord's parting words before He ascended, "Lo, I am with you all the days" (Math. xxviii, 20, R. V., margin). I often think that it is the greatest of all the promises for this present life.

38. "So they caused Solomon to ride upon King David's mule and brought him to Gihon." They did as they were commanded. Thus did Noah and Moses and Joshua, and thus do all the faithful. If we are only willing and obedient, we shall eat the good of the land (Isa. i, 19), but if we refuse and rebel it will be ill for us. When we have done as we are told, that is our part and results are with Him of whom it is written, "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed so shall it stand" (Isa. xiv, 24, 27).

39. "And Zadok the priest took an horn of oil out of the tabernacle and anointed Solomon, and they blew the trumpet, and all the people said, God save King Solomon." Thus the kingdom was established in the man whom God appointed, and the purpose of the Lord was thus far performed. The people rejoiced with great joy, and the city rang again (verses 40, 45). Adonijah begged for his life, and it was given him on conditions (verses 50-53). Every believer is an anointed priest king. Let us walk worthy of such a high calling, bringing glory to Him who hath called us.

The Hour.



Jack—Why do the churches always begin at 11, grandpa?

Grandpapa—Ah, the eleventh hour, my boy!—Punch.

THE ARIZONA KICKER

COLONEL WHARTON'S TROUBLES IN THE CIVILIZED EAST.

An Unholy Critter With a Holy Panorama Queers the Editor's Lecture—Another Tenderfoot Planted—Journalism That Does Not "Allege."

We learn from a private letter that Colonel Wharton, who went to Chicago on business two weeks ago, is in trouble in that town. No sooner had he landed there than the police took away his two guns and knife and lasso. At several of the hotels they warned him that he could not enter the dining room in his red shirt and with his trousers tucked into his boots. When he finally went out on the street with his blankets to camp down for the night, he was run in and given 30 days in the coop. We warned the colonel before he left here to stop at Prescott and give up his guns and put on a boiled shirt and a celluloid collar, but he either forgot it or thought he could bluff civilization on two pairs. It seems hard that one of our people can't go east as far as Chicago and shoot out the gas, lasso carriage horses and utter a warwhoop on the street, but it is something we must submit to with the best grace possible. The colonel went away to see civilization and get polished up, and it will be as good as a circus to listen to his story when he returns.

The Affair at Pilot Hill.

We were invited over to Pilot Hill last Tuesday evening to deliver our address on "How to Succeed In Life." We were to deliver it in conjunction with a panorama of the Holy Land, and we believe that all would have gone well if the unholy critter with the holy panorama had let whisky alone that evening. He filled up before going to the hall, and when he started in to show off he wasn't three minutes getting the cedars of Lebanon, Solomon's temple and the Red sea so mixed up that nobody could untangle them. The boys let him go on until he stood the Mount of Olives on its head and skewgawed the city of Jerusalem 40 miles out of place, and then the ruction began. We hadn't anything to do with the panorama—hadn't even taken a drink with the man who owns it—but the crowd counted us in and fired us out of the window, and as we galloped homeward a number of the boys followed us for two or three miles and wasted a great deal of lead in trying to tumble us out of the saddle. After this we shall add to our address that the way to succeed is to keep clear of holy panoramas run by drunken men and to steer wide of such towns as Pilot Hill.

WE WERE COERCED.

Not Used to the Climate.

A cowboy named George Swift called at The Kicker office yesterday to report that there was a dead man lying beside the highway at the top of Grizzly hill, on the Santa Fe road. Mr. Swift didn't get off his horse to make a close examination, but it is his opinion that the man was a tenderfoot, unused to the climate, and that after the walk up hill he fell dead. The coroner goes out today to hold an inquest, and it is our opinion that he will discover two or three bullet holes in the body. The high climate has more or less effect on strangers, but it seldom kills them and folds their hands across their breasts at the same time. We were told the other day that the boys over at 2 by 2 ranch, where Mr. Swift belongs, had "planted" nine different strangers this year, and it might be well for the legal authorities to make a few inquiries.

Not Any For Us.

We have received the prospectus of the Great Jupiter silver mine, located somewhere or other in Colorado, and now almost ready to turn out $1,000,000 worth of ore per week. We have further received an offer of $20,000 worth of stock to publish the said prospectus one time. The management will please accept our redhot thanks, but we are not in the business any more. In our greenhorn days we gave up our columns to prospectuses and accumulated something like $1,000,000 worth of stock. We are the Crœsus of the west. We've got enough and more than enough, and we'll give anybody a wheelbarrow load of stocks in exchange for a box of nickel cigars. In fact, we own 30 silver mines out and out, and we are looking for a man who wants to give up $300 in cash and take the lot off our hands.

We Don't "Allege."

Those newspaper chaps in the east can't imagine what a burden would roll off their backs if they entered the field of far western journalism. In every one of our eastern exchanges the editor feels obliged to use the prefix "allege" or "alleged," even in speaking of a 15 cent robbery or a knock down on a street corner. When an Arizona editor feels compelled to resort to that, he will hunt for some other occupation. Our way is straight from the shoulder. For instance, Captain Thompson, our beloved county register, borrowed $10 of us three months ago and agreed to return it next day. We don't "allege" that he is a liar, but we boldly state the fact. It is the same with Major Davis. We don't "allege" that he is a nuisance and a deadbeat, but we plainly come right out and say so, and if he thinks he can make us chaw our words he knows where to find us. We either say a thing or keep shut about it, and we'd have to be served with notices of a thousand libel suits before we'd "allege" anything against anybody.

Not a Gentleman.

As the acknowledged head of society in this town we were given charge of Mrs. Colonel Clark's birthday party, held the other evening. A part of our duty consisted in courteously requesting all gentlemen to leave their guns in the hall as they arrived, and there was only one single objection. Mr. Hiram White, who claims to have led society in Omaha and Denver for a number of years and to be high authority on all matters of etiquette, refused to give up his gun, and when we pressed the point he called us a vulgarian and a liar. In deference to our hostess, we passed the matter over until the party broke up. Then we invited Mr. White to fight or retract, but he ran away and has not appeared on the streets for three days. Mr. White is no gentleman. In fact, Mr. White is a loafer, a cad, a prig and several other things, and if he will kindly tell us where to call for a lock of his hair we'll get most of the bristles on his head before we stop using the shears.

We Were Coerced.

On another page, under the heading of "Important," will be found a double leaded article which is supposed to be poetry. It was sent to us from Little Valley, and we sent it back with regrets. Yesterday, just as we were going to press, one Paul Hanna, the author of the said poetry, suddenly appeared in The Kicker office and held up the crowd with a gun in either hand. He said that poetry had got to come out this week or he'd shoot, and as he had the bulge on us and appeared to be deeply in earnest we stopped the press and inserted the seven verses as he directed. It is the first poetry we have published in seven months, and if a pair of navy revolvers hadn't been watching us this stuff would not have appeared. It was shot in, so to speak, and we can't help but say that we like Mr. Hanna's pluck. A man who will spend a week writing a poem and then ride 14 miles and hold up a newspaper office to get it published has got some good stuff in him. It's our idea that he ought to leave poetry alone and become a road agent. The next man who tries us may not succeed so well, as we were busy and not looking for callers.

He Was a Failure.

A man, supposed to be Pete Frazer, who was warned out of this town two weeks ago as a duffer, attempted to hold up the Pine Hill coach last Wednesday evening at Club run. He might have made a big haul, as there was plenty of money aboard, but as soon as Hank Green, the driver, yelled at him he made a dive for the bushes and was not heard of again. Hank has got a roar on him like a wounded bull, and his yells that evening were heard three miles away. If the man really was Pete Frazer, we hope he was not scared out of the country. He would come in very handy by and by when our vigilance committee had nothing to do and wanted to keep their hand in. Should the Pine Hill folks get hold of him first, they will please remember that our people have first claim.

M. QUAD.

HE KNEW HE STUTTERED.

But Misrepresentation Was a Thing He Could Not Brook.

He is an energetic young man, but a very poor hand at a typewriter. That he will get along well in the world there is little doubt, but it will never be owing to his skill as an amanuensis. He had heard that Mr. Dazer, a merchant of established reputation, wanted a typewriter to take dictation, and as he needed the salary he resolved to try. The fact that Mr. Dazer stuttered did not prevent that gentleman from desiring to dictate his correspondence. On the contrary, he thought that this method would, by compelling him to talk slowly and distinctly, assist him in conquering his unfortunate habit.

"I'm r-r-rather particular about my l-l-etters," Mr. Dazer said warningly. "I hope you will be careful to take everything d-down exactly as I s-s-say it."

"Yes, sir," the young man answered, with an air of assurance that was pure hypocrisy.

"Th-there won't be any use of your hurrying yourself," Mr. Dazer added. "I always t-t-talk s-slowly, and th-this typewriter s-scheme is only an experiment anyhow. If it d-d-doesn't succeed, I'll p-p-put you to work at something else."

It did not take very long for Mr. Dazer to get through with the first letter. The typewriter novice rattled away at it in a manner that, judging by the ear alone, was very convincing. He trusted to luck to give him an opportunity to copy the paper before it was submitted for inspection. But the charm of novelty was over the undertaking, and the merchant said as he held out his hand:

"L-l-let me s-see it."

With a sinking heart the young man handed the letter over. The merchant read a little, looked astonished, read a line or two more and became visibly indignant. Taking his glasses off, he swayed them by the string and looked pensive.

"I s-suppose you thought it was your duty t-to do this?"

"Of course."

"I d-don't know th-that I c-can b-blame a man for doing wh-what he conceived t-to be his duty. I t-told you to t-take thinks d-down just as I said them, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"W-well, I must say th-that in f-following m-my instructions you have d-displayed an enthusiasm that was altogether unnecessary. I d-d-don't try to conceal m-my weaknesses. I know th-them as w-well as anybody. I'll admit that I s-s-stutter, but I'm d-d-dashed if I s-s-stutter as badly as you represent in this letter!"—Philander Johnson in Detroit Free Press.

A Fat King.

Louis XVI was prodigiously fat. The day before his execution Sanson, the headsman of the republic, took a look at him and was so much in doubt as to the ability of the guillotine to do its duty that he took out the knife and had it newly ground and whetted.

Put Him Out of Danger.

The only penalty inflicted upon a New York man for marrying 14 women without obtaining a divorce from either of them was to lock him up for a year where none of his wives could get at him to annoy or reproach him.

ODDITIES CORNER.

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

At the Devil's Lake — A Pathetic Anecdote—Food for Thought—The Woman and the Lobster—Some Good Short Stories.

AT the Devil's Lake the days are lone;
Night has no star to call her own,
And winds o'er glooms of cypress moan.

For there they led Leweny
With the ribald shout of many;
They gathered ghostly round him—
They scourged him and they bound him,
And fathoms deep they drowned him
In the Devil's deadly Lake!

The mists are crawling o'er the pines,
Where never moon unclouded shines;
Grim ghosts are gliding through the vines.

For there they led Leweny,
With the savage shout of many.
O pale the moon was beaming!
At his wife's side he lay dreaming;
But he saw the death-eyes gleaming
In the Devil's deadly Lake!

Ye startle at the phantom owl;
Ye hear the wolves for hunger howl;
But shapes more dread than panthers prowl!

For 'twas there they led Leweny,
With the brutal cries of many;
From weeping wife and mother;
From sister and from brother,
For the black crime of another—
To the Devil's deadly Lake!

"Spare ye," he cried, "the rope, the knife!
Let justice hold and judge my life;
Slay not my children and my wife!"

But there they slew Leweny,
With the hellish hate of many;
With thongs they scourged and bound him,
And fathoms deep they drowned him,
And the grim ghosts wail around him
In the Devil's lonely Lake!

—Frank L. Stanton.

A Pathetic Anecdote.

A writer in the Boston Transcript says: "A friend of Mrs. Stowe tells a quaint, pathetic little anecdote of later date than most of the reminiscences her going has called forth. A welcome guest always at the home near what was the home of her later years, it was sometimes her wont to wander, at twilight, from her own into some neighboring garden, and thence through the hospitable open door into hall or living room. In the hall of one such house there was a fine bust of Henry Ward Beecher in white marble resting in a deep niche in the wainscoted wall, and near it a softly shaded light. One summer twilight, when this light had been newly kindled Mrs. Stowe came absently in through the open door and stood looking up at the bust. 'Ah, Henry!' they heard her murmur, in her quiet, dreamful voice; 'ah, Henry, the light burns before you there like a saint in your shrine! But—you were no saint, Henry! You were no saint!' "

Food for Thought.

Edward Cary, writing in the Forum of the matrimonial market, says: "Whatever else marriage may or ought to be, and however the fact may be concealed or modified by associations—religious, social or literary—there can be no doubt that it is, for a very large part of the women of the country, a means of livelihood. No one knows what the proportion is, but no one will deny that a very large number of girls regard a husband as the only sure source of such means as are required for their support, and that this view is frequently correct. Of course, other conditions are involved and often are controlling; some more refined and pleasant, some perhaps decidedly less so, but for a very considerable number it remains true that they expect to be supported through marriage and know of no other way. I do not now argue for or against the desirability of such a state of things; I do not assert or deny that it is a law of nature or of human society or of Providence; I simply cite the fact and the simple economic law that governs the disposition of marriageable women as it does of Minnesota wheat."

The Woman and the Lobster.

A lady, leading a Skye terrier by a chain entered a Port Huron street car the other day. The dog crawled under the seat and went to sleep. Presently Jud Spalding, a well-known local wag, carrying a market basket, took a vacant place beside her and stowed his basket under the seat. Soon after the woman began to wriggle. She shook out her skirts and in an audible whisper, said: "Don't be rude, Fido." Presently she turned pale, and jerking the chain, cried: "Lie down, Fido. Behave yourself, sir." A moment later she jumped up with a shriek and began to execute a war dance, striking at her skirts the while. Mr. Spalding stared at her in amazement, and then an idea struck him. Reaching under the seat for his basket he looked inside it and then a great light of intelligence came over him. "Madam," said he, without moving an eyelash, "when you are through with my lobster will you kindly return it to me?" The jaws of the lobster, which had closed on the flounces of her dress, were wrenched apart before the lady had recovered from her faint.

Cats Wanted in Oregon.

On the register of a prominent Philadelphia hotel this legend was written recently: "Joshua L. Drumgoole, Oregon; here for pleasure, and cats." The clerk was inclined to doubt the sanity of the guest, despite the fact that he looked sensible. Mr. Drumgoole, however, laughingly explained away the clerk's fears before he went to dinner. "I have a large ranch in Oregon, devoted principally to the growing of wheat and other grain. For several years past our crops have suffered greatly by reason of the depredations of great armies of gophers that infest the country thereabouts. The nuisance has grown more and more annoying with each succeeding year, and we have finally decided that a stop must be put to it. Now, a cat is death on a gopher, but cats are not so plentiful in the west as they are here. So I intend to get together a couple of hundred cats and take them with me when I start for home. Out in my country cats bring fancy prices, but from my recollection of this locality, I should be able to get all I need for very little money."

A New Creed That Is Old.

In a recent number of the London Expositor appeared an article by the Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") on "Jesus Our Supreme Teacher," in which he presented his conception of a proper creed for the church in these words: "I believe in the Fatherhood of God; I believe in the words of Jesus; I believe in the clean heart; I believe in the service of God; I believe in the unworldly life; I promise to trust God and follow Christ; to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God." The Christian Observer quotes the foregoing and adds this comment: "As soon as we have a statement of doctrine which is acceptable to the unitarian as well as the Christian that very fact proves its worthlessness as a creed in the honor of Christ."

Crabs and Earthquakes.

For some time previous to the day upon which the great earthquake of August, 1857, occurred great swarms of crabs of an unknown variety were seen in the Bay of Payta, Chili. They all appeared to be greatly excited and were literally climbing over each other in their efforts to escape the impending calamity. How they knew that the earthquake was collecting its strength to desolate the coast is more than man can say, but that they knew something unusual was about to happen there is no doubt whatever. That there were millions of them may be inferred from the report of Dr. Forbes, who says that "ten days after the earthquake the dead crabs were thrown upon the beach in a wall-like line three to four feet wide along the whole extent of the bay."

New Use for Life-Preservers.

A New England woman who lives in an inland town attended the Christian Endeavor convention in Washington. She spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached Washington extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied: "Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my state room about how to put the life-preserver on and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't, though. Some way, I couldn't seem to go to sleep with the thing on."

Making Toothpicks.

In Harbor Springs, Mich., there is a large and flourishing wood toothpick industry. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of toothpicks and about 7,500,000 are turned out daily. The logs are sawed up into bolts each twenty-eight inches in length, then thoroughly steamed and cut up into veneers. The veneer is cut into long ribbons three inches in width and these ribbons, eight or ten at a time, are run through the toothpick machinery, coming out at the other end, the perfect pieces falling into one basket, the broken pieces and refuse falling into another.

Historical Mansion.

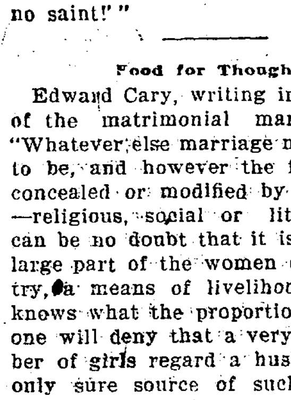
Cornbury Park, in Oxfordshire, with the historical mansion and 5,117 acres of land, including part of the ancient royal forest of Wychwood, is offered for sale in London. The place gave a title to the eldest son of the Earls of Clarendon, having been given in 1661 to the first Earl, Lord Chancellor Clarendon, by Charles II. The name has an evil notoriety in American history, through the Chancellor's grandson, Lord Cornbury, who was royal Governor of New York and New Jersey from 1702 to 1708 and was the worst Governor the province ever had.

"Brought Down the House."

The little word "again" once threw a large assembly into fits of laughter. It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. R., had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair and come down at full length on the platform. The accident occasioned not a little subdued mirth. When at last it came his turn to speak the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "The Rev. Mr. P. will again take the floor." The reverend gentleman never met so enthusiastic a reception as greeted this announcement.

Tobacco in America.

Caricaturists in depicting a German are in the habit of putting a big pipe in his mouth. The pipe is national, indeed, but the Germans as a nation are far from being the greatest smokers. They do not smoke more than Frenchmen, Russians, Swedes or Hungarians. The men of the United States and the men of Switzerland are the most inveterate smokers in the world. In these two countries the consumption of tobacco per head is three times greater than in Germany.—Exchange.



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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A Timely Discourse Upon the Condition of National Affairs.

If Ever the Country Needed Divine Rescue It Is Now, with Misery and Starvation Staring So Many in the Face.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following sermon before his Washington congregation on the subject: "Gates of Carbuncle," basing it on the text:

And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles.—Isaiah liv., 12.

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and ofttimes fatal character is named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate His sermon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of Heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies; in color it is an intense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

Like to the burning coal whence comes its name.
Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to fame.

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism, something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet, and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumb-nail, and, as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone, He ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breast-plate in olden time, and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tessellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence: "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!"

But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study it for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision; aye! two gates of it; aye! many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carbuncles." What gates? Gates of the church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement. Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the Lamb to the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the winepress alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as carmine gates, as gates of carbuncles? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a bright, pellucid, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion, and so the 12 gates are 12 pearls, and could be nothing else than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in His own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as He lifted the gate it leaned against His forehead, and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

What an odd thing it is, think some, this idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world has seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall come after. Rachel lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said, "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel who died for her boy. But in all ages, how many mothers die for their children, and in many cases grown-up children, who by recreancy stab clear though the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why the world is full of it. "Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!" and so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When this summer the two trains crashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the 47 who lost their lives, the engineer was found dead with one hand on the trottle of the locomotive, and the other on the brake. Aye! there are hundreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows that it is vicarious sacrifice. But on one limestone hill about twice the height of this church, five minutes' walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others that the world ever saw or ever will see. Christ, the victim, human and Satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope and eternal exultation, Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate of deepest hue, a gate of carbuncle.

What is true in spirituals is true in temporals. There are young men and older men who hope, through the right settlement of this acrid controversy between silver and gold, or the bimetallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men who have it easy now went through hardships and self-denials to which most young men would never consent. Unless they got it by inheritance, you can not mention 20 men who have come to honorable fortune that did not fight their way inch by inch, and against fearful odds that again and again almost destroyed them. For some good reason God has arranged it for all the centuries that the only way for most people to get a livelihood for themselves and their families is with both hands and all the allied forces of the body, mind and soul to push back and push open the red gate, the gate of carbuncle. For the benefit of all young men, if I had the time, I would call the roll of those who overcame obstacle. How many of the mighty men who went one way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the United States senate, or walked the other way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the White House, did not have to climb over political obloquy? Not one. How much scorn and scoff, and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure between the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massachusetts, and the day when a statue in honor of him was placed on the steps of the state house overlooking "The Commons?"

What is true of individuals if true of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, and did they come in a gilded yacht, gay streamers flying? No. It was in cold December, and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or the Potomac river. Scalping knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their only welcome, the Indian warwhoop. Red men on the beach. Red men in the forest. Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbuncle!

Aboriginal hostility pushed back, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with finney life, the acreage so immense, there will be merry. No. The most powerful nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across 3,000 miles of water. Then came Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth, and Long Island battles, and and Valley Forge, and Yorktown, and starvation, and widowhood, and orphanage, and the thirteen colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife, and reporter's skill, and telegraphic wire, and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battlefield, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American revolution has never been told, and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate of opposition that the men and women—and the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of self-sacrifice. It was a gate of blood. It was a gate of carbuncle.

We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crises. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say: "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say: "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1864, be yourselves the historians, telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Decoration day, for the cally lilies on the grave tops soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, by that annual recital will be kept fresh in the memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation. I beg after you are dead your children will be able to say, with the Psalmist: "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old." But what a time it was! Four years of homesickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Four years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! Put them in a long line, the conflagration of cities, and see them light up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxysm! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific beaches! Put the tears into lakes, and the blood into rivers, and the shrieks into whirlwinds! During those four years many good and wise men at the north and the south saw nothing ahead but annihiliation. With such a national debt we could never meet our obligations! With such mortal antipathies northern and southern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia, and the Carolinas could never again sit side with the representatives of Maine, Massachusetts, and New York at the national capital. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting nationality," and it had come true. The nations of Europe had gathered with very resigned spirit at the funeral of our American republic. They had tolled the bells on parliaments and reichstags and lowered their flags at half-mast, and even the lion on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead eagle on this side. The deep grave had been dug, and beside Babylon, and Thebes, and Tyre, and other dead nations of the past our dead republic was to be buried. The epitaph was all ready: "Here lies the American republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July 1776. Killed at Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Aged 85 years and 17 days. Peace to its ashes."

But before the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Resurrection day, and cried: "Come forth, thou Republic of Washington, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and John Hancock, and Daniel Webster, and S. S. Prentiss, and Henry Clay. Come forth!" And she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been. Her mightiest prosperities have come since that time. Who would want to push back this country to what it was in 1860 or 1850? But, oh! what a high gate, what a strong gate she had to push back before she could make one step in advance! Gate of name! See Norfolk navy yard, and Columbia, and Chambersburg, and Charleston on fire! Gate of bayonets! See glittering rifles and carbines flash from the Susquehanna, and the James, to the Mississippi and the Arkansas! Gate of heavy artillery, making the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and Virginia tremble as though the earth itself were struggling in its last agony. The gate was so fiery and so red that I can think of nothing more appropriate than to take the suggestion of Isaiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles.

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last six presidential elections I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticise him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the 3d of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stopped against anything that such clergymen may utter the rest of their lives. As a general rule, the laymen of churches understand politics better than the clergy, because they (the laymen) study politics more than the clergy, and have better opportunity of being intelligent on those subjects. But good morals, honesty, loyalty, Christian patriotism, and the Ten Commandments—these we must preach. God says distinctly in the Bible: "The silver and the gold are mine," and He will settle the controversy between those two metals.

If ever this country needed Divine rescue it needs it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to death as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men and women here and there have been found dead, the post mortem examination stating that the cause of death was hunger? There is not a day that we do not hear the crash of some great commercial establishment, and as a consequence many people are thrown out of employment. Among what we considered comfortable homes have come privation and close calculation and an economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' end. There are millions of people who do not want charity, but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabbath," and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have nothing better to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the presidency, the wheels of government turn so slowly, and a caucus in yonder white building on the hill may tie the hands of any president. Now, though we who live in the District of Columbia can not vote, we can pray, and my prayer day and night shall be: "Oh, God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar! Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hadst not where to lay Thy head, pity the shelterless. Thou who has brought to perfection the cotton of the south and the flax of the north, clothe the naked. Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give fuel to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind, and salvation to the soul of all the people! God save the nation!"

But we must admit it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of thin hands have pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate made out of empty flour barrels, and cold fire grates, and worn out apparel, and cheerless homes, and unmedicated sickness, and ghastliness and horror. It is a gate of struggle. A gate of penury. A gate of want. A gate of disappointment. A red gate, or what Isaiah would have called a gate of carbuncles.

Now, as I have already suggested, as there are obstacles in all our paths, we will be happier if we consent to have our life a struggle. I do not know anyone to whom it is not a struggle. Louis XIV. thought he had everything fixed just right and fixed to stay, so he had the great clock of Bordeaux made. The hours of that clock were struck by figures in bronze representing the kings of Europe, and at a certain time of day William III. of England and other Kings were made to come out and bow to Louis XIV. But the clock got out of order one day and just the opposite of what was expected occurred, as the clock struck a certain hour Louis XIV. was thrown to the feet of William III. And so the clock of destiny brings many surprises and those go down that you expected to stand, and at the foot of disaster most regal conditions tumble. In all styles of life there come disappointment and struggle. God has for some good reason arranged it so. If it is not poverty, it is sickness. If it is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is contest with some evil appetite. If it is not some evil appetite, it is bereavement. If it is not one thing, it is another. Do not get soured and cross and think your case is peculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the bitter draught whether it be handed to you in golden chalice or pewter mug. A man who has a thousand dollars a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has five millions. If our life were not a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, and we would want to stay here, and so block up the way of the advancing generations. By the time that a man gets to be 70 years of age, and sometimes by the time he gets to be 50 years of age, he says: "I have had enough of this, and when the Lord wills it I am ready to emigrate to a country where there are no taxes and the silver of the trumpet put to one's lips has no quarrel with the gold of the pavement under his feet." We have in this world more opportunity to cultivate patience than to cultivate any other grace. Let that grace be strengthened in the Royal Gymnasium of obstacle and opposition, and by the help of God, having overcome our own hindrances and worriments, let us go forth to help others whose struggle is greater than our own.

And a little child, long ago in Heaven, pulls at the white robe and says, "Mother!" and she turns around, saying, "My child, for the first time I hear your voice. On earth I saw your smile and felt the coil of your blonde curls on your childish brow, but I never heard your voice, even in play or prattle, and I am confused to know which is the best music, that which the angels of God render or the voice of you, my darling. Music! I read about it, and saw the notes in the music book, and I saw the fingers of pianists and organists run up and down the snowbanks of the keyboard, but I never thought it would be anything like this. Music!" Then the angel will say to a lifelong invalid. "Did you ever breathe air like this? Such balm! Such tonic! Such immortal life in every respiration! Did you ever have any climate on earth like this climate of Heaven?" And the soul says. "This is the first time in many a long year I have been freed from pain. As I passed through the river by that gate the last ache left me, and I am well, gloriously well, everlastingly well. I have swallowed the last bitter draught. I have felt the last cut of the knife. I have passed the last sleepless night, and now I realize the beauty of what St. John said in Revelation: "There shall be no more pain." And then the martyrs and the prophets and the Apostles will take up the chorus, and all the recovered invalids from earth will join in the triumphant refrain that surges to and fro, from east gate of Heaven to west gate. Chorus. "No more pain, no more pain: no more pain, no more pain."

My hearers, it will be a great Heaven for all who get through, but the best Heaven for those who had on earth nothing but struggle. Blessed all those who, before they entered the gate of pearl, passed through the gate of carbuncle!

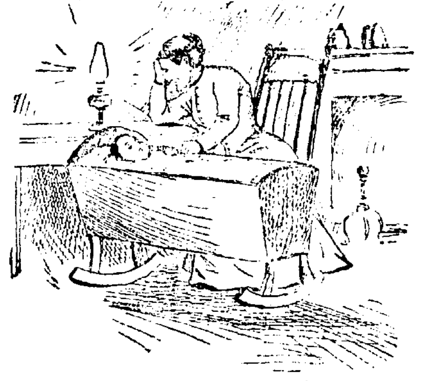
TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Weary and sad I am sitting alone
With a dying babe and a cold hearthstone;
And list to the sound of the drifting snow;
Oh, how unlike to long ago!

Those golden dreams have passed away
That filled my heart on its marriage day,
And the trembling tear drops' silent flow
Are the tribute pearls of long ago.

Oh! the hidden power of the sparkling wine
Can banish love from its holiest shrine



And place in its stead a wreath of woe
In the faded hopes of long ago!

The crowning joy of a woman's life
Is breathed in the blissful name of wife,
And the deepest pang that her heart can know
Is the blighted love of long ago.
—National Temperance Advocate.

THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY.

Four Stages of a Journey and the Dangers Attending Them.

A man or woman sitting down, or standing up if you like, to drink wine, or other stimulant, always starts on the way that leads through four stages towards an easy realizable destination. Stage one is that gentle stimulation called moderate excitement or support. Stage two is elevation; whatever that may mean it is not elevation of character, of that I am satisfied. Stage three is confusion of mind, action and deed with sad want of elevation. Stage four is complete concatenation of circumstances; all the stages perfectly matured; the journey completed, with the traveler lying down, absolutely prostrated in mind and body. The destination is reached, and found to be—a human being dead drunk and incapable.

I repeat, whenever a person begins to take any portion of alcohol he starts on that journey; starts just as distinctly with the first drop swallowed, as he would start with the first step he would put forward in a walk from the pure region of Hampstead Heath into the outfall of that Babylonish sewage which greets the smiling Thames at Barking creek.

The knotty question then is this, ought a person start on that remarkable journey of alcoholic progress at all? Should he try any stage? Every one says: "Venture not on the last three stages, on any account;" but some say: "Live and go happy, day by day, through the first; walk the first fourth of the way, and you will be better for it; it is a nice exercise; it makes your heart light; it refreshes your mind; it quickens your secretions; it assists your digestion. The wisest men of all ages have daily walked this stage on the alcoholic highway toward the point of concatenation of circumstances. In this fourth stage of their way, with an occasional venture a little further when the companionship was good, they have given the world its wit, its humor, its poetry, its greatness. Suppose they had lived a little shorter time for the exercise; they have done more work in the shorter time than they would have done in a longer time under duller circumstances; so that the advantage, on the whole, is with this moderate indulgence in alcohol. Indulgence just a fourth of the way on toward danger; never further, except on rarest occasions; and then certainly not half way—to the foot of Mount Elevation at furthest, and no further, for the sake of body and mind alike."

This, in plain language, is the argument of the modern school of thought. It is met point blank by the abstaining school, which calls out with all its sympathetic might: "Take not a step on that highway! It is the devil's highway! It is the grand model of his engineering skill; it is wide, it is open, it is straight, it is smooth, it is filled with jolly companions every one, it is fenced with pleasures, it is rich with historical reminiscences; but there is this peculiarity about it, that there is not an inch of it, not a hair breadth of it safe. Therefore, keep off it altogether. It is the devil's highway!"—Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, F. R. S., in Union Signal.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Saloon keepers are recruiting officers for the army of drunkards.

There must have been a jubilee in the pit when rum was invented.—Ram's Horn.

Cowardice is despicable, and a moral coward is the worst of all.—National Temperance Advocate.

Prove that there is no hell, and whisky men will be about the first to throw up their hats.—Ram's Horn.

If people would use the powerful microscope of common sense they would quickly see that all intoxicating liquors contain millions of germs of that disease—crime.—Motive.

No man has a right to destroy his reason by drink; to become diseased by drink, to destroy his moral sense and conception of right and wrong.—National Temperance Advocate.

As a nation we squander every year enough to pay off the national debt, and we squander it for the deadliest poison of them all, since it has power to poison the soul as well as the body.—People.

It seems that the worst deprivation that Dr. Jameson, the leader of the Transvaal raid, and his fellow prisoners suffer is that, according to prison rules, they can have no tobacco and drink. Might this not be called the refinement of punishment?

According to the Irish Temperance League's Journal the first women's temperance society was formed 60 years ago, and called after the young sovereign, the "Victoria Temperance Society." The pledge taken was the following: "We voluntarily agree to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except medicinally, or in a religious ordinance, and thus to save our time, our health and our money for better purposes."

Religion and Drink.

Dr. H. K. Carrol, who is authority on government census statistics, furnishes an estimate of the expenditure of the churches of the United States for their maintenance. He says:

The grand total for all denominations could hardly be less than $150,000,000, and it might be many millions larger. These figures appear large; but compare them with $1,800,000,000—the annual expenditure of the American nation to sustain the national crime of the liquor traffic—and they are small. For every dollar spent by Uncle Sam for religion, twelve are spent for drink. Who will say that Christian America is unwilling to pay for her vices?

CURSE OF THE DRINK HABIT.

To What the Largest Part of the World's Poverty and Woe Is Directly Chargeable.

It is sometimes said that there are worse crimes than drunkenness. No doubt licentiousness, in its varied forms, is the cause of untold misery, both to the wicked participants in it, and to multitudes of innocent indirect victims of its ravages. But drunkenness, while productive of a vast train of other evils, is one of the most potent promoters of licentiousness, and hence a large share of the guilt to be laid at the door of the latter vice must be justly charged to the former. It is, in a word, not only a terrible sin in itself, but it is the prolific parent of sin.

More than that, it is the cause of by far the greater part of the misery, want and suffering of the poor. No other single vice—no combination of other vices—is productive of so vast an amount of poverty as this. We have been reading, with much interest, an article in the September number of the North American Review by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., entitled "Neo-Malthusianism." Of the special topic of the paper we do not now propose to speak. It is an interesting and instructive discussion, from the economic as well as the Christian point of view, of a subject that is pressing, with increasing insistance, upon the attention of the Christian sociologist. It is to his statements, which are those of a man of large experience, concerning the part that drunkenness plays in deepening and perpetuating the poverty of the poor that we now desire to call attention.

Speaking of the wretchedness which the so-called Neo-Malthusians attribute to the too rapid increase of population, he says: "I believe the experience of every one who lives or has lived among the poor, whether it be Catholic priest or Protestant clergyman, sister of charity or district visitor, charity organization agent or brother of St. Vincent de Paul, will bear me out in my conviction that nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths, of the actual destitution among the poor is to be traced, directly or indirectly, to habits of drink. It is not, as a general rule, the drunkard himself who has to pay the heaviest penalty, at least in this world, for his intemperance. It is too often the helpless wife and the neglected children who have to bear the burden of their father's sin. There is scarcely a city or a town in the whole world from which all abject poverty would not practically disappear if the vice of drunkenness could be banished."

This is Mr. Clarke's deliberate verdict after a life spent for the most part in London and other cities of England, where the opportunities for observation are certainly unsurpassed. He further expresses his belief that "in all our complex civilization there is work for all who have willing hands and an honest heart. This proposition," he goes on to say, "is one that will perhaps be disputed. We have heard a great deal of late of the 'submerged tenth,' and of the starving crowds who would fain work if there were work to do." This he does not believe to be really the case. "I am convinced," he declares, "that even in London there is room for everyone." The real cause of the existing misery lies elsewhere than in overcrowding. "A family where there are a number of big boys and girls can earn a collective income that would keep them not only in comfort, but in luxury, if it were not for the curse of drink. Anyone who knows the inner life of Manchester, St. Helens, Dundee, Glasgow and similar towns, will tell you that there is plenty of money going in all of them, and that the poverty, hunger, dirt, disease, the ragged children, overcrowded houses, beggars in the street, paupers in the workhouse are to be traced, not to overpopulation, but (allowing for exceptional cases) almost invariably to drink."

This is, of course, only the reiteration of a truth which has long been known and frequently commented upon by the opponents of the saloon; but coming from the pen of a Roman Catholic priest who has had special opportunities to study the question, his testimony, so unqualified, so sweeping in its scope, has peculiar value. It draws back once more the curtain from that dark picture which the drink habit has painted for our instruction and warning, but whose terrible lines have become so familiar as hardly to shock our sensibilities.

And if drunkenness is the parent of such woeful ills, what shall be said of the traffic without which it would scarcely exist in civilized communities? Its banishment from the earth would not, indeed, sweep away sin. That can only come with a regenerated humanity. But the suppression of the liquor traffic would so enormously lessen the misery of the poor, to say nothing of the blessing it would confer upon the well-to-do—that this world would seem well-nigh a paradise, were it once abolished. In what way this blessed result can be accomplished is a problem to tax the wisdom of the wisest. The most determined enemies of the saloon are not agreed on this point. But that every good man, whether a confessed Christian or not, ought to labor and pray for the overthrow of so tremendous an evil—praying always, and laboring according to what seems to him the surest and most permanent method of securing the desired result—is a matter that admits of no question whatever.—N. Y. Examiner.

"THEY ALL DRINK."

Record of Four Bright, Prosperous Business Men of Boston.

It is well known that at certain central agencies a record is kept of the name, position and standing of nearly every business man in the country. Careful men are employed to collect this information; and it not only includes the amount of property which the parties are worth, but also their standing as regards punctuality, promptness, integrity, temperance, morals, etc.

A number of years ago, it is stated, a firm of four men in Boston were rated as "A 1." They were rich, prosperous, young and prompt. One of them had the curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts on the book and was satisfied; but at the end of it was written: "But they all drink." He thought it was a good joke at the time; but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity.

That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their rating. Sobriety has its cash value, and drinking costs: oh, who can tell how much it does cost?—The Christian.

An Unaccepted Challenge.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who knows Boston well, issues this challenge: "I have said a hundred times, and I am willing to say it again, that if anybody will take charge of all the poverty and crime which result from drunkenness, the South Congregational church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs relief in the city of Boston."

SPIRITUAL AFFAIRS.

BUILDING.

Building, building,
Building by night
And by day!
Building, building,
Building a hut or a palace,
Building in love or in malice,
Building, building,
Building away!
Building in joy or building in pain,
Building with God or building in vain;
Whether we will
Or no,
Whether we come
Or go,
Everyone everywhere building,
Everyone all the time building,
Building, building,
Building by night
And by day!

Building, building,
Building on land
Or on sea!
Building for earth or the ages,
Building as fools or as sages,
Building, building,
Building are we!
Building on rock or building on sand,
Building to fall or building to stand;
Either with smiles
Or tears,
Either with hopes
Or fears,
All of us all the while building,
Silently, noisily building
Building, building,
Building on land
Or on sea!

Building, building,
Building the false
Or the true!
Building in might or in weakness,
Building in pride or in meekness,
Building, building,
Building are you!
Building on Christ or building on self,
Building for God or building for pelf;
Whether they will
Or no,
Either for weal
Or woe,
All the world ceaselessly building,
Solemnly, jestingly building,
Building, building,
Building the false
Or the true!

Building, building,
Building are we,
Either way!
Building for earth or the ages,
Building as fools or as sages,
Building, building,
Building each day!
Which shall it be, for God or for gain?
Which shall it be, on Christ or in vain?
Which shall it be
For you,
Building the false,
Or true?
Oh, since you thus must be building,
Oh, since you always are building,
Building,
Build ye on Christ
Every day!
—Melville W. Miller, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

FAITH.

The Key of the Christian Life—The Alphabet and the Literature.

The Gospel is summed up in the Apostolic words: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It is extremely simple. It is something which everybody can understand, and it is something which everybody can do. Believe and be saved. Just believe. It is so simple and easy that it is not above the budding intelligence of the child; and it is equally possible to the limited powers of the most degraded savage. This is one of the reasons why Christianaity is a truly universal religion. It addresses itself to all men, it is accessible to all men, it is perfectly suited to human needs.

But to believe is not a single, separate act once exercised and never renewed. As an initial act it procures admission to the Kingdom of Christ; but the necessity of believing is not less after such admission than before. Those who begin to believe must continue to believe. True belief is necessary to that vital union with Christ which begins only to grow stronger and more perfect. Belief is not only continuous, but it should be progressive. I believe that there is a great realm of literature, rich in all that can inform the mind, charm the imagination and enrich the whole being. In this belief I begin to study the alphabet of the language in which this body of literature exists. It is easy to learn to distinguish the characters, but hard to ascertain their value in words, and harder still to grasp quickly the meaning of sentences. But I persevere, and every stage of acquisition confirms my belief, steadies my purpose, and adds force to my determination to go on until I know fully what I thirst to know. Every succeeding chapter brings new beauties in language and thought to my enraptured attention, and things are revealed to me of which I had no conception when I began to learn the alphabet.

Faith is the key not only to the Christian life but of the Christian life. You cannot use it to enter and then throw it away. If you do you will remain always in the vestibule, and never see the beauties of the temple. There is little profit in learning the alphabet if the beginner does not mean to go further and learn to read. The belief which is sufficient to admit to the kingdom of God may not be very large; it cannot be in many cases. In the child it is not of the intellect so much as of the heart. A distinction is to be made between what may be characterized as intellectual belief and belief of the heart. The child's belief in Christ is the sweet and simple trust of the childish heart. It is not full and rich and strong, as the faith which comes of culture in life's school of discipline, and which with clearer and ever broadening vision sees God and the things of God.

A child may not know that she is an heiress, and that $100,000 is on deposit in a bank subject to her order. She believes it; but she knows little about the value and uses of the money, or about the bank where it is deposited, or about the rules of banks, the process of drawing checks, and other facts which all trained financiers have at their fingers' ends. Her faith in the fortune in her name is real, but it is limited. Later on, it will lead to full knowledge of all that the possession of a large sum of money involves.

There is before every sincere believer a great realm to be explored and enjoyed. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." This is a prayer we need to offer not only at the beginning of our Christian life, but daily to the end of our probation. A popular preacher is quoted as saying: "Not 'believe,' but 'be' is the thing." The two are not alternatives. One must believe in order to be; and one must be as the result of believing. Believe and be. The two are joined together. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—N. Y. Independent.

Practical Religion.

Lord Melborne came one day from church in a mighty fume. Finding a friend he exclaimed: "It is too bad! I have always been a supporter of the church and the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon such as we had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted on applying religion to a man's private life!"

That is just where Christ applies religion. He makes the unclean clean. He makes the crooked straight. In a word, He turns a man right about face.—N. Y. Examiner.

Cheerfulness.

There is no use to be down in the dark, damp cellar when there are light and warmth and comfort in the parlor. Consistency is a great essential of a Christian life. There is too little of it in the lives of Christian people.—Rev. J. L. Paxton.

ALL SHE COULD.

The Sacrifice of a Bright Eastern Girl for Christ and Humanity.

Some years ago a clergyman moved from New England to the northern part of Iowa and settled upon a farm. Many people said that he was foolish to do this; that he was throwing his life away. He left behind him a comfortable home, pleasant associations, libraries, schools and congenial neighbors. Besides, he was old and beginning to be feeble. But he felt that there was awaiting him a broad field, unplowed and ready for spiritual cultivation.

He had meant to go into this home missionary work years before, but his wife had persuaded him to wait until their daughter had finished her education at an eastern college. Now the opportunity had arrived, and with an eagerness like that of youth he left a community that, as he expressed it, had been "for generations preached to death," in order to go to a people begging to be preached to life.

There in the middle west the family built a small cabin of three rooms and a "lean-to" for the kitchen. No trees protected them from the burning sun in summer or from the fierce hurricanes of winter. The country was new. There were no roads. Their nearest neighbor was six miles away across the prairie, and one Sunday the good man, after preaching to an audience of 12 persons several miles away from his home, was lost in a blizzard in endeavoring to return to it. From the effects of this exposure he died, and his wife soon followed him.

The daughter, 20 years of age, was left alone. What was she to do? Should she pack up and return to the comfortable east, or stay and fight it out in the pioneer west? She decided to stay and continue her father's work.

She went out upon the vast prairie to teach. Most of the settlers were Norwegians, and in a little two-roomed house, occupied by a large family, she went to board so that she might learn the language. But the food was so poor that she became ill. Finally she secured the position of principal in a small, struggling college. Here her surroundings were pleasant, but the trustees could not pay her salary, and after three years she went back to the prairie.

This time she boarded with a kind but ignorant Irish family. During the winter the mother died, leaving two young girls to care for a household of men. Here the teacher found her mission in life.

She taught those girls how to work. She helped them to cook, to sew, to make their own clothes, to make the home cheerful and sweet. She made herself an elder sister to the two. She shared their whole life. She mended with them, baked with them, made butter with them and endured the hayfield with them. Soon the two sisters became noted for their gentleness, consideration and excellent home qualities. Wherever they went they carried a spirit of helpfulness and an electric ray of cheerfulness.

But the world never knew of the sacrifice of the minister's daughter, who spent some of the best years of her life in dreary hardship in order to make the lives of two other girls worth living. The story of this noble sacrifice came recently to the writer from the west. What can be said of her who could have had the sweet, but chose the bitter for humanity's and for Christ's sake? There are many bright, educated eastern girls in the west, enduring poverty and hardship as good soldiers of the Master, that they may do all they can for Him. Such unreserved giving up of self ought to shame us out of our easy, self-satisfied lives of nominal Christian service.—Youth's Companion.

TERSE SAYINGS.

Some Epigrammatic Notes Taken from the Ram's Horn.

Christ lived all the truth He taught.

God made other men to show us what is in us.

The Christian who worries much, prays too little.

There is no faith in the prayer that expects no answer.

A good man's life is a voice in which many hear God speak.

No matter how God warns the sinner, He always does it in love.

No one who loves as Christ loved can live in this world without making it better.

Putting sand in sugar is no worse than claiming to be a saint and living like a sinner.

There is no trouble so bad that we may not get good out of it by talking it over with the Lord.

Every man who has tried it, will testify that it is uphill business trying to live religious without religion.

We wrong God and cheat men, if we refuse to let our light shine as it should, because tallow is expensive.

As long as the devil can have the first chance at our children he will not care how high we build our church steeples.

How much better is the man who will rob by dishonest trade than the one who knocks down his victim with a sandbag?

"UPWARD."

It Is the Direction Directly Away from Self.

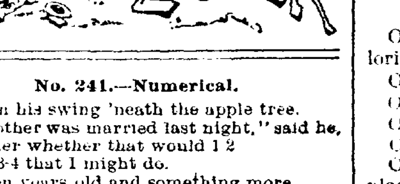
Look up! But who can tell what "up" is? Motion and direction are dubious things; they are merely expressive of relations between the fixed and the unfixed. The man who walks through a railroad car in a direction opposite to that in which the car is moving—which way is he moving? Can he move in contrary directions at the same time? And balloons rising vertically from opposite sides of the earth both go upward, both skyward, though both contrary in direction. The truth is, that as "Heaven lies above us in our infancy," the starry heavens lie everywhere about the ever-rolling world. Whatever is straightway from the world is "up" to him who is on the world. "Up" is simply the shortest way out from earth. No fixed direction is "upward." Its only requirement is that it shall be away from the earthward, away from where men are. When Christ ascended, He simply left this common habitation of men and men's selves. Self is an earth-bound thing. He who would rise and move morally upward must move away from self—away from the earth, earthly.—S. S. Times.

A Heart at Rest.

Rest—no fretfulness from want of success, no fearfulness concerning the opinions of men or the contingencies of the future, no uneasiness as to outward circumstances, no distress whether health be present or absent, whether temporal resources be scanty or abundant! Such rest as this, true heart rest, comes from conformity with the character of Christ, and from this alone. The spirit of Jesus includes it. It has no affinity with idleness.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

It is assuming with gladness the other end of Christ's yoke and working together with Him in His blessed fellowship. The yoke thus taken will not chafe, the burden will prove not burdensome. There will be no discouragement, no disturbance, but meekness, quietness and perpetual peace. Blessed are they who find this rest and grow therein!—Zion's Herald.



No. 241.—Numerical.

He sat in his swing 'neath the apple tree.
"My brother was married last night," said he,
"I wonder whether that would 1 2
The 1-2-3-4 that I might do.
I'm seven years old and something more,
And Daisy Dasher lives next door,
And grandpa said, when I made my bow
And kissed the bride, 'Well, it's your turn now.'
But Daisy has some such foolish tricks.
She said my hair was like 4-5-6,
And then she pulled it below my hat.
I 5-6-7 her a pull for that.
A fellow wants to be bald and crazy
To 6-7-8 such a girl as Daisy."
So he could not think it beyond debate,
1-2-3-4 4-5 6-7-8,
And his hand is, up to the present date,
Not 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

No. 242.—Diagonal and Central Acrostic.

◆ • • • •   • • ◆ • •
• ◆ • • •   • • ◆ • •
• • ◆ • •   • • ◆ • •
• • • ◆ •   • • ◆ • •
• • • • ◆   • • ◆ • •

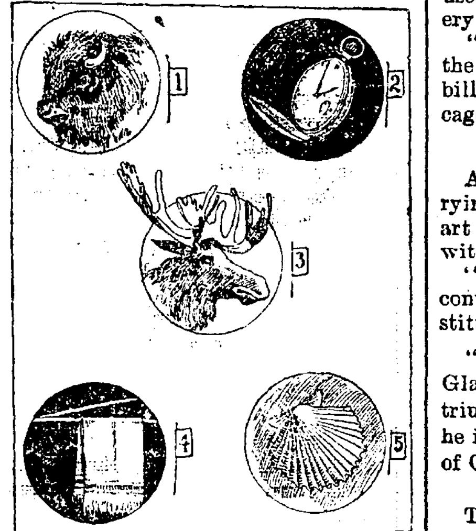
The diagonal is the name of a small spring blossom, sometimes called houstonia. The upper horizontal, of five, a fruit which is fleshy or pulpy throughout. The second row, a part of almost every kind of leaf; in foliage it is the essential part. The third row, "the chaffy scale which makes the covering of the flowers of grasses, sedges, etc." The fourth, "a cluster in which the pedicels all spring from about the same level, like the rays or sticks of an umbrella, from which it takes its name." The fifth, "cut about half way down with sharp and narrow incisions," as the leaves of some oaks and the sassafras.

In the acrostic the upper row, of five, is an Ezrahite who was less wise than Solomon. The second row, a young man who was angry with Job and with the three friends of Job. The third row, a place to which the ark of God was sent. The fourth was recovered to Syria and occupied by Syrians after the Jews were driven out. The fifth, father of the men from whom Abraham bought a sepulcher. The central vertical, a king of Tyre.

No. 243.—How They Made It Up.

The —— kept "losing his head,"
Which truly was sad to ——.
Though a cobbler who owed him a grudge
At the m[illegible]er was highly ——.
But the cobbler and he are more friendly of ——,
And last night at the house of the cobbler he ——.

No. 244.—Illustrated Central Acrostic.



Each of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the surname of the author of a very famous book.—St. Nicholas.

No. 245.—Enigma.

I always come in early, I always come in late.
I'm never in affection, nor am I found in hate.
And, as I never come in sense, I always come in silly.
To find me, you must look for me in the petals of a lily.

No. 246.—Something Over.

Over, and "the sensation caused by caloric" =?
Over, and "rapture" =?
Over, and "real estate" =?
Over, and "the loose part of a coat" =?
Over, and "aspect" =?
Over, and "an impression in bronze, plaster, etc.," =?
Over, and "penmanship" =?
Over, and "arrangement" =?
Over, and "to try in a judicial court" =?
Over, and "to throw in or out" =?
Over, and "a heavy burden" =?

Wise and Otherwise.

"It seems to me," groaned the sufferer, apostrophizing the reflection of his aching tooth in the looking glass, "that for as small a customer as you are you have lots of nerve."

"How would you like to be thrashed as I am?" complained the wheat to the corn. "I would a good deal rather be thrashed than have my ears pulled," answered the corn.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 234.—Charade: Insolent.

No. 235.—Geographical Anagrams: Catz in D—— Dantzic. Globe on U—— Boulogne.

No. 236.—Lines Addressed to a Bird: Supply the letter O; then read:

Oh! on old towers, thou gloomy owl,
Thou lovest to hoot, thou lovest to howl;
Or on old oaks your hollow tone,
So lost, so solemn sounds alone;
So mournful no one loves to go,
Or of your hooting howl to know.

No. 237.—Transpositions: Parents, entraps, rat-pens, trepans, pastern, panters.

No. 238.—Geographical Primal Acrostic: Calais, Orleans, Naples, Shanghai, Teheran, Amsterdam, Nuremberg, Tarsus, Inverness, Nantes, Odessa, Palmyra, Lucknow, Edinburgh—CONSTANTINOPLE.

No. 239.—A Diamond:

M
FOG
BONUS
BERATES
FORESTALL
MONASTERIES
GUTTERING
SEARISK
SLINK
LEG
S

No. 240.—Removals: Swallow, wallow; badger, badge; plaice, place; ash, ah.

Reason to Remember It.

"Before we were married, Henry, you used to bring me a pound of candy every evening."

"I haven't forgotten it, Amanda. By the way, dear, I paid your last dental bill this morning. It was $47.50.—Chicago Tribune.

What He Made.

A negro preacher who has been carrying on a protracted meeting in Stewart county was asked how he got on with the meeting.

"First rate," said he. "I made 70 convicts the first night."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Without a parallel in history," says Gladstone, is the sultan's diplomatic triumph over the six powers, by which he is permitted to continue the massacre of Christians. It is indeed.

The stealing by contract, under his very nose, of all poor Mr. Carnegie's perfection armor plate making secrets was what might be called a dirty Russian trick.

As between political predictions on the size of majorities and predictions of the weather prophet, we pin our faith to the weather prophet.

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1896.

Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrup, Spices, Tobacco, Fresh Fruits, California Dried Fruits, Nuts, Candies and Canned Goods, Fish.

Wool Carpets, Rag Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Table Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Rugs, Mats, Chinese Mattings and Linoleums.

SUGARS, ALL GRADES.

The Cuban War has had much to do with the Sugar market. The supplies are being cut off, the plantations destroyed, and if continued will undoubtedly advance the prices much more. Anticipating higher markets we have laid in a large lot and will continue to sell at the late quotations. Standard Granulated, per lb 5½c; White Coffee C, 4½; Good Yellow Extra C, 4c; Cut Loaf and Powdered, 6c Standard Coffee A Sugar, 5c lb.

TEAS: GREEN, OOLONG AND JAPAN.

The market has changed but little since our last report. The fine grades of Teas command full prices—besides they are very cheap in comparison with a few years ago, when no Tea could be bought less than 40c to 50c lb. We now sell a good Tea at 20c lb, and a fair Tea at 15c lb. Our best, 50c. No better to be had anywhere, no matter if you pay 75c for it.

Young Hyson, good, 20c; extra, 30c; best, 50c.
Gun Powder, good, 30c; very best, 50c.
Oolong Black Tea, 25c; best, 50c.
Uncolored Japan, 30c; extra best, 50c.
English Breakfast, best quality, 50c.
Tea in 1 pound packages, 15c; Imperial best, 50c.

COFFEES REDUCED 1c ALL AROUND.

The best Rio now down to 17c per lb.
The best Roasted Rio, loose, 20c per lb.
Coffee in packages, now 20c per lb.
Java, Old Government, now 26c per lb.
Government Java, Roasted, 31c per lb.
Mocha, Green, 29c; Roasted, 34c per lb.

Lake Fish and Boston Fish.

Nice No. 1 Georgia Cod Fish, 6c lb; good Hake, looks like Cod Fish, 3c lb; Cod Fish in 2 pound bricks, 7c lb; Scotch Herring, $1.10 per keg; Holland Herring, 50c per keg; Labrador Herring, 1½c each, $4.50 per barrel; Mackerel, in kits, $1.35 and $2.25; Mackerel, per lb, 12½c; Extra Bloater Mess, 16c per lb; Dried Herring in boxes, 14c per box; No. 1 White Fish, in kits, $1.00; Family White Fish, in kits, 50c; Pickerel, in kits, $1.00, Smoked Yarmouth Bloaters, 1½c each; Finnan Haddies, 9c.

RICE DOWN TO 4c LB.—We have a large shipment just to hand. Nice Rice, as good as sold at 6c, for 4c lb; it is from Louisiana. Also New Orleans Molasses, a good quality down to 15c gallon; and the best Yellow New Orleans at 35c gallon; also the Silver Drips, at 30c gallon, and nice Yellow Sorghum, 30c gallon.

OILS—LINSEED, HARNESS AND MACHINE OILS.

Boiled Linseed Oil, 50c gallon; Raw Linseed Oil, 50c gallon; Harness Oil, 50 gallon; also in small cans, 20c can; Neatsfoot Oil, 70c gallon; Fish Oil, 60c gallon; Machine Oil, 20c and 30c gallon; Castor Oil, 70c gallon; Lard Oil, 70c gallon.

California and Domestic Dried Fruits and Canned Goods.

California Peaches, best, 15c can; Green Gages, 12½c can; Apricots, 14c can; Egg Plums, 12½c can; White Cherries, 22c can; Baltimore Peaches, 3 lb yellow, 10c can; Baltimore Pie Peaches, 8c can, and one gallon cans Apples, nice goods, 15c can. This is 5c lower than ever sold at. Best Indiana Packed Tomatoes, 7c can; Illinois Nice Packed Corn, 6c can.

THE DRIED FRUITS.—No. 1 Extra California Peaches, 7c lb; California Prunes, 5c lb; Large Extra Prunes, 10c lb; California Raisins, right good, 4c lb; Extra Muscatels, 5c lb; Best London Layers, 6c lb; No. 1 New Zantee Currants, 5c lb; they are nicer than those in packages at 7c; Dried Apples, 5c lb.

TOBACCOS AND CIGARS.

Good Cigars, 50c per box; Extra Choice, 75c per box; Royal Seal, 60c per box; Artistic, 65c box; C. C., $1.15 box.

PLUG TOBACCO.—Battle Ax, 25c lb; Horse Shoe, 43c lb; J. T., 36 lb; Durham Smoking, 45c lb; Mail Pouch, 35c lb; Sweet Conqueror, 18c lb; Fine Cut, 20 and 40c lb.

Wines and Liquors for Medical Use Only.

Wines are now very cheap; all grades are down 20c gallon. We now sell Best Catawba Sweet Wine, 70c gallon; Port and Sherry Wine, 80c gallon, use to sell them at $1.00 and formerly $1.25, now at 80c gallon; No. 1 Best California Muscatel and Angelica Wine, 80c gallon; Blackberry Wine, 80c gallon; Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter, 20c bottle. We have two dozen of Genuine Champagne, ½ pints, usually sold at $1.25 bottle, we offer it at 60c a bottle. It was bought from the Aveline House proprietor when the house changed hands. Brandy, Gin and Kuemmel, $1.00, $1.50 and $1.75 gallon; Old 76 Pure Bourbon, $2.50 gallon; other Whiskies, $1.00, $1.25, $1.40 and $1.75 gallon.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs, Mats, Chinese Mattings Window Shades.

The corner room we have devoted exclusively to these goods, and a most interesting line we have. We can suit all parties in prices and patterns. All Wool Carpets down to 38c, and good Ingrain, 28 and 32c yard; Brussels, 45c a yard; Best Brussels, 70c yard; Velvets, 75c yard; Nice Rag Carpet, Philadelphia make, 18c yard; Chinese Matting, 12c, 15c, and 20c yard; Rugs, 30c, 45c, 85c, $1.25 and $3.50 each.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.

One yard wide, yard, 20c and 30c; one and one-half yards wide, 30c and 42c yard; two yards wide, 40c and 60c yard; two and one-half yards wide, 75c yard; Linoleum, two yards wide, 85c, and $1.25 yard.

WINDOW SHADES.—We have a good shade at 10c each; extra at 25c each; best 35c each. Also Lace Curtains, a very nice one as low as 45c pair; extra nice, $1.00, $1.25 and $2 pair. We have a fine line of these goods and can save our customers money on these goods as well as on other goods.

Fort Wayne Fruit House.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

PRINCESS HELENA TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

King of a Black Mountain—Picturesque Personality of a Ruler Who Is Making Great Alliances Through His Pretty Daughters.

(Special Letter.)

Smallest among
peoples, rough
rock throne
Of freedom! Warriors
beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam
for five hundred
years,
Great Tsernagora!

Such was the apostrophe addressed by the late Lord Tennyson to the Black Mountain Kingdom of Montenegro, ruled over by Prince Nicolas. The recent betrothal of his third daughter, Helena, to the Crown Prince of Italy, the talk of courts and a problem for statesmen, recalls the picturesque personality of Prince Nicolas and the unique political importance of his little principality—the size of Rhode Island—with 200,000 inhabitants.

Princess Helena, one of seven daughters, was born in the royal palace in Cettinje in 1873. With her sisters she inherited the superb dark beauty of their mother, the daughter of a Montenegrin nobleman. She has been most carefully reared by tutors and governesses, and is not only admirable in all the arts and graces of European courts, but is well versed in the play of politics and in every way qualified to succeed even so lovely a queen as Margherita of Italy.

For several years past the name of the Prince of Naples has been matrimonially mentioned in connection with nearly every eligible princess in Europe, and the affair has operated to divide Roman society into several parties. One section, the first to appear, wishes for a marriage with Princess Clementine of Belgium, youngest daughter of King Leopold II. Another large party hopes for an alliance with an English princess, because of the friendship existing between the two nations and the good feeling of the two reigning houses one for the other. A third agitates for Princess Fedora of Schleswig-Holstein, sister of the Empress of Germany, in order to consolidate the alliance with that country. A fourth wants a marriage with the Archduchess Maria Annunziata of Austria to popularize the Austrian alliance, which still has in Italy many opponents. According to others, the Prince will look to the east and marry Princess Maria Maddalena, fourth daughter of King George of Greece, born in Athens in 1876.

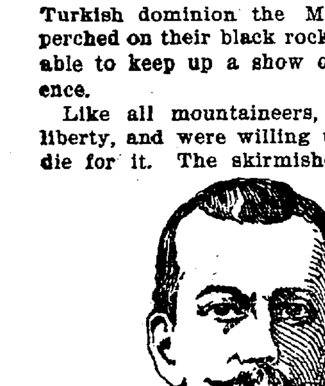
Last month it was rumored in London that the beautiful and unsuspected little Princess Helena had won the great prize, and this rumor has now turned out to be correct.

The groom to be and future King of Italy is the only son of the present king, and is named Vittorio Emmanuelo Fernandino Maria Geunaro. He was born in 1869, and has the repute of being a liberal, scholarly and soldierly man, being a general in the Italian army and a patron of art and literature.

While this young couple await their supreme happiness—no date is yet fixed for the wedding—it will be entertaining to turn for a moment to the remarkable personality of the father of the bride—Prince Nicolas of Montenegro.

For ages the history of Montenegro was bound up with that of the Servian kingdom, and was finally merged after a series of bloody wars under the dominion of the Ottoman Empire, yet while all southern slavdom was under Turkish dominion the Montenegrins, perched on their black rocks, were still able to keep up a show of independence.

Like all mountaineers, they loved liberty, and were willing to fight and die for it. The skirmishes with the Turks continued for more than a century, the deadly hatred of Montenegro's arch enemy being handed down from father to son.



PRINCE OF NAPLES.

In the sixteenth century the Turks, under Sultan Solyman, wearied of this desultory fighting, appeared in such overwhelming force that the black mountaineers were forced to sullenly submit to Turkish suzerainty. Such a condition lasted for two hundred years, when the Montenegrins once more broke the yoke and declared themselves an independent people and established a native monarchy, with Njogosch as sovereign. He was invested with hierarchical as well as regal powers, as were his successors, until 1831, when Prince Daniell, coming to the throne, declined the ecclesiastical dignity, and since then the two functions have been separate and distinct.

It is from the original Njogosch that the present Nicolas of Montenegro derives his descent, through seven generations.

He is now about fifty-five years of age, tall, rather stout and of prodigious physical strength. A mustache covers a strong, firm mouth, and he wears short mutton chop whiskers. At home he always dresses in the native costume—a white woolen tunic, with close fitting sleeves, open in front to display a red shirt richly embroidered with gold lace, and large blue trousers, tucked into high boots, the whole set off by a graceful toque of red and black silk.

When he leaves his little kingdom, which he often does, he appears in the garb of an English gentleman. He is passionately fond of yachting for a mountaineer and maintains a fine steamer in the harbor of Cottaro, whence he makes extensive cruises.

The palace is not exactly like Buckingham Palace, nor yet the Winter Palace, in St. Petersburg, but is a sufficiently imposing building situated in the capital, Cettinje, and is sumptuously furnished in the best modern style.

Not long ago a leading Paris paper found these pleasant things to say of him:

Un paladin du moyen age. Le vrai roi des Montagnes Noires. D'une bravoure heroique et celebre dans un pays de heros.

Il adore le Tsar et donnerait, heureux, son sang et sa vie pour lui. Il est superbe en costume national. Son peuple l'aime et l'admire. Il a vu prosperer autour de lui sa charmante famille. Ses filles ont des fronts fait pour les plus belles couronnes; ses fils tiennent de lui.

Eleve a Paris, au lycee Louis-le-Grand, le prince Nicolas a garde de la France un chaud et bon souvenir.

Le Montenegro est l'ami de notre pays.

An Englishman who was his guest at Cettinje writes of him as follows:

"The prince does not lead the regular life of a European ruler; he is a sort of chief of clan, and shares the rude, independent existence of his people. He rises late, and goes to the senate or visits the court house, and takes part in the deliberations of the supreme tribunal. When a criminal case is on he follows the debates attentively, questions the accused and witnesses, and sometimes acts as counsel for the person on trial. Upon his daily promenade through the streets of the capital the prince allows all of his subjects to approach him and make known their demands. These petitions are usually presented at the public well, where the prince, sitting on the brink and surrounded by his guards, listens kindly to the complaints or requests of those who desire to speak to him.

PRINCESS HELEN.

"The family dinner takes place at noon, and is followed by a long siesta, for the Montenegrins are as lazy as they are brave. A horseback ride usually precedes the evening meal, after which the prince frequently joins a lot of his warriors and senators, to whom he talks on European politics, science and the leading questions of the day, and listens to their remarks about Montenegrin affairs. In these familiar conversations the Black Mountain chief finds out more in an hour about the condition of his country than he could learn from an extensive correspondence.

It is said of the prince that he does a certain amount of money lending on his own account, since there are no banks, and he is the only person who has any money in his kingdom, and not overmuch at that.

He is an indefatigable worker, is constantly moving about in his principality, and it is said of him that he knows every one of his subjects by sight. He will this year celebrate the bicentenary of his dynasty.

It seems cruel that such a patriarchal ruler should not have a more fertile and more prosperous country to rule over. Physically, the country of the Black Mountain is about as unpromising as it can be. A saying among the natives is that when the Creator was distributing rocks over the earth's surface he dropped his bag into Montenegro.

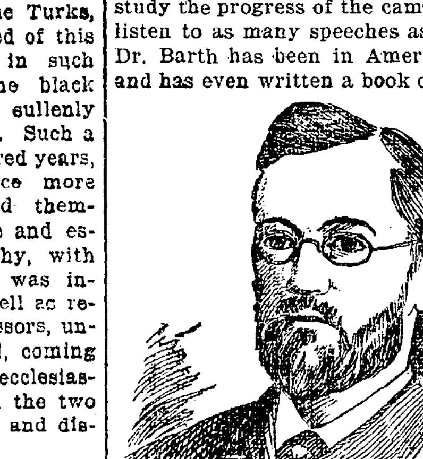
From the summit of Mount Lovchen, the highest peak in the country, an endless succession of huge bowlders of various heights meets the eye in every direction. There are a few fertile plains, but no one has ever learned husbandry or any other business for that matter, except fighting, and to this day the entire male population goes abroad armed with revolver and knife, relics, however, of the old war spirit against the Turks only, for these people rarely quarrel among themselves.

Montenegro is known in Europe as the southern outpost of Russia. It is recognized on all sides that the Prince's political affiliations are all with Russia. It is said that Russia has already dowered three of his daughters, one of whom is married to a son of a cousin of the Czar and another to a Russian nobleman closely allied to the Czar's court.

FINANCIAL EXPERT.

Dr. Barth of Germany Is Improving His Knowledge Here.

There is now in this country Dr. Theodor Barth, the editor of Die Nation, which is an influential paper published in Berlin and an eloquent defender of the gold standard in Germany. It is his interest in the money question which brings the doctor to America just now and it is his intention to remain here until after election, study the progress of the campaign and listen to as many speeches as possible. Dr. Barth has been in America before and has even written a book on "American Agricultural Life," which shows painstaking and thought. He is still a comparatively young man and has taken degrees in philosophy and law and is a member of the reichstag. Some years ago he gave up law to enter journalism, in which he has made a pronounced success.



DR. THEODOR BARTH.

Honoring a Town.

Belfort, the eastern gate of France, and Rambervillers, in the Vosges mountains, have just received the cross of the Legion of Honor, which will be emblazoned on the town arms, in honor of the gallant resistance the people made to the Germans twenty-five years ago. Altogether nine towns in France now have the cross of the Legion of Honor on their coat of arms.—Sketch.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

An Abundance of Variety In the Autumn Millinery.

THE ALPINE HAT VERY POPULAR.

Headgear to Suit All Tastes—Novelties In Trimming—New Laces For Waists—Cravanettes In Demand—Brilliancy of Color Distinguishes the New Silks.

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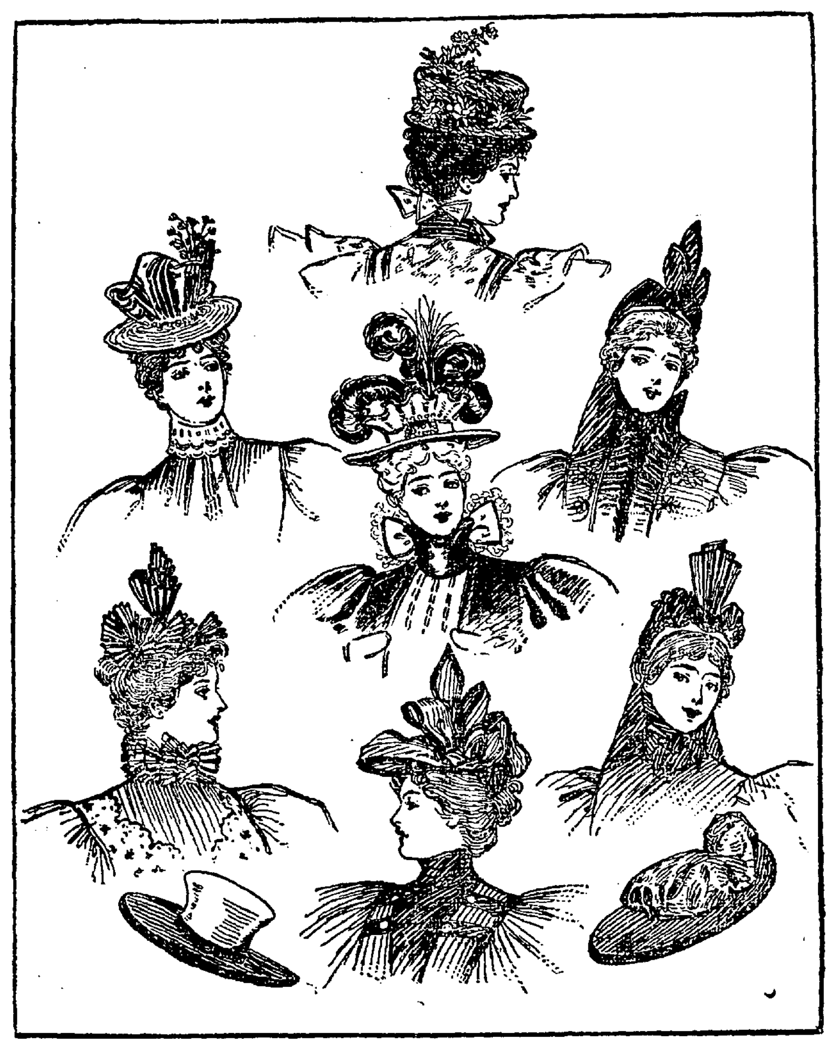
There is something for every one in the millinery for this fall. There are neat and dainty hats, pert and impudent ones, elegant and quiet ones, loud and noisy ones, besides many others too numerous to mention in detail. Some are essentially feminine, but there are many mannish looking things. There are creations bearing the impress of historical research and others that have certainly been born of today. Some are of straw in fancy braids, some of smooth felt and others of silk beaver. These last generally have a high bell crown in white, cream, drab or fawn color, with a black or dark brown brim. In some cases this style is lavishly trimmed with feathers, velvet, buckles and other things, but quite as often there is no garniture beyond a band of velvet with a small gold buckle. This is a very trying simplicity, and none but a veritable beauty would dare to wear one.

The alpine hat for ordinary wear gains in favor and is seen in all the season's colors in hard and in soft felt. One very pretty one was of drab with a band of garnet velvet all around the brim and a band around the crown. In front was a sort of Jacob's ladder made of white lace and garnet velvet, set up on the crown, and a row was twisted around the brim below the flat velvet band. Two pale blue quills with garnet centers were stuck carelessly in on the left side. While some ladies prefer that their alpine hats shall be severely plain, others have theirs literally smothered in all sorts of garnishing. There was an odd little shape that made one think of the old English prints. The brim was not over two inches wide, and the funny bell crown was about five in height, and the top of this was exactly as wide as the brim. It was made of braided strips of drab felt. A half wreath of pink asters encircled the right side of the crown and then climbed up above the top of the crown five or six inches. On the left side was a flat pink bow.



SOME OF THE NEW AUTUMN MILLINERY.

There are capotes without number, each of these seeming to be fashioned with a view to the utilization of some scrap of lace or velvet not large enough for anything else. But they are always pretty and make the wearer look lovely. Turbans are with us in large numbers. One of the newest ideas is to have a hat brim of smooth or beaver felt, with a soft, puffed crown of velvet or brocade, or indeed anything that comes handy. I saw one of these soft, puffed crowns of plaid velvet, another of taffeta, and still another of pretty, soft Chinese crape in two tones. Some of these crowns are disguised by having an upstanding quilling all around them of velvet, moire, satin or taffeta, and in some instances lace. There is a new kind of hand wrought lace, called point d'arabe, which lends itself well to this style of use, as it is rich and stiff, much like the venetian point.

Some take the felt hats now shown and cut the crown out and gather loosely a disk of material just as large as the brim is round, and this forms a puffed crown of the right size. This can be afterward trimmed in any way one fancies. Parrots, blackbirds and birds of paradise are all seen, to say nothing of a lot of nondescripts that never were hatched from eggs. These were the outcome of the inventive Frenchwoman's mind. In mourning hats and bonnets there is a marked improvement in shape and trimming. They have not the same rigid and depressing lines, and now the deepest mourning toques and close bonnets may have rosettes of crape and bows of crape, besides various other devices in the way of lisse, upstanding loops and quillings. For widows the little double roll of white crape is still de rigueur, while all the rest of the bonnet and the long veil are of heavy English courtauld crape. A hat for mourning for a young lady was of black surah stretched over a stiff foundation and bound with crape. The crown was soft and made of thin black Italian crape bordered with English crape. The loops and bows were made in the same way. The whole effect was light and pleasing, yet it told its secret of existence in its material. Black silk mull, in accordion plaits, was used to make a dainty little bonnet, with nothing but its color to suggest mourning. The plaiting was plaited again into rolling folds, and a little upstanding twist of it gave it a decidedly perky little air. Still it was made to wear with a half mourning gown. The big plumes continue to curl over the tops of some astounding hats and to give a very commanding and military air to the new woman. Yet, really, when all is said, the hats of the fall of 1896 are tasteful, and, while sometimes gorgeous, are, in the main, everything one could desire. Perhaps this is because there are so many that one may choose from.

Among the novelties in trimming one finds some beautiful new changeable taffeta ribbons with velvet edges. This gives a very rich effect, and to those who like brilliant hues it is pleasing. The same taffeta, grosgrain and moire ribbons that have been in vogue all summer are so still and doubtless will remain in fashion. There are some metallic brocades in some of the very richest Persian ribbons. The cheney designs in their exquisite, vague figurings will be largely used for evening hats and bonnets. And, oh, dear! some theater hats have an appalling array of plumes, great bows and tulle trimmings. All the stores have their openings this week, but the favored fashion editor had their beauties displayed for her special benefit a week earlier, and I have seen so much and so many things that I could not tell of them in a week. But I must mention the fancy feathers and different kinds of birds, the wings, the aigrets, the fluffy pompons and the many imitations of the birds of paradise. The moire antique ribbons for millinery are, I think, the handsomest I ever saw. Some of it is made with a somber tint like bengaline, while others have a gloss higher than taffeta.

Among other things, I find a new line of laces intended for making waists. This is in fancy net and may be gathered loosely over a silk blouse or modeled into a bolero. Some have bands to trim with, and some of it is wide enough for flounce skirts. The one entirely new lace is the arabic. This promises great durability. There are any number of boleros and figaros fashioned of renaissance lace and Russian as well as duchess lace. These dainty and dressy articles are to be sewed to some suitable lining or else directly on the waist of the gown they are to decorate, whether it is high or low in the neck, for evening or for the street. One sees these boleros on many gowns. They are particularly handsome over fine broadcloth, and they are seen also on several of the new rough wools, though I hardly like the combination. The new bourette cheviots in all their designs are made up into such warm looking and weather resisting suits that it is no wonder that half the women turn from the lighter novelties and go back to look again at the woolen suits and goods. The bourette cheviots are those with little knobs and knots set closely together. The boucle cheviots are those with tiny curls of mohair above the surface. The novelty goods in wools and silk and wools are too numerous to mention, but all are good, warm, durable and handsome, in rich colors, as befit the season.

There is an unusually heavy demand for the black, dark blue, drab and brown cravanettes. They are used for cycling suits to the almost entire exclusion of other fabrics. These are perfectly dyed and are waterproof, and the only fault that I can find with the fabric is that it is a little heavy, but it requires no lining. For walking suits for business and for a round dozen of other things these cravanettes are employed. They are made with short fly front coats or tight basques of some kind. Some have a short military cape to wear over the shoulders. No matter what the color or style of making, these are always handsome.

The new silks are, generally speaking, more remarkable for brilliancy of color than solid quality, but in these days of rapid changes perhaps that is a good idea, as the silk is cheap. Indeed, I wonder how it can be sold as cheaply as it is. In some places one finds chameleon taffeta as low as 36 cents a yard. Changeable brocaded taffeta is offered at 49 cents, and very crisp, bright black taffeta 27 inches wide is sold at 49 cents. This calls to mind that I read in The Cosmopolitan Magazine yesterday that silk is now imitated so closely that no one could tell the difference, except the imitation has a brighter gloss and sharper rustle. It is made of wood fiber and reduced chemically to practically the same substance as the filaments of raw silk, and then it is woven and finished in the same way. Perhaps that has something to do with the cheapness of silk. Anyhow let us all be thankful that we can have the dainty stuff.

There are perhaps 30 designs of colored moire velours. These are exceptionally rich and elegant. The gold and silver satin damask is almost too magnificent, but there are times and places where it is suitably worn. The price of a yard of this would buy another whole gown of less pretentious material, but perhaps it would, after all, not be so satisfying. There are some unusually rich and sumptuous satin brocades, both in colors and in plain blacks. The colors are artistic to a degree.

MATE LEROY.

Waiting to Meet Johnson.

I got to know that the old man Robinson, at whose cabin I was staying for a week, had had a feud with the Johnsons for about 20 years, and one afternoon, when we were over at the moonshine still and alone, I brought the matter up and asked him how it began.

"I can't skassly remember," he replied, "but I reckon dawgs had sunthin to do with it. Reckon our dawgs had a fout."

"And each of you stood up for his dog?"

"Of cos'e."

"And did you have a fight with Johnson?"

"Reckon I did."

"Well, why can't the matter be fixed up? I'm told that four or five people have been killed and the war still goes on. Can't you and Johnson come together and make peace?"

"How?" he asked.

"Suppose I go and talk to Johnson and tell him you are willing to let the matter drop if he is."

"Yes."

"Then you can meet, shake hands, take a drink and let the news go out that you are friends."

"That would be nice," he replied, while shaking his head in a doubtful way.

"Of course it would. If you agree to it, I'll go and see Johnson today."

"It wouldn't do—wouldn't do, sah. We've dun tried it three times over."

"Then you've been brought together?"

"Yes, sah, three times. He was willin and I was willin, but when we cums together he sez to me if them dawgs had bin left alone his dawg would hev licked."

"And you denied it?"

"Of co'se. My dawg was on top and bound to lick. Yes, sah, allus denied and dun called Johnson a liar, and then the wah broke out again."

"But couldn't the dogs be left out?"

"Yes, I reckon they might, but if they was he'd begin braggin 'bout his ole mewl, and I'd hev to brag about mine, and thar'd be a row to end up with. Better let the matter drop, sah. I shall likely meet Johnson at the 'leckshun next week, and one or 'tother will be popped over, and that will be the last of it."

One Exception.

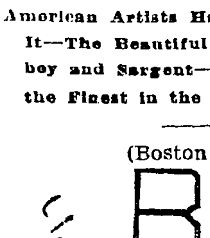
"Yes," admitted the boy with the bicycle, "I go to the Universalist Sunday school, but you can't make me believe a park policeman will ever go to heaven."—Chicago Tribune.

THE BOSTON LIBRARY.

A MAGNIFICENT MODERN TEMPLE OF ART AND LEARNING.

American Artists Have Richly Adorned It—The Beautiful Decorations of Abbey and Sargent—It Is Classed Among the Finest in the World.

(Boston Letter.)



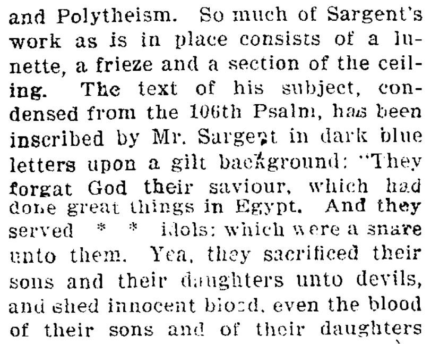
Bostonians are proud of their cultured and intellectual circles; of their music and their art; their symphony concerts and their popular concerts; their new subway; their old churches and graveyards; their municipal government, with the numerous suburban governments, differing essentially from the Chicago idea; their literary traditions of the past; their new vaudeville theater of the present; their clearances and financial statistics, showing them to be the second city in the country and Chicago third; their magnificent breathing spaces; their baked beans and Sunday morning fish balls—but, most of all, are they proud of their new public library. You may have seen the wonders of the vatican or viewed the decorative work in the palaces and public buildings of France and Germany; you may have absorbed the work of Angelo, Raphael, del Sarto or Rembrandt—but you are informed that you know nothing about decorative effort unless you have seen the results achieved by that great modern pair, Abbey and Sargent, in the new Boston library.

And truly you witness something as interesting in its way as any of the old masters, and you believe the time will come when strangers within the gates of Boston will pay a pilgrimage to the then old masters, Abbey and Sargent. The library itself is obviously designed after the Bibliotheque Ste. Genevieve in Paris, although Bostonians disclaim the slightest plagiarism. The inscriptions are read to you by your Boston friend with much pride, self-complacency and emphasis: "Built by the People and Dedicated to the Advancement of Learning;" "The Commonwealth Requires the Education of the People as the Safeguard of Order and Liberty;" "Founded Through the Munificence and Public Spirit of Citizens." These inscriptions are very satisfying to the resident, and visitors are duly and emphatically impressed with their significance, departing with this feeling: "Let us go and do likewise."

After such experience the Detroiter feels so humiliated that he looks the other way when he passes his own library. He becomes humble and small, after his experience with his Boston friends, and he does not dare to look in the face "Knowledge," that masterpiece of wood carving which adorns, ornaments and beautifies the front of the local edifice. When the influence of Boston town in a measure subsides he chides himself upon his super-sensitiveness, and is thankful, indeed, for our superb collection of books which may some day be set in a Bibliotheque of our own, with decorations by Wenzell, Rolshoven, Melchers or other local (?) artists of whose efforts we are so justly proud that we continue to claim them because they lived here before they moved away.

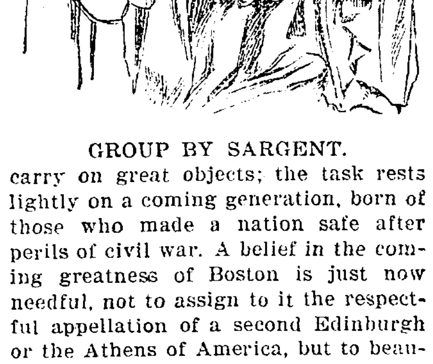
It is to be regretted that the country at large has heard of Boston's public library more through the action of certain of her citizens in relation to the much-talked-of Macmonnies Bacchante than for any other reason. The whole affair was lamentable and yet ludicrous, because Boston, having reached the sublime, suddenly and without warning descended to the ridiculous. But having achieved so much in this project that "magnificent" is the only word that fittingly expresses the result, it is really too bad that such fun has been poked at poor, prudish old Boston. She is entitled to so much applause that the shafts of ridicule are decidedly unkind. Poor, rejected Bacchante, embodiment of joyousness! The French government would not buy you; Boston wouldn't have you. You should turn into a figure of melancholy. But after all perhaps you would have intruded upon the seriousness of a philosopher's ruminations in the quietude of the court yard—and you should go back to the boulevards where you belong. A water god or something of that kind will do for a fountain.

The decorations have been frequently described. Mr. Sargent's scheme is vast and difficult to grasp. He has himself outlined his intention to represent "the triumph of religion—a mural decoration illustrating certain stages of Jewish and Christian history." The portion which has been completed represents the strife between Monotheism and Polytheism. So much of Sargent's work as is in place consists of a lunette, a frieze and a section of the ceiling. The text of his subject, condensed from the 106th Psalm, has been inscribed by Mr. Sargent in dark blue letters upon a gilt background: "They forgat God their saviour, which had done great things in Egypt. And they served * * idols: which were a snare unto them. Yea, they sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils, and shed innocent blood, even the blood of their sons and of their daughters * * * unto the idols of Canaan. * * * Therefore was the wrath of the Lord kindled against his people * * And he gave them into the hand of the heathen; and they that hated them ruled over them. Their enemies also oppressed them, and they were brought into subjection under their hand. Nevertheless he regarded their affliction, when he heard their cry: And he remembered for them his covenant."



FROM SARGENT FRIEZE.

Lindsay Swift, in an admirable and public-spirited article, has pointed out that the public library is safely lodged in one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, and that it will no longer be possible to say that America has no structure of continental dignity and impressiveness. It has an enormous collection of books, and adds yearly an increment so large as to constitute a good working library in itself. It has every modern appliance to facilitate both the public and its working force, which is composed of well-trained and competent men and women, many of whom are giving a tone and reputation to their profession and to the institution which they serve. With such an equipment and in such surroundings, supported and revered by a community conspicuous for the high average of the culture of its citizens, facing a future full of the promise of new birth in arts and letters, the public library of the city of Boston has every reason to be sure of fulfilling its most confident hopes. What the present has been to those humble beginnings of half a century ago, so shall the end of the next fifty years see an institution so robust, so progressive, so powerful in influence, that its possibilities can be prefigured only in the mind of the veriest dreamer of to-day. Excess of confidence, not timorousness, is wanted to carry on great objects; the task rests lightly on a coming generation, born of those who made a nation safe after perils of civil war. A belief in the coming greatness of Boston is just now needful, not to assign to it the respectful appellation of a second Edinburgh or the Athens of America, but to beautify it, to revere it, to make its politics and its inner life as wise and pure as its outward appearance is destined to be fair. In all this coming welfare, the noble structure on Copley square will receive and contribute its full share.



GROUP BY SARGENT.

The visitor will be impressed by the fact that the public library is lodged in a building far more attractive and splendid than the structure which contains Boston's art treasures in the same square. It seems most fitting that the cause of education should thus be ennobled and all the resources of architecture, painting, sculpture, etc., be brought to bear to lend dignity and beauty. Books are very well; the books of a commonwealth set in such a noble casket are much better. Here is the environment that stimulates study and educates the untutored in matters of art. Within that structure one seems insulated, as it were, from the petty annoyances of the outside world; here is the majestic calm that should exist for the student and the scholar; here is another and better world, perhaps, than may be found without those four walls. Thus one may forgive the self-complacency of the Bostonian, thoroughly New Englandish, and by a few words of commendation express in his humble western manner admiration for the way they do things "down east."

Make Your Workmen Comfortable.

A manufacturer, in gossiping about the best ways of handling workmen, says that the nature of the floor of the shop has a great deal to do with the amount of work that is got out of the operative staff. He was once struck by the difference in the apparent activity of two sets of men working on similar jobs at the vise in two rooms of a large shop. One was in an old building and the other was in one of recent construction. In the former the men stood easily and naturally at their work, and showed no symptoms of a hankering for a seat on the bench, while in the latter the men were shifting their weight from one foot to the other, throwing one leg upon the bench at every opportunity and showing every evidence of foot fatigue. The superintendent guessed that the difference was due to the floors upon which the two gangs of men were standing. In the old shop the floor was of wood, springy to a certain extent, and a poor conductor of heat. In the new shop it was of the most beautiful concrete, an excellent conductor of heat from the feet of the workman, and as unyielding as granite rock. So the benches in the new shop were raised a couple of inches, and each man was given a platform of wood that rested on two crosspieces at the end, and had a slight spring to it. The foot weariness disappeared almost at once, and no further trouble was experienced. Which shows that the prettiest floor is not always the best for the workmen.

THE CHINESE SCHOOLBOY.

He Must Study Long Hours Every Day in the Year.

The Chinese school children have instilled into them at an early age habits of hard, steady study, says an exchange. At the age of 5 a boy begins his schooling. At daylight he rises, and, after dressing as quickly as possible, he starts breakfastless to school. He is given a task and after it is completed he is allowed an hour for breakfast. Again, later, he has an hour for luncheon, but he is at his study nearly twelve hours a day, seven days in the week. All this time when he is not reciting his lessons he is studying aloud at the top of his voice. He is under the eye of his master both in school and on his way to and from school. The lad is taught rudimentary astronomy, physics and natural history, but greater stress is put upon writing and his literary studies. "A Thousand Letters," a poem, is the study that forms the backbone of his literary education. In it are taught the duties of children to parents and all such matters. Whatever the study may be—history, classics or science—every lesson is learned and repeated word for word.

Things to Remember.

Education today means much more than the past revealed to us. It means life in its fullness, body, mind, soul developed, so that they do not only know, but can use and observe; no committing to memory for the sake of repeating and following, but the gaining, so that the individual will know how to think and act in strong independent fashion.

Every young life has a right to an intellectual environment. What fresh air is to the plant the domestic atmosphere is to the child, and in proportion to its overwhelming importance is the emphasis of the obligation. The home must be not alone the shelter of the body, but the cradle of the mind.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Its Source.

"Little Johnny opened his drum to find where the noise came from."

"Did he find out?"

"Yes; when his father came home the noise came from little Johnny."—Pick-Me-Up.

EXPENSIVE BLINDNESS.

Mrs Short—I am blind to all your faults.
Mr. Short—Why shouldn't you be? I throw most all of my dust in your eyes.

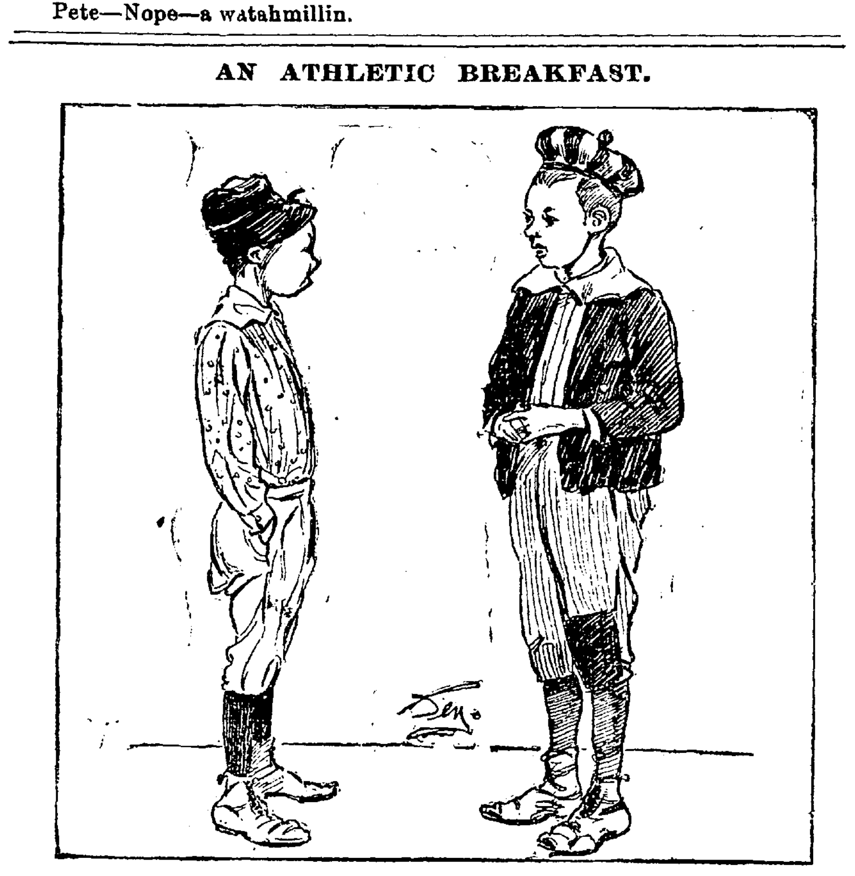
AS USUAL.

He—What caused your brother's illness?
She—His sweetheart's death. She fell into the well and was drowned.
He—Umph! A woman at the bottom of it

A CUTTING REMARK.

Mr. Rowley—What's de mattah, Pete, goin' to cut a niggah?
Pete—Nope—a watahmillin.

AN ATHLETIC BREAKFAST.



Tough Boy—We had scrambled eggs for breakfast
New Boy—Scrambled eggs?
Tough Boy—Yes, mother cooked an egg and we all scrambled for it.

HARNESS AND HORSES.

Nervous Animals Should Not Be Weighted Down with Superfluous Straps.

Our English harness, though excellent for cool weather, is very trying to horses in the great heat, says the Spectator. The multiplicity of straps and the hot collar form a network of wet, hot lines across the animal's back and flanks. Soldiers sweating under the pressure of cross belts and side belts on a summer march soon realize the feeling of the overharnessed horses and take the view that the light American harness, worked with a breastplate in place of a collar, is probably more comfortable for the animal. The violent perspiration of some horses, though it looks uncomfortable, is probably a relief to them. There is nothing worse for a horse than to be "hidebound" and the only discomforts which the opposite symptoms entail are the danger of sores being caused by harness rubbing on the wet skin, and the risk of chills, to which horses are equally subject with human beings in hot weather. One driver of the writer's acquaintance always maintained that one of his horses could sweat at pleasure and did so whenever he wanted to shirk work. "He's artful, he's artful," was the invariable reply if the condition of the animal's coat was pointed out as a reason for moderating the pace. Nervous exhaustion from heat is probably more common among horses than is supposed. They suffer not only from the depression of tone caused by the temperature but from the worry and excitement caused by flies and insects, which madden the working horse with no time or means to rid himself of them effectually. The network jackets and flaps granted even to smart carriage horses in hot weather are a real benefit to them, and if cows could be provided with similar but more extensive protection it is certain that the yield of milk would be increased by the respite from constant nervous worry.

Were Not Early Birds.

A German savant finds, on investigation, that most centenarians are people who have practiced the late to bed and late to rise theory.

Twelve newspapers to a population of 15,000 is the record of Caldwell county Missouri.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

FOR RENT.

A very handsome suit of rooms in the new Sentinel building. Apply at Sentinel counting room.

HE SENDS IT FREE.

Physicians' Prescription for Cure of Weakness in Men.

Painful diseases are bad enough but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness, the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicine that not only completely restored his general health but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the prescription of this wonderful remedy free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist nor do I pose as an enthusiast but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Send me your name and address today. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage stamps necessary to mail the prescription but send for the remedy and learn that there are a few things on earth that although they cost nothing to get they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a life time of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 210, Kalamazoo, Mich., and the prescription will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

sat 26-52wks

FASHIONS CHANGE
BUT
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Complexion
POWDER
REMAINS ALWAYS THE SAME.

The finest, purest and most beautifying toilet powder ever made. It is soothing, healing, healthful and harmless; and when rightly used IS INVISIBLE. If you have never tried

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you do not know what an IDEAL COMPLEXION POWDER is.

IT IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

MIDY

D. D. WEISELL
DENTIST
34 & 36 Calhoun St.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS!
STEAM AND
GAS FITTERS.
48 East Main Street.
Fort Wayne, Ind.

FREE DISPENSARY.

Open every day from 8 a. m. to 9 a. m., at the Fort Wayne College of Medicine, 160 W. Superior street. Medicines free to the poor. Patients too sick to come to the Dispensary will b visited at their homa

The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time

AS FOLLOWS:

* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.

FROM FT. WAYNE TO — LEAVE — ARRIVE

Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station, Fort Wayne, Ind.

East Bound.	West Bound.
*5 40 a.m.	*3 45 a.m.
*6 52 a.m. From Chi	*5 10 a.m.
†1 10 p.m.	†7 10 a.m.
*7 45 p.m.	†11 40 a.m.
*9 25 p.m. Limited	*4 30 p.m.
†10 35 p.m. from Chi	*5 40 p.m.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R.R.
In effect Sept. 27, 1896.

NORTH BOUND.

*For Grand Rapids and north.......... 2 40 am
†.......... 8 15 am
†.......... 2 55 pm
†From Richmond arrives.......... 6 25 pm

SOUTH BOUND.

*For Richmond and Cincinnati.......... 12 45 am
†.......... 5 45 am
†.......... 12 35 pm
†From Grand Rapids arrives.......... 7 15 pm

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILROAD.
Effective May 17, 1896.

No.	GOING EAST.	DEPART.
2.	N. Y. & Boston Limited, daily	4:48 am
10.	Toledo Local Ex., daily	6:00 am
6.	N. Y. and N. Eng. Flyer, daily	11:48 am
4.	Fast Mail and Exp., ex. Sunday	7:25 pm
	GOING WEST.	
5.	Pacific Express, ex. Sunday	8:00 am
7	Kan. City Cannon Ball, daily	1:00 pm
1.	Government Fast Mail, daily	6:30 pm
3.	St. Louis Vestibule Lim., daily	8:10 pm
73.	Andrews Local, ex. Sunday	1:00 pm
11.	Toledo Accom. ar., ex. Sunday	12:30 pm
9.	Toledo-Ft W. spec. Sun. only, ar.	10:30 pm

NICKEL PLATE

Chicago depot, Clark and 12th streets. Buffalo depot, Exchange and Michigan St. Nos. 3 and 4 and local freight trains daily except Sunday. Other trains daily.

EAST.	Arrive.	Depart.
*No. 2 N. Y. & Boston Ex.	*2 55 am	*3 05 am
†No. 4 Cleveland Mail	1 50 pm	2 00 pm
*No. 6 Eastern Express	*6 20 pm	*6 25 pm
†Local Freight	4 25 pm	7 20 am
WEST.	Arrive.	Depart.
*No. 1 Chicago Express	*1 55 am	*2 05 am
†No. 3 Chicago Mail	1 05 pm	1 15 pm
*No. 5 Western Express	*4 05 pm	*4 10 pm
†Local Freight	3 22 pm	7 00 am

*Daily. †Daily Except Sunday

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

SOUTHWARD.	ARRIVE.
No. 462 Way Freight	5 25 pm
No. 456 Cin. Express and Mail	11:00 am
No. 410 Detroit and Ind'pls Express	3 55 pm
NORTHWARD.	DEPART.
No. 463 Way Freight	6 40 am
No. 457 Through Express and Mail	*11 45 am
No. 409 Detroit and Indianap'lis Ex	4 55 pm

Official Report

George P. Rowell & Co., the leading authority on newspaper information says: "The Fort Wayne Sentinel, published at Fort Wayne, has the largest circulation accorded to any daily in Indiana, outside of Indianapolis.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

A GOOD MEMORY

Often Saves Money.

If you want to reach the farmers of Allen county, don't forget that the Weekly Sentinel is your paper.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY. OCT. 3. 1896. ——PART FIRST—— PRICE FIVE CENTS.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

THIS STORE CONTAINS AN IDEAL.

It is our constant effort to attain it, always seeking to better our best.

Want to be helpful to you in your merchandising; want you to feel that your best buying interests centre here; that for every dollar you spend over our counters you will receive a just equivalent.

The new Fall stock invites you. We are proud of our purchases, and feel confident that they will meet with your approval.

Haven't been studying your wants all these years for nothing.

We want you to see our new Winter Cloaks.

We want you to get our prices on Domestic Goods.

We want to show you our new Dress Goods.

All through the house you can find only the best goods at the lowest prices.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.

RUBBER GOODS!

Fountain Syringes,
Bulb Syringes,
Hard Rubber Syringes
Hot Water Bags,
Ice Bags,
Air Cushions,
Rubber Tubing,
Rubber Corks,
Nursing Fittings, Nipples,
Teething Rings, Trusses,
Suspensories, Supporters,
Etc., at

Freese & Ranke,
DRUGGISTS.
38 Calhoun St. Opp. 5 and 10c store

LADIES' ENAMEL SHOES

For Winter in new Coin or Needle Toe lasts. All sizes and widths. New styles and tips.

Invisible Cork Sole Calf Skin

The kind that will keep your feet dry. $3.50 Per Pair. Three styles of lasts.

M. APP,
106 Calhoun Street.

Do You Want To Prosper?

To get ahead in the world? to build or improve your home? to accumulate funds to start in business for yourself? to provide for the education of your children? to prepare for the "rainy day"? to provide for old age? to feel, month after month, that you are growing more and more independent? that your savings, which are costing you but little effort, are growing night and day and earning more money, even while you eat and sleep. Then go at once to the Secretary of the Tri-State Building and Loan Association.

Tri-State Building and Loan Association,
Corner Berry and Court Streets.

$2

KELLY
Shower Bath
RING
AND
Hot Water
Proof Hose
$2, Express paid the.
Prevents Wetting Head Floor and Walls.
Seamless Water Closets.

Frost Proof Water Closets, Self-acting Water Closets, Kelly Stop and Waste Cock.

Thos. Kelly & Bros.,
193 Madison St., Chicago.
Send for Catalogue.

$50 to $50,000 to loan on farm and city property or personal security.
The J. F. SCHELL Loan and Investment Co.,
24-25-26-27 Pixley Block,
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Telephone 466.

THE FORT WAYNE
MERCANTILE ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.
Geo. A. Dreier, Pres. Geo. W. Pixley, V. Pres. W. F. Betz, Sec'y and Treas.
$25.00 Weekly Indemnity.
Cost for the Year, $7.00.
Office No. 3 ARCADE.—CALL.

DEMOCRACY

Takes Possession of St. Louis.

Democratic Banners and Emblems Everywhere

Vice President Stevenson Made a Strong Speech

Representatives of Political Clubs From Every State in the Union Meet in Convention.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 3.—This rather conservative town fairly boiled over with democratic enthusiasm today. It was visible at every corner and scores of banners which had been hung across the streets proclaimed it to the world. And if one were to judge by the badges and buttons worn by citizens one might easily have been constrained to believe that democracy had overwhelmed St. Louis from the river to its western limits. This was the opening day of the quadriennial convention of the National Association of Democratic clubs. The delegates began to arrive yesterday and they have been pouring in on every road that comes into the city since that time. All morning they gathered in the lobbies of the hotels, where the curbstone orators shouted and roared with enthusiastic energy, explaining the money question and "the true significance of 16 to 1." Then there were bands of music of every sort and description from the backwoods and from the metropolitan cities playing patriotic airs. It was about 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon when the delegates and visitors began to assemble at the auditorium where the convention was held, and it was almost an hour later when President C. F. Black called the meeting to order. At least 2500 delegates were present and the vast hall was well filled with visitors. When the blessing of the Deity had been invoked the Jefferson Glee club of several hundred voices sang the national anthem, "America," in which the audience joined. When the applause following the singing of the anthem had died away President Black delivered his quadriennial address.

Mr. Black declared that the cause which the democratic party was supporting was that of no class, no section, but of the people as a whole. It was the cause of all classes from all parts of the country. He then entered into the discussion of the money question and concluded by denouncing Mark Hanna and the moneyed power. Mr. Black was frequently interrupted by applause. When he had finished he introduced Vice President Stevenson, who said:

"The gravity of the issues involved in the pending political struggles cannot be overestimated. Their supreme importance to the masses of our people cannot be measured by words. This is not a mere contest as to men. The real issue cannot be obscured. In an hour so fraught with deep concern to all of the people appeal should be had to the judgment, not to passion.

"I ask no question as to the honest convictions of those who give their support to the ticket nominated at the Indianapolis convention. The fact remains, however, that the contest for the presidency rests solely between Bryan and McKinley. It cannot be claimed that any other candidate has a semblance of chance for success, or even that he will receive a single electoral vote.

"For what then do the real candidates for the presidency stand? Will the public interests, the interests of all the people best be subserved by the success of the democratic party or by the return of its great antagonist to power? It must be remembered that during the thirty-two years immediately preceding the inauguration of President Cleveland on March 4th, 1893, there was no single moment that the democratic party controlled the presidency and both houses of congress; never a moment that it could place a single law upon the statute books. For all of the legislation during that period which has brought in its train financial disaster, 'monopolies' and 'trusts' the republican party is alone responsible. During this period, the monetary policy of the founders of our government was abandoned and silver demonetized. The sad results to all kinds of business, to all conditions of men that have followed the demonetization act of 1873 have never been, will never be, adequately told. Something of the evils that have followed in its train can be found in the enforced idleness of those who vainly seek employment, in the wrecked fortunes of men once prosperous in business, and in the deplorable condition of the finances of the nation.

"But we are told that the real issue—that upon which this election is to turn—is not the monetary, but the tariff question. The nomination at St. Louis of the distinguished author of the last republican tariff law indicates the determination of our opponents when in the full tide of power to reenact the McKinley law and restore to the statute books the most unjust, the most odious tariff schedule known to any period of our history.

"The present tariff law is of untold value to the people. The election of a republican president and congress portends the renewal of tariff agitation, not in the interest of the consumer, but in the sole interest of monopoly and greed.

"The income tax provided for by the Wilson tariff bill has been declared unconstitutional. With many others, I deeply regret this decision of the supreme court. The revenue lost to the federal treasury by the income tax decision must be made good. The additional revenues should come from a tariff purely revenue in character imposed upon a few articles not of prime necessity.

"Believing, as I do, that gold and silver find equal recognition in the constitution of the United States; that by their joint use in effecting exchanges and performing the other functions of money we have prospered in the past, and that the evil days now befallen us are in no small measure the result of the demonetization of silver, I have no hesitation in maintaining my party allegiance and casting my vote for Bryan and Sewall, the nominees of the democratic convention. I deeply regret that many of those with whom I have been associated in former contests, now oppose the election of the candidates nominated in accordance with the time honored method and usages of the democratic party. Without questioning their sincerity, the inquiry is significant; what is there in the attitude of the democratic party upon the monetary question to justify its abandonment by those who have long shared in its councils, and who have been the recipients of its rewards and its honors? A belief in cheap money is no part of democratic teaching. It is a part of our creed 'that the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic exchangeable value.' We believe 'in such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts.'

After quoting the declarations of the democratic party in the four national conventions preceding that which nominated Mr. Bryan, Mr. Stevenson asked: "Is it too much, then, to claim that in giving our support to the nominee of the Chicago convention, we are keeping the faith and the charge of recreancy to party does not lie at our doors? We believe that the election of a democratic president and congress will ensure the restoration of silver to the position of standard money of the country, that was designed for it by the founders of the government. The destruction of silver as money and establishing gold as the sole unit of value must have a ruinous effect on all forms of property except those investments which yield a fixed return in money. These would be enormously changed in value and would gain a disproportionate and unfair advantage over every other species of property. No power was conferred on congress to declare silver metal should not be money. Congress has, therefore, in my judgment, no power to demonetize either. If, therefore, silver has been demonetized, I am in favor of remonetizing it.

"I am firmly persuaded that in the present contest the interests of all the people are bound up in the success of the democratic party, whose creed upon the pending vital issues is the living faith of the founders of our government. Now, as in the struggle of the past, its appeal is to the judgment, the patriotism, sense of justice of the American people. Its candidate for the presidency is the able and eloquent statesman whose words have cheered the despondent, given hope and inspiration to his countrymen, and whose inauguration will be the beginning of better days to the republic."

When Vice President Stevenson had finished Governor Stone, of Missouri, was introduced. He excused himself from making an extended speech, as he had contracted a severe cold. He then proceeded to formally welcome the delegates.

PREPARING FOR WORK.

Mine Owners Repairing the Damage to Property.

LEADVILLE, Col., Oct. 3.—The building of a high plank fence around the Coronado mine on the line of the one destroyed by fire during the murderous and successful attack of Sept 21 is being rapidly completed, and as soon as new machinery can be put in place and housed the mine will resume with a full force. This, with the other mines now getting under way, will leave practically none idle that were in operation when the strike began, except the Smith & Moffatt properties. These were employing about 300 men and Manager Smith says they will not resume work while it is necessary to have the protection of guns and guards. The meeting of the Miners' union held last night was attended by about 200 of the conservative element. This is regarded as an indication that disruption of the organization is impending.

SALE CONFIRMED.

The Reading Deal Was Legal and Must Stand.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 3.—Judge Acheson, in the United States court, today confirmed the sale of the property of the Reading Railroad and Coal and Iron company under the foreclosure proceedings. He overruled all motions for arrest of judgment and other proceedings instituted in opposition to the sale.

You can always save money and get wall paper to please you at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street.

BRYAN IN INDIANA.

Spoke to Many Thousands of Hoosiers Today.

The People Give Him a Hearty Greeting Wherever He Appears.

NORTH VERNON, Ind., Oct. 3.—William J. Bryan's arrival in Indiana and Illinois called forth the same hard work that has characterized each visit he has made to what is considered by many the battleground of the campaign. Fourteen stops were scheduled for these two states and he spoke at nearly every one of them, and where it was impossible for him to speak he again pressed into service ex-Congressman McMillan, who talked to the people for the nominee. Mr. Bryan left Cincinnati on the special car of President Peabody, of the Baltimore and Ohio, at 7 o'clock this morning. The car was in charge of Railroad and Warehouse Commissioner Cantrell, of Illinois, and Allen W. Martin, state committeeman of Indiana, and National Committeeman Woodson, of Kentucky. Lawrenceburg was reached at 7:35 and the platform erected near the depot was surrounded by a great crowd of expectant and enthusiastic people. They cheered the nominee as he made his way from the car to the platform.

CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE.

The National Democrats Organize for Work.

Some Nine Men Who Have Charge of Palmer and Buckner's Political Interests.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 3.—The executive committee of the national democratic party (gold standard) has created a campaign committee consisting of nine members. John P. Hopkins, of Chicago, has been elected vice chairman of the committee, Mr. Bynum holding the chairmanship ex-officio. During the remainder of the campaign Mr. Hopkins will be in virtual control of the Palmer and Buckner interests, Chairman Bynum having arranged to take the stump. The campaign committee is as follows: Daniel E. Lawler, St. Paul, Minn.; W. B. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky.; L. C. Krauthoff, Kansas City, Mo.; Col. L. M. Martin, Marshalltown, Iowa; W. D. Shelby, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Ellis B. Usher, La Crosse, Wis.; John F. Frenzel, Indianapolis, Ind.; C. V. Holman, of Maine.

SATOLLI'S SUCCESSOR.

Archbishop Martinelli Reaches His New Field of Labor.

Comes Over in the Campania and Has a Rough and Disagreeable Trip.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Archbishop Martinelli, successor to Cardinal Satolli as papal representative in the United States, was on board the steamer Campania, which reached her dock today. He is a short, dark man. When the health officer boarded the steamer, Dr. Martinelli was standing in the companionway, watching everything with keen interest. He said he had a rough and disagreeable trip, but that he was a fairly good sailor and had not been confined to his room. He was much interested to hear of the arrangements for his reception in this city. He said his health was excellent.

BEATEN BY THE ENGLISH.

American Fails to Win the Three Mile Running Race.

DUBLIN, Oct. 3.—Frederick E. Bacon, the English champion runner, defeated Thomas H. Coneff, the American champion, in the three mile run this afternoon on the track of the Balls Bridge grounds. Coneff retired after covering a mile and 300 yards. The time was 15 minutes, 29 3-5 seconds. The race thus decided is the first of a series of three events, for $500 a side each race, in which Bacon and Coneff are to compete. The second race is to take place at Manchester and the distance will be one mile. The third race, distance of two miles, may take place at Glasgow. Coneff has been under the care of A. D. Dowling, of the Suffolk Athletic club of Boston, and Bacon has been looked after by Wm. Cummings, who was at one time a rival of W. G. George.

MILLS BURNED.

Two Woolen Factories Reduced to Ashes.

CAMDEN, N. J., Oct. 3.—The worsted mills of Ackroyd & Scull and Seymour & Boyer, covering nearly half a block, at Point and Pearl streets, this city, were destroyed by fire today. The flames originated from spontaneous combustion in the wool picker room of Ackroyd & Schull's mill. The two mills gave employment to about 300 persons, and the flames spread so rapidly that there were some narrow escapes, but no body was hurt. Ackroyd & Schull's loss is estimated at $650,000. Seymour & Boyer's loss is about $350,000.

AGAINST CHEROOTS.

Three Hundred Cigarmakers Strike for Better Smokers.

TAMPA, Fla., Oct. 3.—Over 300 operatives employed in Creagh, Guggeckt & Co.'s cigar factory have struck. The strikers asked that the management do away with the cheroot department and the company probably will accede. This is the second strike for the same cause within three weeks.

CAMPBELL FOR BRYAN.

The Ex-Governor Will Take the Stump in Ohio.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—Ex-Governor James E. Campbell, of Ohio, who is in the city, says that he will abide by the Chicago convention and vote for Bryan. He added that he would make a few speeches in Ohio in support of the Chicago nominees and may speak also in Indiana and West Virginia.

ON M'KINLEY'S LAWN

Trod Six Hundred Fort Wayne Republicans.

The Railway Club is Introduced by Mr. Enoch Cox and Addressed by the Major.

CANTON, Ohio, Oct. 3.—The day dawned bright and clear and in every way auspicious for the big demonstrations scheduled. The delegations were in before the city was astir. One came from Harrisburg and Dauphin county, Pa., and reached here about 5 o'clock.

The second delegation, which arrived at 7:15, came from Athens county, Ohio. Other trains arrived soon afterwards, the railroads having about twenty-five specials scheduled for the day.

The Buffalo contingent of wheelmen called at the McKinley home. They had with them several homing pigeons which Mrs. McKinley released with the following message:

"CANTON, Ohio, Oct. 3.—The Wheelmen's McKinley and Hobart Republican club, of Buffalo, New York, arrived this morning and requested me to send greetings to their friends at home, in which I beg to join.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

Major McKinley, shortly after 10 o'clock, addressed the employes of the Standard Manufacturing company, of Pittsburg, and as soon as the lawn could be vacated employes of the Pennsylvania shops, of Allegheny, were on hand and were introduced by W. B. Kirker.

Speech No. 6 was delivered to railroad men in the employ of the Pittsburg and Western, introduced by Robt. K. Krahenbihl. Next came the farmers, miners, laborers, tin makers and wool growers of Washington county, Pa., a party of unusual proportions. Its greetings were presented by John H. Murdock on behalf of the citizens in general and by John G. Clark on behalf of the wool growers association.

Delegations from Pennsylvania, Fort Wayne, Ind., and Ohio listened to and applauded speech No. 8. In the crowd were American wire workers, of Cleveland, introduced by J. W. Sutherland; Kilby Manufacturing company, H. P. Nell company and Cleveland Hardware company, introduced by Charles O. Dailly; Star Fire Brick company employes, of Pittsburg, introduced by William Caldwell; Pittsburg Oil Well Supply company employes, introduced by Grant Hubley, and Fort Wayne, Ind., railroad men, introduced by Enoch Cox.

SUDDEN NEWS.

Death of Charles Rosenberger, in Covington, Ky.

He Left Unexpectedly Several Months Ago and His Whereabouts Were Not Known.

Today the police department received a telegram from the authorities of Covington, Ky., asking what disposition should be made of the remains of Charles Rosenberger, a Fort Wayne citizen, who died suddenly in that city.

Investigation showed that the body is that of Charles Rosenberger, a cooper of this city, and who at one time was a prominent Calhoun street saloon keeper, and also conducted the same business at different times on Fairfield avenue and Force street.

He had trouble recently with his family, and went out of business. His trade was that of a cooper, and he started out to work at his trade. His whereabouts were unknown until the announcement of his death.

The remains will be brought home and the funeral will be held from the family residence, 221 Force street, at a time to be announced later.

PRICES FALL OFF.

Wheat Today Goes Below Sixty-Nine.

The Decline Brought On by Weak Cables and Heavy Foreign Selling.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Wheat opened nearly 1c off, initial sales of December being made at 68¼@68⅛c against yesterday's closing price of 69⅛c. Cables came weaker than expected, and there was a growing conviction that a good reaction is due after the recent large advance. Northwest receipts were again very heavy, being almost as large as those of last year. The market received moderate support, however, and after selling at 68¼c, gradually rose to 68⅝c, then reacted to 68⅜c. Foreigners were large sellers.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Wheat—Oct., 66⅛c; Dec., 67⅜@67⅝c; May, 71@71⅛c.

Corn—Oct., 22⅛c; Dec., 22¾@22⅞c; May, 25⅝c.

Oats—Oct., 17⅛c; Dec., 17⅜@17⅝c; May, 19⅝@19⅞c.

Pork—Oct., $6.30; Dec., $6.35; Jan., $7.10.

Lard—Oct., $3.90; Dec., $3.97½; Jan., $4.15.

Ribs—Oct. and Dec., $3.25; Jan., $3.30.

Officers Re-elected.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 3.—The Columbus, Shawnee and Hocking railroad today re-elected its old directors.

The board of works today located two electric lights, one at the Gay street bridge and the other at the Van Buren street bridge.

CONDUCTOR'S STORY.

Heady Relates His Thrilling Experience.

The Engineer Stopped to Adjust a Pin in the Engine When the Bandits Appeared.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Oct. 3.—Conductor Sam Heady, of the held-up passenger train from the west, tells the following story of the affair:

"When the train reached the Rio Puerco water tank Engineer Ross said that a pin in the engine was out of gear, but he thought he could go up the divide. The conductor thought not, and just as the engineer was about to fix the pin three masked men jumped on the engine, when the shooting commenced. A lantern was shot out of the hands of the brakeman, after which the engineer was told to uncouple the engine and express car from the train. Deputy United States Marshal Loomis, who has been down in Arizona on the trail of Southern New Mexico bandits, was on his return to this city, and he left the smoking car when the first shot was fired. He took deliberate aim at one of the robbers, shooting him through the head. The man ran for a hundred yards and dropped dead. The other robbers retreated to the malpais, where their voices calling for their comrades could be heard."

Conductor Heady states that Loomis remained at Rio Puerco, expecting the robbers to return for their dead companion, while Selvy met the posse of officers at the Atlantic and Pacific junction and returned with the party to Rio Puerco. The hold up was a failure financially, the robbers securing no money. It is thought the men were members of the same gang that robbed the Separ postoffice a few weeks ago and have been terrorizing the southern part of New Mexico and that the man who was killed, and whose name was Young, was their leader.

GERMAN GOODS

Outselling English Goods in British Markets.

Consul Moore's Report Attributes the Success of Germany to Superior Skill and Machinery.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3.—United States Consul Moore, at Weimar, Germany, has made a special report to the state department on the trade rivalry between Great Britain and Germany, using as his text a remarkable work, entitled, "Made in Germany," which is just now giving rise to great discussion in England and has had the effect of arousing the British merchants to the necessity of making extensive reforms in present methods in order to retain the trade they have at present. Mr. Moore calls attention to the curious fact that whereas the British government in special laws provided for the stamping of all goods imported into England from Germany with the words "Made in Germany," with the deliberate purpose of reducing these importations. The effect has been exactly the reverse, as is shown clearly in the report. The report gives many figures to show the enormous inroads the Germans have been making of late years into British trade, and the reasons assigned are not that the Germans pay lower wages, but that the cost of production is less in Germany, owing to the superior technical processes and great economies in manufacturing.

WESTERN UNION IS BEATEN.

Defeated in a Suit Over a Delinquent Tax Penalty.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 3.—In the legislature, following the passage of the general tax law, a supplemental act was passed fixing a penalty of 50 per cent. for failure of corporations to pay taxes, the latter becoming due at the regular tax paying time twice each year.

The Western Union refused to pay its taxes and the law was upheld both in the state and United States courts. The Western Union then offered to pay the regular taxes, but refused to pay the 50 per cent. penalty, claiming that the law was unconstitutional. Yesterday the supreme court decided the act valid and the telegraph company will have to pay an increase of one-half of its taxes for three years. The court declares that telegraph lines are peculiar property and that special remedies in case of failure to pay taxes are necessary.

SENATOR VOORHEES.

If His Health Improves He May Take Part in the Campaign.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 2.—Senator Voorhees arrived in the city unexpectedly last night from Chicago, where he remained over several days on his way from Mackinaw. He was accompanied by his son, Dr. Reese Voorhees, his daughter, Miss Hallie Voorhees, and Dr. Merlind, the physician who has been with him constantly for several months. The senator is very ill and is unable to receive his friends. It is said that it is hoped that he will improve so that he may be able to take an airing in a few days should the weather be pleasant. Farther than this there is no definite information as to his plans for the future, except that he may take part in the campaign.

CAN VOTE AS THEY PLEASE.

Charges of Intimidation of Wabash Railway Employes Denied.

LIGONIER, Ind., Oct. 3.—O. D. Ashley, president of the Wabash Railroad company, in an open letter addressed to John W. Lacy, agent of the company at Pleasant Lake, denies as without foundation the statement that employes of the company are being discharged on account of their political opinions. He says that whether or not the men in the service of the company vote for sound money or free silver, no official of the company will be permitted to interfere with them, and challenges proof of charges to the contrary.

BLOODY TRAGEDY.

Bud Chaffin and His Five Children Missing.

Their Humble Home Bespattered With Blood, Indicating Murder Most Foul.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 3.—Great excitement prevails at Devalls Bluff over the discovery of what is believed to be the bloodiest tragedy in the history of Prairie county. Bud Chaffin and his five children are believed to have been murdered and suspicion points to Mrs. Chaffin and John King, her paramour, as the murderers. Chaffin, with his wife and five children, lived on White river, between Devalls Bluff. John King, a hired man, lived with the family and is said to have alienated the Chaffin woman's affections from her husband. Neither King or any of the Chaffins have been seen since September 21. On that date King was seen driving away in a wagon in company with Mrs. Chaffin. As they did not return and nothing was seen of the other members of the family, the neighbors began an investigation. When the house in which the Chaffins had lived was opened, blood was found spattered all over the floor and there were evidences of a terrible butchery having been committed, but no bodies were found. The theory of the officers is that the bodies were thrown into the river. Every effort is being made to locate King and Mrs. Chaffin.

TO TEST THE DANA LAW.

State Populists Want Fusion Nominees Twice on the Ballot.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, Oct. 3.—The populists last evening filed with Secretary of State Taylor a certificate of the nomination of two candidates for state offices, though they have been put on the fusion ticket by the democrats already. The action is evidently to lay the ground for a suit to test the new Dana law providing that no candidate's name can appear on the ballot more than once, no matter how many parties nominate him.

The petition for the insertion of the gold standard democratic state and electoral ticket will be filed today. It contains the names of over 10,000 voters.

Mr. Taylor yesterday received a petition containing 9,900 names asking that the state ticket of the social party be placed on the ballot. Under the law he will be required to do so.

DIPHTHERIA CLOSES SCHOOLS.

Indiana in the Vicinity of Terre Haute Suffers From the Malady.

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Oct. 3.—Diphtheria has caused the closing of five schools in this county and it is probable that others will be closed. The disease extends over the entire county and is of malignant form. North of here in Parke and Vermillion counties it has also obtained a foothold and some of the schools have been closed. The physicians fear there will be a widespread epidemic when the weather becomes colder and the school houses and other buildings are kept closed as the artificial heat propagates the disease germs.

WILL NOT COME HERE.

Prince Khilkoff Abandons the Idea of Visiting America.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 3.—Prince Khilkoff, the minister of communications, has abandoned his projected visit to the United States, during which he was to make a further study of the working of American railroads. The prince some years ago secured employment on a railroad in the United States, beginning as a stoker, in order to study American methods. He recently started on a tour of inspection of the trans-Siberian railroad, and from Siberia was to have gone to Japan, and thence to San Francisco, New York, London and Paris.

BANK STATEMENT.

The Reserve Increases Nearly Three Million.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes: Reserve, increase, $2,310,000; loans, increase, $3,634,900; specie, increase, $1,470,200; legal tenders, increase, $2,430,000; deposits, increase, $6,364,500; circulation, increase, $251,300. The banks now hold $26,526,025 in excess of the requirement of the 25 per cent rule.

APPLICATION OVERRULED.

Romulus Cottell Must Hang for His Crime.

AKRON, Ohio, Oct. 3.—In the circuit court here today the application for a new trial for Romulus Cottell, sentenced to hang November 5 for the Stone family murder last March, was overruled. The case will be taken to the supreme court and an effort made to have the death sentence commuted.

Four Blocks Burned.

JEANETTE, La., Oct. 3.—Fire here yesterday afternoon destroyed four blocks of buildings, the Jeanette Lumber and Shingle company being the heaviest loser. Loss, $150,000; insurance, $60,000.

Raised His Donation.

CHICAGO, Oct. 3.—Dr. D. K. Pearsons, who promised $10,000 to the trustees of the Mount Holyoke association, has agreed to give them $40,000 for the building fund.

BOUND OVER FOR TRIAL.

Thomas Kelker Charged With Robbing a Chinaman.

Harry Kramer and Charles Jones, Suspicious Characters, Are Let Go.

Officer Lot Sharp last night placed Thomas Kelker, a young man of this city, under arrest, as a suspect of the recent robbery at Wah Kee's Chinese laundry at 224 Calhoun street. The young man is charged with stealing $6 from the till at that place. This morning the prisoner was bound over in the sum of $200 for trial on the charge of petit larceny.

Harry Kramer, arrested by Officer Rohrer, and Charles Jones, arrested by Officer Sharp, were let go on a promise to get out of town at once.

JOE MASON STRICKEN.

Well Known Farmer Suffers a Stroke of Paralysis.

Patient is Sinking and Can Hardly Survive the Day—Does Not Recognize Friends.

Josephus S. Mason, of the Bluffton road, while attending market in this city, was stricken with paralysis and now lies at the home of Mrs. Louisa Flinn, a relative, at 101 Cass street, in a sinking condition. It is thought he cannot survive the day.

Mr. Mason is one of the wealthy and well known farmers of Allen county and this affliction will be a sudden blow to his many friends.

Today the immediate family and other relatives were summoned to the man's bedside but he was unable to recognize any of them.

Dr. Gavin, who attends him, states that the right side is affected and that there is little hope of recovery.

PUBLIC WORK.

Board of Works Passes Upon Some Important Business.

At a meeting last evening the board of public works approved the assessment roll on the improvements mentioned in last evening's SENTINEL and transacted other business.

The resolution calling for the paving of Wells street was changed to conform with the width of the street between the bridge and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern tracks.

The clerk was instructed to remind the officials of the Home Telephone company of the clause in their contract reserving the top cross piece on all poles for the city's use.

The clerk was instructed to notify William Limecooly to raise and relay his sidewalk on South Calhoun street; also to order the Jenney Electric Light and Power company to place arc lamps at the intersection of Clay and Hayden streets, and also at the western approach of the Van Buren street bridge.

The board approved the following bonds: Christian Babel, Albert Schafer, Christ Keefer, H. Koenig, D. Nestel, W. Douglass, W. H. Oetting and H. G. Mers, for raising and relaying sidewalks on West Jefferson street.

The bonds of John Draker and W. H. Oetting, as licensed sewer builders, were also approved.

A petition was received urging upon the board the necessity for constructing sidewalks on the south side of Greene street, from Thomas street to Holton avenue, and the engineer was accordingly instructed to prepare plans and specifications for the improvement.

DANCES AT THE PARK.

Amusements Arranged for the Winter Months.

The large pavillion at Robison park is now enclosed with glass and presents a beautiful appearance. It is the intention of Manager Robison to give a series of dances and concerts twice weekly during the fall season. The first of these will take place Tuesday, October 6, and the program has been arranged. Overture, William Tell, Rossini; waltz, Educa, Hanson; two step, On the Parade, Sousa; polka, LaGigale, Coote; Waltz, Faust, Gounod; overture, Orpheus, Offenbach; waltz, 1001 night, Strauss; mazurka, Aufm Ball, Strauss; polka, Bicicletas, Morlat; overture, Belle of Corneville, Planquette; waltz, Dorfschwabbe, Strauss; gallop, qui vive, Ganz; polka, Cancoritos, Morlet; two step, King Cotton, Sousa; waltz, LaGitana, Bucalossi; Home Sweet Home.

SUNDAY GUESTS.

Visitors Who Will be at Some of the Hotels Tomorrow.

Among the guests at the New Aveline are F. W. Sines, Arcola; W. A. Butler, Van Wert; W. H. Whitney, Indianapolis; G. M. Thomas, Warsaw; W. H. Simons, Warsaw.

Among the guests at the Wayne are Harry Brown, Akron, Ohio; Joseph R. McCargar, Grand Rapids; H. E. Stanley, Logansport; John M. Bloss, Muncie; M. Gould, South Bend; Louis Nessler, Indianapolis.

Among the guests at the Randall are J. A. Morris, Bluffton; W. R. Austin, Norwalk, Conn.; George R. Taylor, Hamilton, Ohio; J. A. Turner, Indianapolis; J. C. Thomas, Granville, Ohio; A. C. Mobelham, Toledo; George C. Henry, Canton, Ohio.

STATE TICKET.

Indiana Gold Democrats Settle an Important Question.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 3.—The state committee of the national democratic party at its meeting yesterday decided not to put a state ticket in the field. S. O. Pickens, the member of the committee from this district, and its chairman were the only ones of the thirteen who were in favor of making a ticket, although several of the most influential gold standard democrats of this city attended the meeting and urged that candidates for state offices be named.

BRYAN WILL BE HERE.

The Free Silver Hero Will be in Fort Wayne October 17.

Members of the National Committee Pledge Their Honor That He Will Come.

The democratic headquarters in this city received a telegram this afternoon from Hon. R. C. Bell, who went to Chicago to confer with the national committee, in which it is stated that William J. Bryan, the presidential candidate will positively come to Fort Wayne on October 17.

Senator Jones and other members of the committee have pledged their honor to see that this promise is fulfilled.

TWO BANK PRESIDENTS

Will Tell How the Silver Dollar Will Bring Good Times

At the Saengerbund Hall This Evening—Hon. John Overmeyer and Hon. Hugh Dougherty.

Hon. John Overmeyer, of North Vernon, Ind., who for four years was chairman of the republican state central committee, but who is now for Bryan and Sewall, and the free coinage of silver, will speak at Saengerbund hall tonight. Hon. Hugh Dougherty, of Bluffton, will also speak. Both are interesting speakers and will have a large audience.

Monday night at Saengerbund hall Hon. C. J. Kollmeyer, of Columbus, Ind., will address the democrats.

PROHIBS MEET.

Candidates Named For the Various County Offices.

The National Platform is Endorsed by Acclamation—Some Good Speeches.

At 1:30 o'clock this afternoon the Allen county prohibition convention met in the commissioners room for the naming of candidates on the county ticket.

The regular chairman, Rev. Nelson, being absent, the convention was called to order by Secretary James F. Graham.

Mr. Graham was, on motion, elected permanent chairman of the convention and C. W. Harrod, of Perry township, permanent secretary.

The convention then proceeded with the selection of a county ticket and their deliberations resulted as follows:

Representatives in the State Legislature—James English, of Madison, and Henry C. Schrader, of Fort Wayne.

Sheriff—Thomas J. Twinning, of Washington.

Treasurer—J. W. Cromwell, of Fort Wayne.

Assessor—W. S. Harrick, of Milan.

Surveyor—Charles W. Harrod, of Perry.

Coroner—William F. Ferguson, of Fort Wayne.

Commissioners—Second district, Samuel K. Waterson, of Eel River; Third district, George W. Maxwell, of Eel River.

The convention endorsed by acclamation the national platform of the party, as follows:

We, the members of the prohibition party in national convention assembled, renewing our declaration of allegiance to Almighty God as the rightful ruler of the universe, lay down the following:

"That the liquor traffic has produced such social, commercial, industrial and political wrongs and is now so threatening the perpetuity of our social and political institutions, that the suppression of the same by national party, organized therefore, is the greatest object to be accomplished by the voters of our country. Therefore be it

"Resolved, That we favor the legal prohibition by state and national legislation of the manufacture, importation, exportation, interstate transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages.

"That we declare our purpose to organize and unite all the friends of prohibition into our party, and in order to accomplish this end we deem it but right to leave every prohibitionist the freedom of his own convictions upon all other political questions and trust our representatives to take such action upon other political questions as the changes occasioned by prohibition and the welfare of the whole people shall demand."

LOCAL LINES.

There are five cases of scarlet fever in Irishtown.

Wm. C. Thomas and Cora E. Bowers have been licensed to wed.

Judge O'Rourke has sentenced Edgar L. Wilgus to the penitentiary for one year for larceny.

Charles A. Hans, the liveryman, today received a telegram announcing the death of his uncle, Christian Hans, at South Bend, Ind. Owing to the illness of Mr. Hans' wife, he will be unable to attend the funeral.

A Poet Dead.

LONDON, Oct. 3.—William Morris, the designer, poet and author, who of late years has proclaimed himself as a socialist, died this morning. He was born in 1834.

SPECIAL SALE

OF CENTER STANDS.

These Stands are not Poor, Trashy Goods, but are Solid Oak, well finished and are worth almost twice what we ask for them.

Five Different Styles.

- 24x24 Top, worth $1.75, for $1.00.
- 22x22 Top, worth $1.50, for 80 cents.
- 18x18 Top, worth $1.50, for 80 cents.
- 16x16 Top, worth $1.00, for 60 cents.
- 16x16 Top, worth 75 cents, for 48 cents.

PICKARD BROS.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

FURNITURE and STOVES.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1896.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

National Ticket.

President—William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska.
Vice President—Arthur Sewall, of Maine.

State Ticket.

Governor—B. F. Shively, of St. Joseph county.
Lieutenant Governor—John C. Lawler, of Washington county.
Appellate Judges—First district, Edwin Taylor, of Vanderburg county; Second district, F. E. Gavin; Third district, Theodore Davis; Fourth district, Orlando Lotz; Fifth district, G. E. Ross.
Secretary of State—S. M. Ralston, of Boone county.
Auditor of State—Joseph T. Fanning, of Marion county.
Treasurer of State—Morgan Chandler, of Hancock county.
Attorney General—J. G. McNutt, of Terre Haute.
Reporter of the Supreme Court—Henry Warrum, of Marion county.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Prof. W. B. Sinclair, of Pulaski county.
State Statistician—O. H. Downey, of Noble county.

Congressional.

For Congress—James M. Robinson.

Joint Senatorial.

For Joint Senator—L. J. Robbins.

Joint Representative.

For Joint Representative—William F. Ryan, of Allen.

County Ticket.

For Representatives—George V. Kell and H. L. Smith.
For Prosecuting Attorney—E. D. Doughman.
For Treasurer—L. C. Hunter.
For Sheriff—Albert Melching.
For Surveyor—Charles W. Branstrator.
For Coroner—Dr. J. H. Kensel.
For Assessor—Thomas Greer, sr.
For Commissioners—Second District—M. A. Fousie; Third District—John Orff.

Politics in the Pulpit.

With the great national political campaign in which every American is supposed to be interested, and during which party feeling runs high, comes a time of trouble and trial for the minister of the gospel, and he must tread very carefully and tenderly around among the political corns of his parishoners if he would escape criticism.

During such times his situation is indeed most trying and critical. He dare not talk politics in the pulpit and scarcely out of it either, for, if he does, he is sure to tread on somebody's toes. The least possible allusion made by him now to the material of the heavenly streets, as given in Revelations, is taken as an indorsement of the gold standard, while any mention made by him of the silver money, as generally used by the people in Christ's time, will be understood as an argument for the free coinage of the white metal.

In such a period of distrust it would seem prudent for the minister to refrain absolutely from any political allusion; to divest prayer, hymn and sermon of the slightest indication of his political preferences, should he possess any, and so absolutely leave no trail that the political sleuth hound might follow. On questions of a moral nature, like the abolition of slavery or intemperance, the minister has, without doubt, a right to speak forcibly from his pulpit. Indeed it is his duty to do so. But on economic questions, such as the money question is, it would seem their discussion might much better be avoided in the pulpit and left with the politician and the campaign orators.

For six days in the week the air is filled with contention about gold and silver. It is the theme of conversationalists on the streets, in the hotels, around the home hearth—in fact, everywhere. It is impossible to get away from it and it becomes to many persons a weariness of the flesh. Surely there ought to be one day of surcease from all this encounter of opinions. The day which was instituted for rest and calm reflection ought to be preserved inviolable from those disturbing influences which invade and embitter life during the working days of the week.

Putting aside the moral aspect of the problem altogether and leaving out of the account the question of propriety, the demands of human comfort require a brief breathing spell once a week during this period of excitement and a momentary relaxation of the acerbities which annoy the country whenever it is swept by a presidential battle.

Purchasing Votes.

An interesting decision regarding the use of money in the purchase of votes was rendered Tuesday by the appellate court of this state. The case in question came from Vincennes, where in the presidential election of 1891, John McKinney accepted $5 from Charles Thompson not to cast his vote. Under existing election laws McKinney sued for $300 as damages, as provided by the statutes. Thompson fought the case on the ground that McKinney had voted in violation of his agreement, but the suit was decided against him. An appeal was taken in the appellate court where Judge Ross decided that when the appellant gave the relator $5 to refrain from voting, and the latter accepted the money, the hiring was completed, and the statute was violated. McKinney was awarded damages in the sum of $300.

More Guesswork.

The Chicago Record has engaged in a stupendous undertaking which it believes will, when completed, accurately forecast the result of the national election. On the assumption that the vote of the states of the central west will determine the contest, it has made arrangements by which it will receive a postal card ballot on national candidates from 10 per cent. of the entire vote of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa, Kentucky, Nebraska Missouri, South Dakota and North Dakota. These states have a voting population of 4,581,570, and the Record plan contemplates a canvass of 458,157 of these votes and the entire voting population of Chicago, making about 750,000 votes in all. Names are taken at random, except in Chicago, from lists furnished by postmasters in alphabetical order from cities, towns and villages. The purpose of these lists was not known to the postmasters when they were furnished. The Record believes that an expression from 10 per cent. of the voters will reliably indicate the sentiment of the entire body of voters in the states mentioned. As to the correctness of this most people will withhold an opinion until the poll is completed. If it comes his way the McKinleyite will swear by it, and so, too, will the Bryanite if it shows in his favor. It is possible that the result of the vote may be announced by October 10.

How to Promote Temperance.

One of the strongest arguments for total abstinence of which we have heard comes from the practical experiment of a number of workingmen in England. The question of total abstinence was being discussed in a meeting at the close of a lecture in favor of it by the late Mr. Silk Buckingham. A workingman arose and said it was very well for gentlemen like the chairman or "parliament men," but for hard-working men like himself to do without beer was perfectly ridiculous. In this sentiment a group of his friends concurred. The speaker then inquired, "Have you ever tried it? If not, how are you able to judge?" He then proposed to adjourn the meeting for a month, have the men try the experiment, and then come together and give their honest verdict. They agreed to do this. When the night of the second meeting arrived the building was crowded two hours before the time to commence. When the meeting opened the same workingman made an address substantially as follows: "We have kept our promise made one month ago, and from that time to this none of us have tasted intoxicating drink. We have continued to the end, improving sensibly as we have proceeded; and, as we had not been a single day or even an hour absent from work during that period, there was no deduction for lost time. So that, besides being stronger, healthier and happier than we were before, we had each of us at the end of the fourth week from thirty to forty shillings more in our pockets than formerly. We rejoice, therefore, that we attended the first meeting, though we came to oppose it, and we mean to persevere as we have begun, and recommend all workingmen to follow our example."

The two teams of the Y. M. C. A play a game of foot ball at Lakeside park this afternoon. The line up is as follows: First team—Center rush, Bradley; right guard, Casso; left guard, Johnson; right tackle, Dick; left tackle, Hess; right end, Richter; left end, Ehrman; quarter back, Cohen; right half, Moring; left half, Lane; full back, Orff. Second team—Center rush, Motan; right guard, Birchard; left guard, Crawford; right tackle, Olds; left tackle, Shuls; right end, Evans; left end, Breeze; quarter back, Shere; right half, Mills; left half, Greenick; full back, Seavey.

C. H. Newton, of this city, gives the per capita circulation of coin and paper money, outside of the United States treasury, and not including bullion, for the years named as follows: 1865, $20 57; 1866 $18 99; 1887, $18.28; 1892, $21 44; 1893, $23 85; 1896, $21 10. He writes that his figures are taken from United States treasury department circular No. 123 issued July 1, 1896, on the authority of Secretary of Treasury Carlisle.

Arrangements are being made by the B. Y. P. U. social committee of the First Baptist church for a recital to be given by Miss Bertha Stinson, reader and impersonator, of Lafayette, Ind. The event will take place some time during the present month.

Most Famous Woman.

She is more talked about than any other woman living. She is in the papers every day in some part of this great country, and she is almost as much in the public eye in Europe as here, though not quite, for she belongs in the United States.

On Monday she was going home in the evening about dusk, when a fellow sprang from behind a tree, knocked her down, snatched her pocketbook out of her hand and ran away with it and was never caught.

Tuesday she stepped into a drug store to refresh herself with an ice cream soda. She laid her purse down upon the counter while she sipped the cooling drink with a spoon. When she went to pick it up, it was gone. Somebody had snatched it from the counter when she was not looking.

Wednesday she was going home from the bank, where she had just drawn out $2,000. She dropped it as she stepped out of the cab at her own door, forgetting for the moment that she had it. Somebody grabbed it quick as lightning, and she mourns to this day the loss of that big batch of money.

Thursday she went down town in a car to do some shopping. She put her purse on the seat beside her for a moment, forgot it when she left the car and never recovered it. The conductor swears in the most solemn manner that he "never seen nothing of it."

Friday she went to the club. Her pocketbook was in her lap. It slid to the floor when she got up to make a motion, and in her endeavor to follow out parliamentary usage strictly she never thought of it till the clubroom was empty and swept and garnished. She never heard of it again.

Saturday she stopped a moment to pat upon the head the dearest little doggie with a blue ribbon around its neck. While she did that a bold, bad thief snatched her pocketbook and made off with it.

Sunday, when she was going to put a crisp new dollar bill into the contribution plate, she found her purse was not at all in her lap, where she generally kept it. She must have dropped it when she went up the church steps.

She is the woman who carries her pocketbook in her hand.

The Briton is a man who stands up for his rights. He prides himself on it. When two small barges coming in opposite directions arrived lately at a lock of the Grand Junction canal in Northamptonshire, the captain of each vessel insisted on going through the lock first. Both could not go at the same time. It was not a matter of great importance, and anybody with any sense would have not cared a pin whether he or the other fellow went through that lock first. But these two sturdy British captains each determined in his mind that it would be a tremendous letting down of his dignity to back out and let the other one through. So at it they went and "jawed" each other 24 hours. They planted themselves squarely opposite one another, and neither would budge. Canalboat after canalboat arrived behind each one till there were more than 100 at the scene of action waiting to get through the lock, and still neither of the obstinate fools would back off. After a whole day had passed, and the hours had turned the quarter of the next one the owner of one of the barges ordered his captain to give way, and then only was the blockade broken. We have in America one creature with as much firmness as an Englishman. It is the mule.

The Manitoba school question was an important factor in turning over the Canadian government from Conservative to Liberal control. That being the case, the prospect is that the school question itself will be settled, if not to the satisfaction of all, at least so there will be no loud grumbling. The Protestants held out stiffly that there should be no division of the school fund, and there will not be. But in neighborhoods where there are as many as 50 Roman Catholic children one teacher of that faith shall be employed. If it is desired, religious instruction may be given in the schools at stated times, on petition of the taxpayers. In settlements where both English and French are spoken school instruction shall be imparted in both languages.

In another century the crude devices at present made by experimenters in air travel will appear as antiquated as the original piano or the original bicycle does now. Inventions for air travel are crowding one another thick and fast, and it is only a question of a little more time when one or more of them will be successful. If a machine can be made to rise of itself and then propel itself 800 feet through the air, it is only a matter of mechanical perfection of arrangement to make it fly 5 miles or 500. The possibility has been demonstrated. A flying ship lately undoubtedly rose in the air and moved forward 383 feet against the wind. This is enough to know. The rest will come.

In a quiet way, not unmixed with humor, the School of Economics of the University of Wisconsin has been doing something for American municipal government. It has prepared a set of 11 questions for whom it may concern. The questions make searching and delicate inquiry into the character and fitness for their office of the city councilmen, also as to corruption in office and the too liberal exercise of the franchise granting power.

Gladstone got his rise in public life not so much by his splendid talents as by his unquestioned and powerful earnestness in every issue he took up. His English was and is tremendous when he has been aroused. The name he recently applied to the sultan of Turkey was "The Great Assassin," and it will stick till the porte as a government shall be no more.

The nearer together producer and consumer can be, other things being equal, the greater prosperity there will be. It has been found, for instance, that the farmers who are near to factory districts become well to do selling their products to mill operatives. That old, original and wise Democrat, Andrew Jackson, said, "Plant the factory near the farm."

The man who has lost all faith in humanity is in a bad way. He ought to let a faith cure healer take a whack at him.

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS.

Our Fall Stock is now complete in every department.

Men's Overcoats and Suits.

Greatest values we have ever shown. Prices range from

$4.00 to $25.

OUR LINE OF Boys' and Children's Wear

A surprise to all.

A good durable Knee Pants Suit at $1.00 and upwards. We are sole agents for Neptune Anti-Pluie Boys Clothing, guaranteed water-proof. They have given universal satisfaction for the past three seasons.

Our Waterproof Boy.

LEHMAN'S.

IN THEIR PULPITS:

The Pastors of the Churches Will Be Tomorrow.

They Announce the Themes of Their Sermons and the Hours for the Different Services.

A good man living in the town of Brilliant, Ohio, has bought an omnibus which is dedicated to the service of Christ. This omnibus will hold twenty five people, and every Sunday morning it moves slowly down the three long streets of the town, a mile in length, stopping wherever signalled to gather in the people who are too young, or too old, or too feeble to walk to church. Ever so many people who have not been able to go regularly to church in a long time now have the opportunity. Of course the omnibus has to have horses to draw it, but its owner has a pair of fine ones who work during the week and take this three mile trip and back each Sunday for exercise. There are many places where a Sunday omnibus to church would be a blessing.

THE CHURCH SERVICES

St. Andrew's mission, on South Wayne avenue—Sunday school, 3 p. m.

Miss Sharp will lead the meeting at the Y. W. C. A. Sunday at 4 p. m. All women are cordially invited.

Trinity English Lutheran church—Preparatory service and communion at 10:30; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.; Luther league at 7; evening service at 7:30.

Railroad department Y. M. C. A.—Bible study, 3 p. m. Rev. A. K. Zartman will address the mixed meeting at 3:30 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

Services at the A. M. E. church, East Wayne street, at 10:30 a. m. 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E., 6:20 p. m. All are welcome. G. W. Brown, pastor.

Third Presbyterian Church.—Preaching at 10:45 a. m. Subject, "The Family." and at 7:30 p. m., subject, "Sincerity." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m.; Junior C. E. at 3:45 p. m. J. M. Boggs, pastor.

Trinity Episcopal church, corner of West Berry and Fulton streets, Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector—Litany, sermon and holy communion 10:45 a. m.; evening song service, with address, 4:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.

Bethany church, Nebraska, Rev. Geo. E. Davies, pastor—Morning services, 10:30 a. m.; Sabbath school rally, 3 p. m., special program; Y. P. S. C. E., 4 p. m.; evening services, 7:30 p. m., subject, "The Gold and Silver Standard."

Christ's Lutheran church, corner Jefferson and Webster streets—Sunday school, 9:30; morning service, 10:45; at 7:30 p. m. harvest home services by the children. You are cordially invited to these services. A. A. Hundley, pastor.

Welcome to the services at the Grace Reformed church tomorrow. Sermon at 10:30 a. m., "The Church Member's Duty to His Church." Evening service, 7:30; Sabbath school, 9:30; young people's service, 6:45 p. m. A. K. Zartman, pastor.

Calvary U. B. church, corner Lewis and Harmer streets, A. W. Ballinger, pastor—Quarterly meeting services conducted by Elder Miller. Preaching tonight at 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Y. P. C. U. at 6:30 p. m. All are cordially invited.

South Congregational church—Sunday school rally day. Special children's service with songs and recitations in which all the parents and friends are cordially invited at 10:15. This takes the place of the regular service. C. E. at 7 p. m. At 7:30 "The Art of Living With God." The Emerson quartet will sing fine numbers morning and evening. Rev. E. E. Frame, pastor.

Heidelberg Reformed, Harrison street, near Wayne; Rev. S. U. Snyder, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; public worship with sermons, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "True Confession; Before Whom Made;" evening subject, "The Great Deliverance; or, Out of Egypt"—the 61th Sabbath evening lecture in the series. Friends and strangers are welcome at Heidelberg.

Rev. J. H. Evans, presiding elder of Fort Wayne district, will conduct quarterly meeting, in the Bethel church, corner of Clinton and and Holman streets, as follows: Tonight, English preaching; Sunday at 10 a. m., German, followed by communion service; at 7:45 English. Young People's meeting will be held at 7 p. m., and Sunday school at 9:15 a. m. Strangers are cordially invited to attend. Pastor.

Quarterly meeting at Simpson M. E. church tomorrow. Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m., to be followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the evening there will be a sermon and consecration service. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Junior league at 2:30 p. m.; Epworth league devotional service at 6:30 p. m., led by A. W. Paschall. The pastor hopes to see a very full attendance of members at these services. Strangers invited and welcome. J. W. Paschall, pastor.

Wayne Street Methodist church, The Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bennett pastor. All the services as usual. The Sunday school will be held at 9:30 a. m.; the Junior League, at 3 p. m. The topic for the forenoon service will be the fourth commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In the evening the pastor will give an exposition of the law, "Honor thy father and thy mother." All services in the Sunday school room, entrance on Broadway. Everyone cordially invited.

Baptist Tabernacle, Rev. Llewellyn L. Henson, pastor. At 10:30 the pastor will preach his first anniversary sermon. Services at night as usual. Sunday school at 12:15 p. m.; Juniors at 3 p. m.; B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m. South Wayne mission Sunday school, 9 a. m.; Hanna street mission Sunday school, 9 a. m.; East Side mission Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; Bethel mission Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; German mission Sunday school, 3:30 p. m.; North Side mission Sunday school, 3 p. m. You are cordially invited to all these services.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:45 p. m.

German Baptist—Regular preaching services at the Zelt's hall Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Everybody welcome to all these services. By order of committee.

City Y. M. C. A.—Rev. S. U. Snyder will address men at 3:30 p. m. Subject: "A Vision of a New World." All men cordially invited. Charlie Brackenridge will have charge of the boys' meeting at 2:15. Everybody in the city welcome.

At Westminster church Rev. J. L. Leeper will preach at 10:30 a. m. on "Saving and Being Saved, or the Ends and Objects of the Westminster Brotherhood." Sunday school at 12 m.; St. Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Musical service at 7:30 p. m.

Farewell services at the Free Methodist church, 268 East Creighton avenue, Sunday at 10:30 a. m. General class at 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 7:30 p. m. Pastor preaches his farewell sermon. All are cordially invited to come. N. L. Stambaugh, pastor.

At the West Jefferson street Church of Christ tomorrow services will be held as usual in the Sunday school rooms. The subject in the morning will be "Christ in the Home." An interesting service will also be held in the evening. Entrance on Jefferson at [illegible]. Welcome to all. F. J. Rice, pastor.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Cass and Fourth streets, Edmund F. Albertson, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. Preaching by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. Rev. F. T. Simpson will preach at 7:30 p. m. and administer the sacrament. Epworth league devotional meeting at 7 p. m. The public is cordially invited.

At Plymouth Congregational church the communion service and reception of members at 10:45 a. m.; Sermon at 7:30 p. m., "The Resistible Hope." Special music by the quartet and by Prof. George Abesul Smith. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. and Christian Endeavor at 6:45 p. m. A wide welcome. J. Stuart Ainslie, minister.

St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. M. C. Cooper. Quarterly love feast at 9:30. Preaching at 10:30 by Rev. F. T. Simpson, followed with the sacrament of the Lord's supper and reception of members. Sunday school at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Epworth League devotional meeting at 6:30 and preaching at 7:30 by Rev. Henry Bridge, a former pastor of the church. An orchestra of thirteen instruments has been organized in the Sunday school and tomorrow afternoon Will Killen and Will Cutler will play a mandolin duet.

Berry street M. E. church, corner Harrison. C. C. Cissell, pastor. General class, 9:30 a. m.; sermon, 10:30 a. m., subject, "The Ark, or Provision for the Future"; Sunday school, 2:15; Junior League, 3:30; Epworth League devotional meeting, 6:30, Mrs. Stell. Mahler leader; sermon, 7:30, subject, "The Attitude of the Methodist Episcopal Church on the Temperance Question." The public most cordially invited to all our services. Special music at each service. Seats are all free. Strangers especially welcomed.

REFORMED CHURCHES.

Emanuel Reformed (German), corner Bass and Fairfield; Rev. W. H. Lahr, pastor. Sunday services, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Salem Reformed (German), Clinton, between Wayne and Berry; Rev. John Kuelling, D. D., pastor. Sunday services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. John's Reformed (German) corner Washington boulevard and Webster; Rev. J. H. Bosch, pastor. Sunday services at 10:15 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m.

German Lutheran Church Notices.

St. Paul's, on Barr Street—Sunday services, 10 a. m., Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Trinity, Corner Huffman and Oakland, Rev. J. A. Bohn, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Zion Lutheran—Corner Creighton avenue and Hanna, Rev. Henry Juengel, pastor. Services at 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

Emmanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson Street, Rev. Charles Gross, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. John's Evangelical, corner West Washington and Van Buren, Rev. Henry P. Dannecker, pastor—Sunday services, 10 a. m., 2 p. m. (in German) 7:30 p. m. (in English)

Roman Catholic Church Notices.

St. Paul's (German), Rev. Edward Koenig, Pastor, Corner Griffith and West Washington Streets—Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Joseph's Chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital)—Rev. Eissing, C. S. S., chaplain. Sunday services, 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. Weekly services, 8 a. m.

St. Peter's (German), Corner East DeWald and Warsaw, Rev. A. Messmann. Pastor—Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Patrick's—Corner DeWald and Harrison, Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor; Rev. B. F. Barrett, assistant pastor. Sunday services, mass 8 and 10 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Mary's (German) — Corner of Lafayette and Jefferson streets, the Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Rudolph Denk. Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception—Cathedral square, Calhoun street, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D. D., bishop; Very Rev. Joseph H. Brammer, Rev. J. R. Quinlan and Rev. Charles B. Guendling. Sunday services, 6, 8, 8:30 (children's service), and 10:30 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

TAKES A GERMAN.

QUEEN WILHELMINA OF HOLLAND SOON TO MARRY.

She Is Only Sixteen Years Old but Will Probably Marry Within the Present Year — Jealousy for the Germans.

IT HAS finally been settled who shall wed little Queen Wilhelmina, the 16-year-old queen of Holland, about whom there has been so much speculation since she has begun to grow up. Her second cousin, Prince Berhard Henry, a grandson of the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, is the lucky youth. He is a German prince and consequently the match is not enthusiastically viewed by the Dutch, who are afraid of German influence. This betrothal brings about a curious relationship. The grand duke's wife, the grandmother of the prince-consort-to-be, was a sister of Wilhelmina's father and an aunt of the young queen. She is the heir-apparent to the crown and in case Wilhelmina died without issue she or her eldest male descendant would succeed to the crown. Wilhelmina is personally very interesting; she is the last heir of a great dynasty; she is quick, bright and gracious and her Dutch subjects would not exchange her for any king that lived. Her parents' history is very romantic. Old King William III., her father, who died in 1889, left behind him a very unsavory reputation. In fact, he was about the only ruler of whom Holland has had cause to be heartily ashamed. He had his favorites like Louis XV. and was proud of the scandals afloat concerning him. He had no shame, no conscience and no scruples and no domestic affections—he was a satire on monarchy. His first wife, whom he married while he was yet prince of Orange, was Sophia, daughter of the king of Wurtemburg, and she managed to keep him within bounds till he succeeded to the throne and lost his head in his new-found freedom and great wealth. Two sons were born from this marriage, but the eldest died, wrecked by a career like his father's, while the second had a spinal disease which rendered him an invalid unfit for ruling. Sophia had died and at the age of 62 the king fell deeply in love with Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, who is now the widowed duchess of Albany. The princess laughed at the king when he asked for her hand.

QUEEN WILHELMINA.

The old king was sadly hurt and soon after heard the princess' younger sister, Emma, saying reproachfully: "Helen, I should never refuse to become a queen." The old king turned and saw a pretty girl of 18 and his fickle heart was once again smitten. As soon as possible he proposed, was accepted and almost immediately married. The young queen was childishly pleased with the state in which she lived in Holland and scandalized the courtier by clapping her hands and dancing with joy, but she soon learned dignity and proved herself entirely worthy of the high honor. She developed into a capable, majestic woman and since the death of her husband has ruled Holland as regent, while training her willful and headstrong daughter to be a queen as well as a woman.

Once when out driving with her little daughter, then but 7, the horses ran away and [illegible] them in the face. When the horses were caught by citizens and stopped at the palace the regent gave orders for them to be reharnessed. "If we do not start out again," said this Spartan mother, "my daughter will learn what fear is." Trembling like a leaf the little queen endured that second drive without a word of remonstrance.

Wilhelmina is of a very nervous, high-strung temperament and a doctor who has studied her says that the pace of her nervous emotions is such that she has already lived as much as some people of 30.

Until she was 4 Wilhelmina spoke nothing but French and was then taught other languages to the exclusion of German in deference to her father's wishes. It is rather a joke that she is now to marry a German prince.

His Last Name.

"Is your last name Walker, Sammy?"
"Naw. Walker was me name when I was borned an' they did'n' call me Sammy till four weeks later. Sammy's me las' name."

BACKACHE

WHY? Because your Liver and Kidneys are out of order.

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S LIVER AND KIDNEY BALM

is the "PEERLESS REMEDY" for curing ailments of the Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, Diabetes, Rheumatism and Bright's Disease.

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PRAISE FROM PULPITS.

Distinguished Clergymen Recommend People to Use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Grand Army Chaplain Buffum, Missionary to India Miller, Presiding Elder Walker, Praise Nervura. The Best Medicine You Can Take.

REV. E. J. MILLER, MISSIONARY TO INDIA.

There is nothing in the world so good to take to make you well and strong as Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Testimonials by thousands from all classes of people have been published, showing its marvelous effects in making the sick well, the weak strong, and now our clergymen have become interested and for the people's good urge them to use this wonderful cure, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, in order to get well, for they are convinced that it is the most valuable medicine in the world to-day.

Rev. E. J. Miller, of Albion, N. Y., the eminent divine, who represents the Boston Tremont Temple Society as missionary to India, was broken down with overwork, liver trouble and malaria, and is now on vacation, in search of health, has found both health and strength in the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura. He says:

"I returned to America broken in health, with a bad catarrh, neuralgia and stomach and liver trouble. The whole top of my head felt numb, so that at times I was robbed of my thinking powers, and could not do any work with ease. Having consulted a number of doctors and taken their medicines, I received no relief whatever.

"I was induced to try Dr. Greene's Nervura, which worked like a charm and produced the longed-for results. My head and whole system is now clean from catarrh, neuralgia and fever. I can now study and do my work with satisfaction. In fact, I feel like a new man in health and strength.

"I therefore feel it my duty and great pleasure to recommend this excellent remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, which certainly has done so much for me."

Rev. F. H. Buffum, of Winchester, N. H., who is Grand Army Chaplain for New Hampshire, says:

"The remedial effect of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy on the weakness and nervous prostration of my wife, was so positive and speedy, that we can heartily testify to its undoubted merits."

Presiding Elder Rev. J. W. Walker, of Fort Dodge, Iowa; Rev. C. D. R. Meacham, pastor Baptist Church, Townsend, Vt.; Rev. G. L. Wells, of Hardwick, Vt.; Rev. Henry Langford, of Weston, W. Va., and many other well-known ministers of the Gospel in all parts of the country, all of whom have been cured by this great remedy, enthusiastically urge the people to use Dr. Greene's Nervura by all means, if they wish to be sure of a cure, for health and strength always follow its use.

Remember that Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is no common patent medicine, but the prescription of one of our best-known physicians, the discovery of Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th St., New York City, the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, hence the medicine is of necessity perfectly adapted to cure. Dr. Greene also can be consulted free, personally or by letter, in regard to any case.

FRANK'S CHOICE The Finest 5c cigar made, Sold by all Dealers

Our Kitchen

No kitchen is kept cleaner than the premises devoted to the manufacture of NONE SUCH Mince Meat. No housewife can be more fastidious in the matter of preparing food than we are in the selection and preparation of the materials of which it is made. The cleaning of the currants (for one thing) is more thoroughly done by means of perfected appliances, than it would be possible to do it by hand.

Its cleanliness, purity, wholesomeness and deliciousness are good reasons for using NONE SUCH Mince Meat. The best reason is its saving—of time, of hard work, of money. A ten cent package affords you two large pies, without trouble to you beyond the making of the crust. Makes just as good fruit cake and fruit pudding as it does mince pie. Sold everywhere. Be sure and get the genuine.

Send your name and address, and mention this paper, and we will mail you free book—"Mrs. Popkins' Thanksgiving," by one of the most famous humorists of the day.

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PART SECOND.
ESTABLISHED 1833.
SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1896.
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DAY WITH A BEE LINER

On a Hunt For Wild Honey With Old Hamp.

HOW HE BOSS THE BUSY BEE.

Some Secrets of the Art as Divulged by a Veteran Honey Hunter—Lots of Patience and Much Knowledge of Woodcraft Required.

"Yes," said Old Hamp, "I cal'late ter do a leetle bee linin tormorrer, an I don't know as there's anything ter stop yer comin along if yer want ter."

This was not a very cordial invitation, but no one expected cordiality from Old Hamp. Was not he a genius, and was it not enough for a genius to say that he had no objection to having for companions ordinary, everyday persons who were so ignorant that they couldn't tell a bee line from a clothesline? Of course it was.

BAITING A BEE.

"Wild honey? Why," said one of his neighbors, "I believe Old Hamp can smell it miles away, and what he don't know about bees ain't wuth knowin nohow."

But Old Hamp was more modest. He firmly denied that he could smell honey at a distance of more than a dozen feet, and he said that he learned something new about bees every time he went on a hunt.

His preparations seemed extremely simple. First, he saw that a good substantial lunch was put in a basket. Then he ascertained that we had plenty of tobacco, both "smokin an eatin," also a good supply of matches. These arrangements being made to his satisfaction, he took down his bee box. This was a queer looking affair and looked more like a homemade kodak camera than anything else. It was about six inches deep and perhaps ten inches long. The top cover was of glass, arranged so that it would slide. In the bottom of the box Hamp put a good sized piece of honey in the comb.

We followed him out into the bracing autumn morning. After a walk of half an hour we turned from the main highway into a little used thoroughfare. Then we crawled through a pair of bars and struck straight across a pasture. This proved to be a short cut to a woods which led us to a clearing where the stumps were so thick that traveling was difficult.

"This is 'bout as likely a place as I knows on," remarked Hamp.

To my mind it was about as unlikely a place as he could have found, but I did not say so. The clearing had evidently been burned over the fall before, and from the rich soil had sprung up a wonderful growth of weeds. There were great billowy stretches of yellow goldenrod blazing in the forenoon sun with oriental splendor; splotches of purple where stood clumps of bull thistle in defiant ranks; tangles of wild asters, milkweed, vervain and other flowering growths that none but an expert botanist could name.

"Now for the bees," said Hamp.

Sliding back the glass cover from his bee box, he waded carefully among the nodding blooms, bending a searching glance on each. To the great blundering bumblebees he paid no attention. It was honeybees he was after. Finally, after a few moments' search, he found one of the little black workers busily exploring the concealed sweets of a tassel of goldenrod. Breaking off a little twig, Hamp gently brushed Mr. Bee into his box and shut the glass cover. Then he made his way to a stump, set the box on it and carefully covered it with his felt hat.

TRACING THE BEE LINE.

Then Hamp condescended to explain. He told us that Mr. Bee was a short tempered customer, and that he resented any interference with his work. Just at that moment he was as mad as he could possibly be. In fact, we could hear him buzzing around at a great rate inside the box trying to find a way out, and doubtless saying all sorts of things that strained his bee vocabulary to the utmost. Hamp said that the bee's anger would cool quicker in the dark than in the light. And it did cool in a few minutes, for soon Hamp, after carefully lifting the edge of the hat, told us that the bee had found the honey at the bottom of the box and was busily loading up his saddlebags.

"That fellow in the box," said Hamp, using a dialect that cannot be reproduced, "thinks he's struck a regular picnic. And so he has. He'll get more sweet stuff in five minutes than he could collect from flowers in an hour. He's so tickled over his find by this time that he has clean forgot all about the way he got in there. Now, we'll just leave him in there until he gets all he can carry, and then we'll let him go."

At the end of about two minutes Hamp shoved back the glass cover and allowed the bee a free exit. Soon after that the little fellow left off buzing and winged his way out. First he took a few circles around the box.

"He's locating that stump so he'll know right where it is when he comes back, and he's getting his bearings at the same time. Oh, you bet, he'll be back fast enough—just as soon as he has unloaded. Now he's off!"

All this time Hamp was standing in an alert attitude, his hand to his eyes, watching the bee's every movement. Mr. Bee had taken a straight course, a regular bee line, for the adjacent woods. When Hamp had watched him out of sight, he looked around until he had firmly fixed the direction the bee had taken. Then he sat down on a log and lighted his pipe.

"Yes, that feller has gone straight to his nest. It may be 100 rods away, and it may be a mile or two. Follow him? No use in that yet. You would lose sight of him before you got out of the clearing. I can tell when he gets back about how fur he's been by the time it takes him to make the trip. Do you know what he'll do? Well, he'll tell another worker about this private snap of his, and that fellow will spread the news."

After three-quarters of an hour of patient waiting, during which time Hamp had regaled us with wonderful tales about caves filled with tons of honey which he had heard about, but which he had never seen, he quietly remarked:

"Here he is, back again. And he's brought his mate along too."

Sure enough, when we looked into the box, two bees were at work. They loaded up and then started off in the same direction as the first bee had taken. After another long wait a bee showed up again, and he was followed by three more. The news had spread. It was slow work, though, waiting for them to make their round trips. Talk about a fisherman's patience, a successful bee hunter needs to have all of Job's chief virtue.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and we had emptied the lunch basket before Hamp was satisfied that he had established the line. By that time there was a regular procession of bees coming and going. Leaving the box where it was, we struck out after Hamp. He was going for the tree where the bees were depositing that honey of his. Across the clearing it was easy enough to trace the busy workers, but when we got into the woods it was different, and we would have soon wandered from the trail, but Hamp walked forward as steadily as if there had been a guideboard on every tree. More than half the time we could not catch sight of a bee, but it was only after we had tramped for half an hour that Hamp told us to watch the trees.

GETTING OUT THE HONEY.

It looked like searching in a haystack for a needle, but finally Hamp held up his hand and stopped. "Hear that!" he said. "We've struck it, I guess."

We did not hear a thing but the breeze singing in the tree tops, but Hamp evidently did, for he soon pointed out a big old maple with a burled trunk. Half way up was a knothole about as big as an apple. Flying in and out we could see the bees.

"Guess I'll just put my trademark on this tree," said Hamp as he opened his jackknife and proceeded to carve his initials in the bark, "and termorrer we'll come back and see how she pans out."

As we left the woods Hamp made a mental map of the tree's surroundings. We were tired enough that night and glad to hear that we were to ride part of the way next day. A very different outfit Hamp carried on the morrow. He had an ax, some sulphur and a couple of big milk cans. We rode as near the edge of the woods as possible and then carried our apparatus to the foot of the bee tree. First Hamp chopped a hole in the foot of the trunk and burned sulphur in the hollow. This killed the bees, and after that it was an easy job, comparatively, to chop the old maple down, split it open and take out the honey. There were about 75 pounds of pure wild honey in the tree.

"Pooty fair, pooty fair!" commented Hamp as he looked at the amber colored mass of ambrosial sweetness. "But I've got as high as 150 pounds at one lick before now."

But Hamp was probably trying to cool the enthusiasm to which we gave free reign as we made an impromptu feast on the proceeds of the find there in the heart of the woods.

SEWELL FORD.

Modesty In Income.

"You have a modest income?"

"Well, it's always more or less shy."—Detroit Tribune.

A Traveler's Tale.

Gad About (telling a story)—We worked at the pumps for an hour, till finally, by dint of desperate work, we—

Miss Under The—Saved the ship!

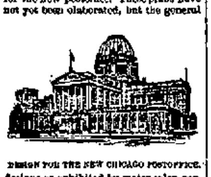
Gad About—No. Got the tires of our wheels full.—Truth.

ARCHITECTURAL GEM

CHICAGO'S NEW POSTOFFICE WILL BE A THING OF BEAUTY.

The Plans of Henry Irving Cobb Call For an Imposing Structure That Will Be an Ornament to the Western Metropolis. To Cost $7,000,000.

Some time after the beginning of the next century Chicago is to have a new postoffice building to take the place of the universally condemned structure which is now being demolished. If the new federal building is built according to the plans which are soon to be submitted to the authorities at Washington, it will be one of which Chicago will be proud for several generations to come. Henry Ives Cobb, a Chicago architect, who drew the designs for the beautiful Fisheries building at the World's fair and whose work is to be seen in many cities of the Union, is the man who was chosen to draw the plans for the new postoffice. These plans have not yet been elaborated, but the general designs as exhibited by water color perspective and outline of floor plans have met with hearty commendation from all sources.


DESIGN FOR THE NEW CHICAGO POSTOFFICE.

Mr. Cobb had to meet and overcome several difficulties in the contest—difficulties which architects seldom have to contend with. In the first place, there was a restriction which obliged him to cover the entire lot upon which the old postoffice stood. This meant a building 361 feet by 321 feet.

In the second place, this government plot was located in the heart of what will inevitably be a group of the tallest skyscrapers in Chicago. The advance guard of this group—the Monadnock—had already dwarfed the old federal building into insignificance, and other equally tall buildings were planned and will soon be erected. To prevent the new structure from sharing a like fate was the problem that Mr. Cobb found before him. To erect a 20 or 30 story building which should cover the immense lot was manifestly out of the question. Yet the land had to be covered. The architect's solution seems wonderfully simple now that it is completed. His design is for a two story building which shall extend to the sidewalk bounds, supporting as a base a cross shaped structure rising six stories higher, with a tower located in the axis of the arms and rising to a height which it is doubtful if any office building will exceed.

There are several features about this design which make it appropriate. The general appearance of such a building would be one of a lofty pyramid. The two story structure would fulfill the government requirement concerning the covering of the lot and would give ample floor space for the postoffice work proper as well as providing natural light both from windows on the street and by means of skylights. The first floors of office buildings are generally dark, gloomy and undesirable. Four big skylights are to remove this feature from the new federal building.

Of course the four wings of the building will be admirably lighted, for their walls will be pierced by numerous big windows, which, instead of facing on a narrow street, will look out on an air space fully 100 feet wider than an ordinary street. The central portion of the building, 100 feet square, will be lighted by a big skylight in the flat top of the central tower.

The two story structure will be 42 feet high, the pediments 128 feet high, and the row of bronze eagles around the top of the tower will look out over the city at an elevation of 270 feet above the sidewalk. In looking at the building the eye will first take in the magnificent proportions of the base, stretching from block to block; then it will rest on the four pediments, follow them to a common center and watch them develop into the octagon tower, which in turn will be capped by a golden dome rising with graceful curves to an imposing height and being crowned with a corona.

HENRY IRVING COBB, THE ARCHITECT.

At the corners of the lower structure will be pieces of statuary effectively placed, and there will be more bronze figures perched on the square corners of the tower, just above the points where the roofs of the pediments jut out. The four street ends of the wings will be relieved by four stone pillars 40 feet high. The structure is to be built of granite, and it is now estimated that it will cost about $7,000,000. It will not be completed before 1900, even if there are no unlooked for delays.

G. T. BAXTER.

Entirely In Accord.

She—I hate to hear a girl when she is out walking with a young man make any suggestion about how fond she is of ice cream soda, don't you, Mr. Walsingham?

He—Indeed I do, Miss Atherton. By the way, won't you step in here and have an ice cream soda now with me?—Somerville Journal.

The Best They Could Do.

"I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning," said the wrathful citizen.

"Yes," said the official of the water company, "that is the best we can do just at present. We can't afford to furnish fish. All we are able to furnish is bait."—Indianapolis Journal.

SUCCEEDS SATOLLI.

ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI, THE NEW PAPAL DELEGATE.

The Head of the Augustinian Order Throughout the World—His Training and Accomplishments—He Speaks English and Has Visited This Country Before.

The Most Rev. Sebastiano Martinelli, who recently arrived in this country from Rome and who succeeds Cardinal Satolli as papal delegate, is to play an important part in a large number of affairs of more or less public interest here. He is therefore a man in whose personality and character there is much general interest.

In the first place, he is a man of middle age, being in his forty-eighth year, and looks even younger than he really is. He has a frank, genial manner, in which there is not a trace of that pompous dignity sometimes assumed by church dignitaries. He is first of all a student. He has come in contact with the outside world but little, for most of his life has been spent in Rome, where, in the narrow confines of his cell, his books were his most constant companions. In church politics he has taken no hand, but the leadership of his order and the prominent position which he now holds have been forced upon him not a little against his will. There is not much doubt, so the intimate friends of Father Martinelli assert, that he would rather be today back at the convent of St. Monica, a humble friar, coming in contact with none but fellow monks, than here in the new world, laden with all the responsibility which the personal representative and mouthpiece of the pope must bear.

Sebastiano began his clerical career when he was 16 years old. At that age he was sent from his birthplace, Borgo St. Ann, near Lucca, Italy, to Rome, where he entered the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, commonly known as the Augustinian order, which is one of the four great mendicant orders of the Catholic church. Of the five boys in his family he was the third one to become a Black Friar, the eldest being the late Cardinal Martinelli.

At the age of 23 he was ordained to the priesthood. For 17 years he studied and taught in the convents of his order at Rome, and one day, much to his surprise and little to his gratification, he found that he had been chosen as prior general of the order. He has filled the high position, however, with great credit and has been honored by being made a member of the holy office, that select and supreme tribunal at Rome which claims as its prefect the pontiff himself.

ARCHBISHOP MARTINELLI.

When the new dignity of apostolic delegate to America was offered him, he is said to have declined twice, and only accepted when commanded to do so. Doubtless he knew all about the opposition which Cardinal Satolli met when he first came here, and, being of a retiring disposition, shrank from a similar experience. But it is probable that he has found out by this time that the ice has been well broken. The antagonism which some Catholics in America expressed toward the sending of any papal delegate at all has been squelched. They understand that the office is to be a permanent one, and many of those who said harsh things about Satolli now wish they hadn't, for it is a serious matter to oppose the will of the sovereign pontiff.

Then, again, Satolli was ignorant of the language of the people among whom he was sent with so much power. Father Martinelli, on the other hand, speaks English perfectly and is familiar with the character of the people who compose at least two-thirds of the church's strength in this country. All of this he learned while a professor of theology in the Irish Augustinian college in Rome. No one need be surprised, in fact, if the new delegate, in spite of his Italian birth, betrays a decided brogue when he speaks in English. He has paid at least one visit to America before, for he was here in 1894, at which time he presided over the chapter of the Augustinian order which was held at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Although the new delegate is entitled to be called monsignore and is spoken of as Archbishop Martinelli, he has never performed the duties even of a bishop. He was given the rank of archbishop before being appointed delegate in order that it might not be said by sensitive bishops that a common priest had been set over them. His archdiocese, however, is a mythical one and is expressed in his title by the words "in partibus infidelium," or "in the regions of the unbeliever."

It has also been suggested that there would be opposition to Mgr. Martinelli because he is a monk and not a "regular," but this is not likely to develop. As before hinted, open opposition has not been found profitable by the American bishops, and it is likely that the new delegate will find his work pleasant and agreeable.

ANDREW DOWNS.

A Mystery.

"I'd like to ask one thing," said the cross boarder.

"What is it, please?" asked the landlady.

"How did you get this steak cooked so hard without even getting it hot?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Do not be flabby in your mind. Brace up.

SPAIN'S NEW REBEL.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS REVOLT AGAINST HER IRON RULE.

Another Case of Taxation Without Representation—Interesting Features of the Islands—A Land of Lotus Eaters Where Work and Taxes Are Unpopular.

If the Spanish have any old saw corresponding to "it never rains but it pours," they are probably using it quite freely now, for right in the midst of their frantic endeavor to retain their grasp on Cuba comes the revolt in the Philippines, another faroff possession whose fertile isles have for more than two centuries enriched the coffers of the Spanish crown. But Spain has used the Philippines exactly as she has used Cuba and her other colonies, merely as sources of revenue, from which were wrung the very last pesetas that could be squeezed out.

We seldom hear much about the Philippine islands except when an unusually severe earthquake occurs there and kills some hundreds of natives. On the average map the group is represented by a half dozen islands of varying size and a sprinkling of little dots which are not named, but which give us to understand in an indefinite sort of way that there are a lot of little islands there besides. And there are a lot of them—about 1,200. The exact number is not known. Even Spain does not know, for the geographers have not taken the trouble to count them. They range in size from Luzon, which is 550 miles long and 130 miles wide, with an area larger than that of the state of Illinois, to little islets hardly big enough to accommodate more than one native hut.

Only 400 of these islands have a permanent population, but those that are inhabited are so densely populated that it is estimated that 8,000,000 persons live on them. Over all these Spain holds nominal sway, but there are millions of islanders who never heard of Spain and know no king but the obscure savage monarch who rules over the particular tribe to which they belong. In the larger islands, where there is a certain sort of civilization, the power of Spain is felt, however. A governor general appointed in Madrid and sent from there rules for the boy king over the group, and under him are hundreds of Spanish officials who, with garrisons of fully 15,000 soldiers, exact outrageous taxes from every inhabitant within reach.

A HALF CASTE MESTIZA.

The largest city in the Philippines is Manila, the capital of Luzon. The nearest port to it on the mainland is Hongkong, which can be reached by a sail of 60 hours on a P. and O. steamer. Manila and its suburbs have a population of about 350,000, of whom only about 10,000, including troops, government officials and the clergy, are European. The number of English speaking people in the island is but a few hundred, Spanish being the commercial and official language. The rest are mostly Malays, Chinese, natives and half castes.

Although Manila seems to us to be in such a faraway corner of the earth, it is in daily communication by steamer and cable with the rest of the world, and doubtless the result of our coming presidential election will be published there before it is in some of the smaller towns of our own country, although but a handful of islanders will deign to read the item. If it were not for the earthquakes, occasional typhoons and regular epidemics of cholera, Manila would be an ideal spot to live in. For a tropical country, the climate is delightful. As for the country itself, it is a regular garden of Eden, where all sorts of edible luxuries grow in abundance.

The natives are lazy, but pleasant and unaggressive folk, who would be perfectly happy if Spain did not compel them to work occasionally to pay the capita tax, which is assessed with liberal hand. Business is mostly monopolized by the Chinese. They are the merchants, and many of them become rich. The half castes, or Mestizas, are the producing class. They own big sugar and tobacco plantations and often become extremely wealthy. The picture accompanying this article is that of a 16-year-old Mestizas girl who is heiress to $3,000,000. She is just at the marriageable age, too, so you see the Philippines would not be a bad place for an accomplished fortune hunter to visit. She would make a good wife, too, for she has been educated by a French governess and knows how to dress with good taste. The waist she wears is an article known in Manila as a pina corsage. It is made of pineapple fiber and is worth $1,000. There are other things beside sealskin sacks which are expensive. She probably is betrothed to a young Mestizas dude, however, who wears a high collar, the regulation full dress, and, according to the custom of his class, allows the tails of his white shirt to fall gracefully outside his trousers after the Chinese mode.

S. P. SCHENCK.

Excitement.

"Terrible excitement in the curio hall."

"Yes?"

"Yes, somebody yelled fire, and the two headed girl lost both of them."

The laughing hyena, having an acute sense of the absurd, thought he would do nothing but die.—Detroit Tribune.

A Thing of Dread.

Mrs. Wickwire—The grocer was here with his bill today. Hadn't you better stop in and settle it as you go down town?

Mr. Wickwire—I think I shall send you. If I go in and pay it, he will insist on treating me to one of his cigars.—Indianapolis Journal.

Saved.

Smurls—Say, old man, can I talk to you for a moment?

Crurls (dejectedly)—What is it?

Smurls—Can you loan me a fiver?

Crurls (joyously)—Certainly, old boy. I thought you were going to explain the political muddle to me.—New York Herald.

A PROSPECTIVE SENATOR.

Career of Judge Joseph H. Earle of South Carolina.

Judge Joseph H. Earle, who will succeed J. L. M. Irby as United States senator from South Carolina, has been for 20 years in the very center of the redhot political activity which is peculiar to the Palmetto State. He has been a lifelong Democrat, but is not identified with either of the national factions of that party just at present, which neutral position seems to have added to his popularity. His whole life has been an extremely active one.

JOSEPH H. EARLE.

Born in Greenville, S. C., 49 years ago, he left school at the age of 17 to enter the Confederate army. He served to the end of the war in Kemper's artillery. When peace was declared and he had given up his sword, he returned to Greenville, entered the university, was graduated and spent several years teaching school and studying law. Five years after he had discarded shoulder straps he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of his profession.

Judge Earle's public service began in 1878, when he was elected to the state legislature. He served in that body until 1880, when he declined a re-election. In 1882 he was elected to the state senate, but in 1886, before his term as senator had expired, he was elected attorney general of the state, being re-elected in 1888. In 1890 he made an exciting canvass for governor against Benjamin R. Tillman, but was unsuccessful. In 1894 he was elected circuit judge and still holds this office.

Some of his campaign experiences have been exciting and interesting. His life has often been threatened by his political opponents, and on one occasion he slapped the candidate for governor in the face on a public platform. He practically threw away the governorship in 1888 by declining to allow his name to be used in the convention because of a previous promise to another candidate that he would not oppose his nomination.

SONS OF VETERANS.

The Record of James L. Rake, the New Commander In Chief.

James Lewis Rake, the new commander in chief of the Sons of Veterans, is a prominent young business man of Reading, Pa., and has taken an active part in the work of the organization since it was started in that city 15 years ago. He has seen the national association grow from a small nucleus to an organization numbering nearly 100,000 members.

Colonel Rake was born in Pottsville, Pa., Nov. 20, 1855, but has spent most of his life in Reading. He began his business career as an employee of the Reading Railroad company. He rose to be manager of the drafting department and finally established himself in business as a contractor for iron and steel construction.

In 1884 he became captain of a Sons of Veterans' camp and the next year was appointed aid-de-camp on the staff of General Frank P. Merrill, then commander in chief. He was sent to the commandery in chief encampment at Buffalo in 1886 and there was elected lieutenant general. Subsequently he served for two terms as a member of the council in chief.

JAMES L. RAKE.

In 1888, when the Pennsylvania division became involved in serious financial difficulties, Colonel Rake was appointed by Commander In Chief Abbott to the provisional command. By the hardest kind of work he was able to bring order out of chaos, save the organization from disruption and wipe out a debt of $1,700. He was unanimously elected division commander after this.

Commander In Chief Rake is a Mason of high standing, an Elk, a Knight Templar and a member of several other secret societies, in all of which he has held positions of honor and trust. There are now 29 states represented in the national organization of the Sons of Veterans, which has a like number of state departments and 2,000 camps. The members are all lineal descendants over 18 years of age of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors or marines who served in the civil war. The next annual encampment is to be held at Indianapolis.

There seems to be peculiar political activity in the natural gas belts.

CLAIMS THE THRONE.

THE ROMANTIC HISTORY OF DON CARLOS, THE PRETENDER.

He Is the Third of the Line of Claimants to the Spanish Crown—His Partisans Are Evidently Preparing For Another Uprising.

Poor Spain! With her hands full in looking after rebellious colonies, she is threatened with a revival of an ancient civil strife which has many times drenched the land in blood. With her troops fighting desperately to retain Cuba, with more soldiers needed for the revolutionists in the Philippines and with Puerto Rico already to break loose comes the long silent Don Carlos threatening to make one more frantic bid for the throne.

Of course to the average American it would seem somewhat unpatriotic for Don Carlos to plunge Spain into civil strife just at this critical period, when the rich islands which she has held so long and so tenaciously may be swept away. But the gallant Carlos meets this in a very ingenious manner. He says he is perfectly free to choose any opportune moment to assert his rights. There is every indication, too, that the Carlists think that identical moment is not far off. The recent action of the Carlist deputies in withdrawing from the chamber is significant and gives color to the rumor that all Carlist adherents throughout Spain have been warned to prepare for a call to arms.

Just who this Don Carlos is who claims a right to rule over the Spaniards instead of the boy King Alfonso XIII may possibly have been lost sight of. It is a story as old and as romantic as any connected with modern events. The royal row dates back to the beginning of the present century, when Ferdinand VII was closing a troubled reign. Ferdinand found little comfort in his crown. He had just got to reigning nicely when Napoleon gobbled up his kingdom and made him resign in favor of Joseph Bonaparte. Ferdinand remained a prisoner in France until the downfall of the first empire, and then he was restored to his throne. He found Spain a hotbed of political excitement, and, being a man of weak mind, he was bandied back and forth between the crown supporters and the popular parties.

Almost all that Ferdinand was industrious in pursuing was marriage. Within the space of 28 years he married five wives in succession. The last one, Princess Christina of Naples, was a woman of much strength of mind as well as great personal attractions. She became the mother of his first child, a daughter. If the child had been a boy, all would have been well and the Carlist war would have never been fought. But it was a girl, and the girl's mother was ambitious. Before King Ferdinand died Queen Christina had persuaded him to disinherit his brother, Don Carlos, count of Molina, in favor of her infant daughter.

DON CARLOS.

Now up to 1830 Don Carlos had been regarded as the heir apparent, and he naturally objected to being shoved aside. The Salic law, which declared against the rule of women in Spain, was with him and against the queen, but she promptly had the law repealed. Soon after Ferdinand died in 1833 the baby Princess Isabella was declared queen of Spain and Christina was appointed regent.

Then the Carlist war broke out in all its fury and raged for years with varying fortunes for both sides. The Carlists fought ferociously, but the odds were against them, and finally, in 1839, Don Carlos, the original claimant to the throne, quitted the country. It was then thought that Isabella, then a little girl not yet in her teens, would be left undisturbed to reign. And so she would had the new dynasty been conducted with ordinary prudence.

But the scandals which brought Queen Christina's regency to a premature close kept alive the hopes of the pretender's partisans. Then in 1855 the original Don Carlos died. Another Don Carlos, his son, rose up and began to plot with even more vigor than had his father. In 1860 he made an attempt to stir up Valencia and, with his brother, was arrested. The two young men were released, however, after having signed a renunciation of all claims to the Spanish throne. The next year saw the end of the second pretender.

Then came the third and present Don Carlos, a nephew of the second pretender. Again the Carlists rallied around a new leader. In 1869, 1870 and 1872 there were uprisings, but they were all speedily suppressed. In 1873, however, Don Carlos took the field himself, and this proved to be a more formidable affair. For three years the Basque provinces were kept in the greatest confusion, but in 1876 the revolt was finally crushed, and the simple Basques, who had not diplomacy enough to abandon the leader of a cause already lost, were deprived of the last vestige of their ancient privileges.

Don Carlos took refuge in Paris and issued from there a bombastic pronunciamento. He expressed sympathy with the Legitimists, however, and was expelled from France in 1881. He went to London and since then has alternated between Venice and Viareggio, where he has splendid establishments.

Twice has Don Carlos replenished his purse by a fortunate marriage. His first wife was the Princess de Bourbon, with whom he lived for years in poverty. The death of his wife's uncle and aunt brought them a big inheritance, but when the princess died, three years ago, it was found that Don Carlos had squandered the most of it. In 1894 he startled his Legitimist followers in France by his marriage to the wealthy Princess de Rohan, who is 20 years younger than he and has in her veins the blood of several royal houses. This marriage makes him not only the Carlist leader, but placed him at the head of the Bourbon descent.

ALFRED R. ROWLEY.

He'd Done His Duty.

He had done his duty.

He smiled with conscious pride. His chest puffed out, and he trod the earth with elate footsteps.

His very air convinced those around him that no dipterous insects could find any lodgment on his person.

He had done his duty.

A glow irradiated his countenance, and at times he laughed aloud.

Twice or thrice he roared with jollity.

He had done his duty, and was proud of it.

"Say," he said to some of his acquaintances who had met him at the steamer landing, as they repaired to a near by saloon, "them custom house inspectors are blind as beetles. Did I do 'em? Well, watch me!"

Unbuttoning his vest, he disclosed several layers of silks. From his pocket he extracted about half a dozen diamonds of the first water, and he passed around samples of some cigars of which he said he had 1,000 more at the bottom of his trunks.

He had done his duty with a vengeance.—New York Sunday World.

FOR VARSITY RACES.

Another Windfall Gives Wolf Lake to Chicago University.

Through the generosity and enthusiasm of Mrs. Elizabeth Roby of Chicago the Chicago university is to be given the use of half a million dollars' worth of property, which will provide an ideally situated inland lake biological station and a fine boat course for the varsity crew. Mrs. Roby is the wife of a wealthy lawyer who is in hearty sympathy with the enterprise, but who has allowed her to manage the affair. The Robys own a large tract of land around Wolf lake, a pretty little body of water near Chicago. They also have two sons who are students at the university, and both of the young men are much interested in rowing, Charles having been stroke oar of the crew and his brother having been commodore of the boat fleet.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROBY.

Wolf lake is owned by the Sheid brothers, who use it for ice cutting purposes. Mrs. Roby induced Mr. C. H. Sheid to take an interest in her project of providing the university boys with a rowing course, and he promised to do so. As a result of these arrangements the university trustees have been tendered the use of the lake and have been promised a boathouse, which Mr. Sheid is to build. He has also offered to furnish the necessary buildings for a complete biological station on the shore of the lake, this being a subject in which he has long been interested. Mr. Sheid has taken a great interest in the work of the university and has made several previous contributions in a quiet way.

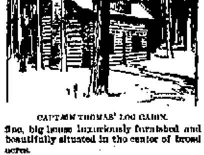
For a long time the university crew has been looking for a suitable boat course, and the one on Wolf lake will be just what is required. A channel 300 feet wide and about 2 miles long has been dredged out for the purpose of having the ice clear, and this furnishes an excellent short course.

A site for a biological station has also been long wanted by the university, and Wolf lake offers every natural advantage for experiment and study in this science. The region is also full of interest to the botanist and to the geologist. There is no doubt that the generous offer will be gratefully accepted, and the university will soon be equipped with the finest experimental station of the kind in the world.

LIKES HIS LOG CABIN.

Captain Thomas Built It Himself and Prefers It to His Mansion.

Many men have exchanged a log cabin for a mansion, but it remained for Captain F. K. Thomas of Berkeley, Cal., to voluntarily desert a mansion to live in a log cabin which he had built with his own hands. Captain Thomas is the president of a big soap manufacturing concern, and, up to a short time ago, he inhabited a fine, big house luxuriously furnished and beautifully situated in the center of broad acres.


CAPTAIN THOMAS' LOG CABIN.

But the captain several years ago conceived the idea that he would like to live over again some of the experiences that he enjoyed when, as a pioneer, he first settled in California. Near his mansion was a large grove of eucalyptus trees, and among these he determined to build a house in which he could be comfortable. It was nearly five years ago that he began the work, using only such time as he could spare from business and employing no one to help him. First he chopped down some of the great trees and cleared the ground for the foundation. The logs were allowed to season for a year, and then the work was fairly started.

Early and late the rich man worked, chopping, sawing and piling the logs one on the other. Slowly the walls rose, but they were substantial walls, more solid than those of his expensive mansion. It was a good, roomy cabin, too, not one of your little one room affairs. On the first floor he planned three rooms, and one large room for the second floor. A big log fireplace, with a carefully tiled floor, gave him the hardest kind of work to complete, but he finished it after three months of steady labor.

Captain Thomas had no sooner got his cabin in shape than he moved his bed into it and has lived there ever since, much to the surprise of the servants and many of his neighbors. In these few rooms, however, Captain Thomas has collected almost everything which he values highest. He was a captain in the Union army during the civil war and has been an ardent collector of war relics for many years. These he has arranged about the lower rooms in profusion. There are flags draped from every possible corner and swords and old muskets placed around in picturesque confusion.

Upstairs, where the captain spends most of his time when he is in the cabin, there are more flags and the old uniform and sword which the captain wore during the war. Here among his treasures the wealthy manufacturer lives in frontier simplicity, but he keeps open his big mansion, located only a short distance away, for the purpose of entertaining his friends.

The Doleful Bachelor.

"Why," asked the sweet young thing, "why do they say that love is of the heart?"

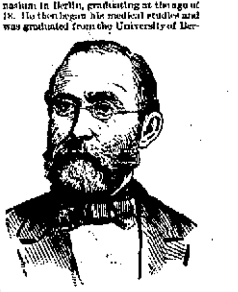
"To show," said the doleful bachelor, "to show that the brains have nothing to do with it."—Indianapolis Journal.

TO HONOR DR. VIRCHOW.

Preparing For a Notable Celebration of His Seventy-fifth Birthday.

The scientific world is preparing to pay signal honor to that renowned German physician Rudolph Virchow on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, which is to be celebrated in Berlin on Oct. 13. Eminent scientists from every important country in the world, including the United States, are gathering at that city to present gifts and congratulations to the veteran student and statesman. In Germany the day will be one of national importance, in such esteem is Dr. Virchow held in his own land. It is not often that a nation expresses its affection for a living hero.

Rudolph Virchow was born Oct. 13, 1821, at Schivelbein, a small town in Pomerania. He was educated at the gymnasium in Berlin, graduating at the age of 18. He then began his medical studies and was graduated from the University of Berlin in 1843. From the beginning of his medical career to the present day he has been in the habit of occasionally startling the scientific world with some new discovery or theory. The study of disease he has made a special feature of his work and the volumes which he has written concerning his investigations in this direction are among the most valuable which the modern school of medicine has at its command. His conception of cellular processes introduced wholly new and most fertile ideas as to all the phenomena of disease. This invaluable contribution to pathology would alone have made him famous, but his researches in other fields have produced equally brilliant results. In 1856 he was appointed professor of pathological anatomy at Berlin, and this position he still holds.


RUDOLPH VIRCHOW.

In political life Professor Virchow has also been an active figure, and he has been a brave and outspoken leader on the side of progress and liberality. At one time he had Bismarck as an opponent, and the controversy became so heated that it was rumored the scientist and the Iron Chancellor were to fight a duel, but this never occurred. He was for many years a member of the municipal council of Berlin, and it is due largely to his influence that the sanitary condition of that and other German cities has been so much improved. His political activity he never allowed to interfere, however, with his scientific pursuits, which he always regarded as his preferred serious labor, although he often said that it seemed more like recreation to him than work.

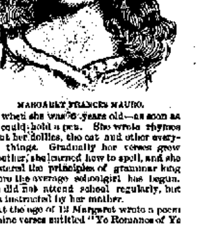
A CHILD POET.

Margaret Mauro Has Won Fame at Fourteen With Her Verses.

Margaret Frances Mauro is a little girl who lives in Washington, and who is just now hailed as the "child poet." Margaret is not one of those prematurely old children who betray their precocity in both speech and appearance. In fact, she is precocious in nothing besides her ability to write poetry. It is real poetry too. Some of it has been printed in St. Nicholas, and she has been paid for it. Here is her "Sonnet to a Purple Pansy:"

O lovely flower, loveliest of thy kind,
  Fair as the purple cloud that sunset decks,
  A beauteous blossom of thy gentle sex,
A bit of fragrance, budding on the wind,
A storehouse for the honey gathering bee.
  Now early smiling with coquettish grace,
  Now with a lonely look upon thy face,
An upward glance of grace, sweet purity,
A drop of purple dew that gleams, then fades,
  Sets upon earth's green breast another gem.
  Then, lifeless, hangs upon its withered stem,
Drops, and the grassy woodland dells and glades
Know it no more—forget it did exist,
But in my heart, O flow'r, thou art for ever missed.

But Miss Margaret has not always written as good verse as this. She began rhyming when she was 6 years old—as soon as she could hold a pen. She wrote rhymes about her dollies, the cat and other everyday things. Gradually her verses grew smoother; she learned how to spell, and she mastered the principles of grammar long before the average schoolgirl has begun. She did not attend school regularly, but was instructed by her mother.


MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.

At the age of 12 Margaret wrote a poem of nine verses entitled "Ye Romance of Ye Oldente Tyme." It was so smooth and musical that it attracted the serious attention of her father, who is a patent lawyer. He sent this poem, with several others, to the editor of St. Nicholas, asking for an opinion as to their merit. The editor's opinion was a very flattering one, and he offered to buy and print the poems. They appeared recently, much to Margaret's delight.

Miss Mauro is not yet 14 years old. She has lately returned from France, where she has spent a year, accompanied by her mother, in studying French. She bears her poetical honors modestly and devotes as much time as ever to playing with her dolls.

Thanksgiving For Rain.

In most of the London churches on a recent Sunday night special thanksgivings were offered up for the rain that had fallen.

The Change.

"What changes time makes! Two years ago, when he married her, he was dead broke."

"Well, how are things now?"

"She is in the same condition."—Detroit Free Press.

An Itching Palm.

Private—May I have a furlough for a day? We slaughter our hogs tomorrow.

Sergeant—All right. If you want to stay a day or two longer, just send me word, but wrap it up carefully.—Fliegende Blatter.

Fort Wayne Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1896.

A CONVICT CAPITALIST

His Wealth Gave Jim Winters a Deal of Trouble.

HOW HE HID, LOST AND FOUND IT.

Queer Experience of a Hardened Old Felon at Folsom Prison—Has Seventeen Years to Serve and Then Hopes to Start a Duck Ranch.

Buoyed up with the thought of ending his turbulent, crime streaked days on a duck ranch, old Jim Winters, a four time convict at Folsom prison, in California, is patiently grinding out the weary years. Jim is unusually well fixed for a felon. He once had money to feed to the prison rats, besides which he now has a tidy bank account. Winters loved money, but he loathed work, so the shiftless James went forth and burgled and assaulted to kill nice folks who never did anything to him. He got coin, also 22 years of time thrown in, which is sometimes reckoned as money; hence the delay in getting the duck ranch started. The money that was fed to the rats forms the basis of a picturesque prison story, an interesting tale of criminal cunning, cupidity and patient waiting, in which the aged convict finally triumphed.

JIM WINTERS.

When Winters entered Folsom, in 1885, presumably for the last time, he had $150 in greenbacks sewed up in the sleeves of an old brown coat. He had quarried rock at Folsom before and knew that in cold weather the prisoners were allowed coats. Any old coat will do. If an inside man has a comfortable garment, it is given to a man outside in the weather.

Jim was well aware of this arrangement and had prepared himself accordingly. But his provident plans received a setback. He had served three terms and was classed as an incorrigible. So he was placed in the dungeon. There he remained in utter solitude for 791 days, harassed by doubts and fears of the most aggravating description. The coat had been given to another prisoner.

In time there came a change at the prison. Warden Aull succeeded Warden McComb. The new official took pity on Jim, and the old man was relieved from the irksome confines of a dungeon cell on Jan. 14, 1889. They placed him in charge of the limehouse, a small wooden structure in the center of the prison yard where the whitewashing appliances are kept. Even before he was regularly installed in this position of trust and responsibility Jim had his weather eye peeled for the old brown coat, but it was many weary days before he caught a glimpse of it. It wouldn't do to ask questions among the 900 convicts, many of whom were as crafty as himself, so Jim had simply to watch and wait.

At last one day Jim caught sight of his perambulating bank. It passed the limehouse on the back of a big Mexican horse thief who worked on a derrick in the quarry. Though somewhat changed, Jim recognized the coat. It had been patched here and there, and the man with money on deposit noticed, with a sinking heart, that the cuffs had been renewed with strips of horse blanket. However, he took hope, for, as a rule, convicts do not cut away the frayed portions of a garment. They simply sew the patch on the outside and let it go at that.

Jim was nearly two weeks recovering possession of the coat that had been among strangers two years. The line of prisoners marching to and from the quarry to meals and to bed passes the limehouse, where Jim had his assistants fall in. It is only a walk of 100 yards, and Jim had to exercise great caution. Watching his chance, he would drop in behind the Mexican, and in that way gradually worked up an acquaintance. He also complained of cold and the need of a heavier coat, and in time made a dicker with the horse thief, in which smoking tobacco figured largely on one side.

Thus Jim recovered possession of his money after it had passed through at least 20 pairs of hands, as the coat had been very popular on cold days. He stowed the money away on his person for the sake of being near it for a few months, and then, finding that his job in the limehouse was a permanent engagement, he rolled the bills up in a bit of rag and hid them in the building. There the treasure remained for about five years, drawing no interest, but safe, as Jim thought.

One day, however, when the burglar went to look for his money the roll was gone. His natural conclusion was that some other convict had stumbled across the hiding place. Still Jim said not a word, figuring that the thief would again hide the money. So he kept on mixing whitewash and probing around in nooks and crannies when the chance offered. At the expiration of eight months, to his great joy, Jim fished his precious dollars out of a rathole, but the bills were in a fearful state of mutilation. Each bill retained its original size and shape, but the nibbling had reduced them to miniature lace curtains, so far as the fabric was concerned.

In one corner of the limehouse the cooks had thrown their empty fruit and vegetable cans. There were at least 2,000 in the pile, one of which Jim selected as a safety deposit box on the theory that rats are unable to bite through tin. After carefully placing his money in the can Jim hid it in the rear of the pile in such a manner that he could easily locate that particular can. Here the money remained undisturbed for another two years.

One night a convict "hid out"—that is, he was missing when the line had been counted in at the prison gate. This affair did not concern Jim directly, for he was safely accounted for in his cell. But the guards in searching for the hiding convict invaded the limehouse and threw the 4,000 empty cans into a hollow back of the building, thinking that the prisoner might have concealed himself under the pile.

When Jim went to work next morning and discovered the condition of the bank, he nearly fainted. Truly the way of the wealthy convict is hard, yet Jim did not despair. His money was somewhere in that half acre of cans scattered about, but which can was the question that bothered the secretive Mr. Winters. The yard was full of idle convicts on the incapacitated list, and it would never do for Jim to systematically pick up can after can, examine the interior and place them in a pile by themselves. His fellow felons, having nothing else to do, might join in the search and find the money.

So Jim again resorted to stealth and strategy. From time to time he mingled casually with the cans, occasionally picking one over by accident and stooping listlessly to see if it contained anything. Day after day, outwardly calm, but raging inwardly and tossing wildly at night, Jim toyed with the tomato cans. Ever and anon he carried a couple into the limehouse to experiment with a new shade of whitewash. The investigation went on for weeks, and so cunningly did the convict continue that he never once excited suspicion. In time Jim fell upon the right can, but he was almost a physical wreck and was laid up from mental and physical exhaustion for over a week. With some paste made of prison bread Jim stuck the ragged bills, back down, to sheets of the pink tissue paper forming the inner package or wrapping for prison smoking tobacco. Then he sent for Warden Aull, told the story of the mutilated currency and asked the warden to have the bills redeemed. The warden is holding the $150 in trust for Jim should he live to complete his sentence. But 1914 is a long way off, and Jim is 70 years old.

To date Winters has served 35 years in prison pens.

TRAVELS OF A SLIPPER.

The Unconventional Journey of a Southern Girl's Shoe.

The remarkable journey of a dainty red slipper that once contained the foot of a pretty southern belle is nearing its end. After a ride on fast express trains all over the country the "little red shoe" will be returned intact to its owner, Miss Daisy Walsh, a young society girl of Chattanooga, Tenn.

The novel idea of sending the slipper on its long voyage was conceived by W. A. Henderson, cashier of the Southern Express company at the point named. Under pretense of sending the slipper to a friend of Miss Walsh in New Orleans the young man tacked it on to a big express receipt book, adding a tag reading, "I am the property of a very pretty young lady, so then message to me for her," and started it on its voyage of discovery.

When it started out fresh from its owner, the slipper had known very little of life, but after seeing the country and being fondled by hundreds of devoted admirers from Maine to California its appearance was decidedly world weary and blase. From its start the unique deadhead rapidly journeyed toward the east.

The first stop made for signatures was at Albany, where all the employees of the express companies at the West Shore depot signed their names in the book. One agent wrote: "My best wishes to the young lady. If not married, I hope her name will be Mrs. W. A. Henderson before the year expires." Thomas J. Enright gave other agents the warning: "Don't let this slipper get to Chicago. They have no use for this also there."

THE SLIPPER AND ITS OWNER.

Troy and Chicago got into something of a wrangle over the size of the "collar girl's" feet, but the agent at Cranstons was more sentimental and sent Miss Walsh "lots of love and kisses."

A Boston man passed the slipper along with the observation that "Trilby is not doing business in Boston at present." H. A. Sturtevant of Greenfield, Mass., is a trifle skeptical, however, and writes a poem called "Seeing Is Believing."

The agent in Bellefontaine, O., enjoins the slipper's owner to take advantage of leap year and "ask the hand of some fair knight." For fear of fire, flood, cyclones or other unexpected catastrophes, the Bellefontaine man enjoins her to hasten matters.

Just before the slipper started south, L. N. Dyer, manager of the Western Union Telegraph company at Lafayette, Ind., wrote:

May "dots" and "dashes" o'er wires of gold
"Click" the "click" of joys untold.
Wreathe around your "sounder" bright
Bud lovely flowers of pink and white.
Success be yours where'er you roam,
And happy be your "Ohm, sweet Ohm."

Candles Made of Human Fat.

Some criminals, it would appear, entertain the horrid creed that use of a candle made of a murdered man's fat will protect them from discovery during their depredations. Actuated by this hideous and inhuman superstition it is averred that two burglars in the district of Ostrogojsk (Voronesje government) recently murdered a handsome, stalwart young fellow villager of 18 for the sake of his tallow.

The story goes on to state that, having butchered their victim, these fiends ripped open the body and tore out the epiploon, which they put in a tin box and carried home. Next came the melting down process. The men's strange operations aroused the suspicions of their landlady—the more so as ugly rumors of the poor young fellow's disappearance began to circulate—and she gave information in the proper quarter. In conclusion, it is mentioned that the tin box and its contents have been handed to two well known professors for examination. True or not true, the charge is noteworthy as bearing upon a very gruesome piece of thieves' folklore or black art.

Mexicans Fond of Drink.

The sum raised by the government of Mexico from the manufacture of tequila, one of the native intoxicants, is about $840,000 annually.

Singular Accident.

While at play in a cemetery at Halifax a girl leaned against a tombstone, back of which her brother was sitting, and it fell on him, breaking his thigh.

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store. Regular size, 50c and $1.00.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your troubles? If not, get a bottle now and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents, at Dreier & Bro.'s Drug Store.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Dreier & Bro.

A PHANTOM COLLISION

An Engineer's Experience With Ghostly Railroad Trains.

MIRAGES ON THE PANHANDLE.

Visions That Appall the Stoutest Heart Sometimes Appear on Hot Summer Days. "An Interview With the Ghost" Is a Common Experience.

Jink Smith, as he is commonly called, is one of the oldest and most trusted locomotive engineers that run on the Fort Worth and Denver railroad. For years he has been on one of the Panhandle divisions, and it is said to his credit that no human being has ever lost life or limb on his train during all that time. But he has had adventures in the flattest country on earth.

"Sometimes the country I run through is the grandest, most beautiful in the world," he remarked recently, "and sometimes it's about the cussedest. In the spring, when we've had plenty of rain, and the crops are all growing nice, and the grass is green as far as the eye can reach, the Panhandle seems as if it might have been designed for a kind of earthly paradise. In the summer, when there hasn't been any rain for a long time, and the crops are dead, and the grass burned brown as far as you can see, and the hot, parching wind is sending the alkali dust scooting everywhere, the country seems mighty like a borderland of hell. The Panhandle engineers have lots of advantages over the fellows that run engines over a country that ain't as flat as ours, but then we have our disadvantages too. One of our advantages is that we can see so far. There ain't a great deal of danger of our slipping up on something we can't see till we get close to it. Of course there are a few places where there are hills and curves, and even cuts, but there are mighty few of them. One of our chief disadvantages is that we see so darned many things that ain't there."

"How's that?" asked an auditor.

"Ghosts!" answered Jink. "Didn't you ever hear of the ghosts of the Panhandle?"

Most of his listeners shook their heads, but one or two of the older ones smiled and nodded knowingly, and some one uttered the word:

THE SPECTER LOCOMOTIVE.

"Mirage!"

"Yes, that's about the size of it," continued the speaker. "But in our country, though, we just call 'em ghosts. It's rather disconcerting to look out of the cab window some boiling hot afternoon and see, away ahead of you, a good big town where you know there wasn't no more town than a spirit the last time you passed that way. Then again it sorter shakes you up to see a big, cool looking lake of water not very far away, when you know the whole cussed country for miles around is dry as the inside of a powder horn. The scientific fellows call 'em mirages and have a long rigmarole to account for how they occur, but they don't keep 'em from making a fellow feel sorter creepylike when he sees one anyway. The worst things on a fellow's nerves, though, are the ghost engines. The first time you see one of them you get shook up just about as bad as if you'd seen a genuine spook.

"It'll be a long time before I forget my first round with one. I had been running a passenger on the road for some time then and had never seen anything extraordinary. Of course I'd heard the other boys guy each other a good deal about the ghosts, but I never thought there was anything in it. Finally my time came, though. It was one blistering hot August afternoon, and the whole country was parched as brown as if it had been on an enormous skillet and set over a big fire to cook it. The heat was rising up in great, waltering, shimmering waves from the long double lines of gleaming rails in front of me, hot enough and bright enough to mighty nigh put out a fellow's eyes, especially when he had to keep his eyes pretty near glued to the track for hours at a time. Worse than that, a scorching wind was blowing like a fury and sending the alkali dust whistling in great clouds. If there's anything in the world calculated to make a man's eyes feel like they were on fire, I reckon it's this same alkali dust when a good, big dose of it gets inside them. Something called my attention inside the engine for a few seconds, and then, quick as a flash, I glanced at the track outside again.

"It'll take me a long time to forget what I saw. There, on the track right in front of me, and not 100 yards ahead, was a big monster locomotive, with a long trail of black smoke pouring out of her smokestack and bearing down on us with a full head of steam on. In my excitement it looked twice as big as any engine I ever saw. The engineer's head was sticking out of the cab window. He had wild, staring eyes, but the rest of his face was like a corpse's. That face haunts me now like a sure enough ghost. My first impulse was to jump—I don't deny that—but in about a tenth part of a second I decided to stick to my machine and take what would come. You'd better believe I swung to my levers, though, and got the thing stopped so quick that they tell me it threw half the passengers out of their seats. I shut my eyes for a moment and waited for the smash to come, but it didn't come. Then I looked at the track close in front of me again, and there wasn't any more engine there than a rabbit. While I was rubbing my eyes in a dazed sort of a way here came the conductor and a lot of passengers running up to the engine.

"'What's up?' the conductor yelled.

"'Suthin on the track,' I answered.

"'You look like you might have seen a ghost,' says one of the passengers.

"'I ain't sure but what I have,' says I.

"My fireman had been shoveling coal at the time and so had not seen anything unusual. Just at this point he suddenly glanced down the track, and then with a start he pointed his finger in that direction.

"'Thunderation!' he yelled. 'See that, will you? No wonder the old man got rattled.'

"Of course everybody looked in that direction. Sure enough, away down the track in front of us, there was an engine with the smoke pouring out of the smokestack and a long train of cars behind. Every man in the crowd could see it as plain as you please. We waited and waited for the darned thing to come up to us, but it never did come, and finally we could not see it at all. Then we all decided that it was only a mirage, and so we started on. I didn't see any more ghosts that trip, but I was sort of trembly for weeks afterward. The affair got into the Texas papers somehow, and one fellow in writing about it said that likely the engine I saw was only my own reflected somehow or other on a mass of heated vapor just in front of me, and that it was a reflection of my own face that I saw sticking out of the cab. If it was, I must have been nearer dead than I hope to be soon again, judging from the expression on the face."

"I suppose next time you see a ghost on the road you will run right over it, won't you, Jink?" suggested a listener.

"Not much," answered Jink decidedly. "One fellow tried that once. You know, a big part of the business on our road is hauling cattle. In the spring we haul hundreds of carloads of them from Texas to the ranges in Colorado and Montana and those states up there, and then in the fall we haul them back to Texas again to sell there. In this way our traffic is mostly all one way in the spring and all the other way in the fall. Naturally enough, our locomotives and cabooses all get collected at one end or the other of the line. The cars go on to different roads, so it don't make so much difference about them, but every road owns its own locomotives and cabooses. The result is that they have to send lots of locomotives and cabooses back by themselves without any cars. The boys call them horse and buggy trains. Well, this fellow I started to tell you about was bringing a horse and buggy back from Denver, and going it at a pretty lively gait, too, when suddenly, right on the track ahead of him, he noticed another horse and buggy, with the buggy end toward him.

"He couldn't have been giving very good attention to the track for the last minute or two, or else the combination of circumstances blurred his eyesight, for he said afterward that he never noticed the thing until he was tolerably close up to it. Still he had plenty of time to stop if he wanted to. On the trip up, however, he had had an interview with the ghost and been guyed about it by the boys, so he concluded this time he would run square over the ghost.

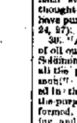
"A few seconds later, when he ran kersmash into the thing, he was perhaps the worst surprised cuss that ever cracked a throttle in Texas. Luckily there was nobody killed, but some of them were pretty badly shaken up, and there was some pretty badly damaged railroad property. It turned out that the first horse and buggy had been disabled some way and was simply waiting on the track when the second one struck it. No, I don't propose to run over any ghosts. I'll stop for them just the same as I will for a regular train. I'd rather stop 100 times for the ghost of a train that ain't there than to go slam once and smash into a train that is there.

"Of course, you fellows understand," Smith continued, "that we don't see these things all the time. They are comparatively rare. A fellow may be on the road a long time and never see one at all. They say that heat has something to do with making a mirage. I reckon it does, for nobody ever sees our ghost except in the heat of summer time."

Tax on Mustaches.

A Belgian journalist thinks that a good way of increasing the revenue would be to lay a tax upon mustaches. He calculates that there are 2,000,000 Belgians who would not part with their mustaches for a paltry 10 francs, and that the revenue would thus be augmented by 20,000,000 francs a year.

HOW THE SHERIFF WON.



Thought I'd gallop in the race—
  Office looked so hearty;
Sorter hankered for the place,
  Said so ter my party.

Sheriff he's been in so long,
  Rollin in the clover,
Voters got ter talkin strong,
  Thought they'd haul him over.

Old man did his level best
  (Every speech was tellin),
Rolled my sleeves up, jerked my vest,
  Had the voters yellin.

When he'd talk, I'd call him down.
  Every time I'd pin him,
Till he seen that, said in town,
  Campaign was agin him.

But, endurin of the race
  ('Peared like I was winner),
Speakin nigh the sheriff's place,
  Axed me inter dinner.

Then the trouble come for shore.
  Took a drink o' water.
Some one standin in the door—
  "This here is my daughter."

Gentlemen, I give a look.
  Talk orbout yer cherries!
Face jes' a picter book,
  Peaches an strawberries!

My, but they was nothin like,
  With them ribbons on her!
Sorter felt the lightnin strike.
  Knowed I was a goner.

Clean forgot my campaign speech.
  Sorter knocked me silly.
Cheeks as rosy as a peach,
  That she stood—a lily.

Well, the sheriff told a joke,
  Talked erbout the weather,
Finally went out ter smoke—
  Left us thar together.

Thar I set, that party fore—
  Stings o' conscience givin.
Me a-makin of a race
  For her father's livin.

Sich bright eyes an dimpled cheeks—
  Eyes that seemed complainin!
(Wouldn't meet in forty weeks
  Sich a sight—campaignin.)

* * * * * * *

What's the use ter beat er gal?
  Campaigns ain't no funnin.
I decided I'd draw out—
  Leave the sheriff runnin.

Told the voters for an high
  Sheriff—he would win it.
When good men's in office, why—
  Better keep 'em in it.

An the sheriff stemmed the tide.
  (Always thought he orter.)
We jest swapped * * * I'm satisfied
  With the sheriff's daughter.

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

The Frailty of Wisdom.

Nip—I wonder what the sage thought when he wrote, "There is nothing new under the sun?"

Tuck—Thought, no doubt, he'd said a most original thing.—Truth.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 4.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings i, 28-39. Memory Verses, 28-30—Golden Text, I Kings ii, 3—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

28. "Then King David answered and said, Call me Bathsheba. And she came into the king's presence and stood before the king." Bathsheba (daughter of an oath) was the mother of Solomon or Jedidiah (II Sam. xii, 24, 25). The occasion of her being sent for at this time was a matter concerning the throne and the kingdom, as fully described in the first part of this chapter. The troubler of Israel was now Adonijah, the fourth son of David (II Sam. iii, 4). His name signifies "Jehovah, my Lord," but his actions said, I am my own master, and I'll answer others too. Like Absalom, he is against the king and the kingdom and suggestive of antichrist.

29. "And the king sware and said, As the Lord liveth, that hath redeemed my soul out of all distress." Although on his deathbed, he had no fear, for he could say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who redeemeth thy life from destruction!" (Ps. ciii, 1, 3.) His comfort in his dying hour was not that he had been faithful, or lived a perfect life, but it was in the living God and His faithfulness, of whom he said, "Although my house be not so with God, yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure" (II Sam. xxiii, 5).

30. "Assuredly Solomon thy son shall reign after me, and he shall sit upon my throne in my stead." This was the Lord's appointment, as fully stated in I Chron. xxii, 9, 10; and in chapter xxviii, 5, David says, "Of all my sons—for the Lord hath given me many sons—He hath chosen Solomon, my son, to sit upon the throne of the kingdom of the Lord over Israel." When the queen of Sheba came to see Solomon, she said, "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee to set thee on His throne, to be king for the Lord thy God!" (II Chron. ix, 8.) No earthly throne was ever called the throne of the Lord, except that at Jerusalem, and Jerusalem shall yet be the throne of the Lord for the benefit of all nations, notwithstanding all anti-Christian hatred (Jer. iii, 17, 18).

31. "Let my Lord King David live forever." Thus said Bathsheba. Compare I Sam. x, 24, and margin, and also Neh. ii, 3; Dan. ii, 4, etc. David still lives with Christ in glory, awaiting the resurrection of his body, unless he rose from the dead in the company of Matt. xxvii, 52, 53, which does not seem probable from Acts ii, 29, 34. Our great comfort as believers is that He who once died for us on Calvary is alive forevermore, having all power in heaven and on earth, and because He lives we live also (Rev. i, 18; John xiv, 19).

32. "And King David said, Call me Zadok the priest, and Nathan the prophet, and Benaiah the son of Jehoiada. And they came before the king." All are at his bidding, whether wife or officers or servants, for any manner of service wholly at his commandment (I Chron. xxviii, 21). The kingdom was well represented by those now assembled, the king, priest and prophet and one of the leading mighty men (II Sam. xxiii, 20). Our Lord Jesus Christ is all in one.

33. "Cause Solomon, my son, to ride upon mine own mule and bring him down to Gihon." It was foretold of David's greater Son that He should ride upon a colt, the foal of an ass (Zech. ix, 9), and this He actually did. It is foretold of Him that He will come upon a white horse, accompanied by all the armies in heaven, to overthrow His enemies and establish His kingdom upon the throne of David, and this He will surely do (Rev. xix, 11-16; Isa. ix, 6, 7; Luke i, 32, 33).

34. "And let Zadok the priest and Nathan the prophet anoint him there king over Israel and blow ye with the trumpet and say, God save King Solomon!" The anointed of the Lord from the first use of the phrase in I Sam. ii, 10, 35, points to Him who is truly the Lord's anointed, and of whom all anointed priests and kings are but foreshadowings.

35. "He shall be king in my stead." These words "in my stead," found also in verse 30, along with the words in verse 33, "ride upon mine own mule," emphasize very strongly that David's place was to be taken by Solomon. The words in Gen. xxii, 13, "in the stead of his son," show how truly the ram took Isaac's place as a sacrifice, and just as truly the Lord Jesus Christ took our place to suffer in our stead. He took our place that we might take His (II Cor. v, 21).

36. "And Benaiah the son of Jehoiada answered the king and said, Amen; the Lord God of my lord the king say so too." This is a proper attitude of a servant to a king, saying amen to what the king says, heartily one with him in all his ways and doings. What happy people Christians would be if as in the days of David "whatsoever the king did pleased all the people" (II Sam. iii, 36). As believers it is our privilege to think God's thoughts, say His words and be heartily one with Him in everything. Otherwise we cannot walk with Him (Amos iii, 3).

37. "As the Lord hath been with my lord the king, even so be He with Solomon." The secret of any success of David was that, "the Lord was with him" (II Sam. v, 10; vii, 3; viii, 6, 14). It was thus so of Moses and Joshua and Gideon and Jeremiah (Ex. iii, 12; Joshua i, 5; Judg. vi, 16; Jer. i, 8); and as if it included all, also, it was one of our Lord's parting words before He ascended, "Lo, I am with you all the days" (Matt. xxviii, 20, R. V., margin). I often think that it is the greatest of all the promises for this present life.

38. "So they caused Solomon to ride upon King David's mule and brought him to Gihon." They did as they were commanded. Thus did Noah and Moses and Joshua, and thus do all the faithful. If we are only willing and obedient, we shall eat the good of the land (Isa. i, 19), but if we refuse and rebel it will be ill for us. When we have done as we are told, that is our part, and results are with Him of whom it is written, "The Lord of Hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed so shall it stand" (Isa. xiv, 24, 27).

39. "And Zadok the priest took an horn of oil out of the tabernacle and anointed Solomon, and they blew the trumpet, and all the people said, God save King Solomon!" Then the kingdom was established in the man whom God appointed, and the purpose of the Lord was thus far performed. The people rejoiced with great joy, and the city rang again (verses 40, 45). Adonijah begged for his life, and it was given him on conditions (verses 50-53). Every believer is an anointed priest king. Let us walk worthy of such a high calling, bringing glory to Him who hath called us.

The Hour.

Jack—Why do the churches always begin at 11, grandpa?

Grandpapa—Ah, the eleventh hour, my boy!—Punch.

THE ARIZONA KICKER

COLONEL WHARTON'S TROUBLES IN THE CIVILIZED EAST.

An Unholy Critter With a Holy Panorama Queers the Editor's Lecture—Another Tenderfoot Planted—Journalism That Does Not "Allege."

We learn from a private letter that Colonel Wharton, who went to Chicago on business two weeks ago, is in trouble in that town. No sooner had he landed there than the police took away his two guns and knife and lasso. At several of the hotels they warned him that he could not enter the dining room in his red shirt and with his trousers tucked into his boots. When he finally went out on the street with his blankets to camp down for the night, he was run in and given 30 days in the coop. We warned the colonel before he left here to stop at Prescott and give up his guns and put on a boiled shirt and a celluloid collar, but he either forgot it or thought he could bluff civilization on two pairs. It seems hard that one of our people can't go east as far as Chicago and shoot out the gas, lasso carriage horses and utter a warwhoop on the street, but it is something we must submit to with the best grace possible. The colonel went away to see civilization and get polished up, and it will be as good as a circus to listen to his story when he returns.

The Affair at Pilot Hill.

We were invited over to Pilot Hill last Tuesday evening to deliver our address on "How to Succeed In Life." We were to deliver it in conjunction with a panorama of the Holy Land, and we believe that all would have gone well if the unholy critter with the holy panorama had let whisky alone that evening. He filled up before going to the hall, and when he started in to show off he wasn't three minutes getting the cedars of Lebanon, Solomon's temple and the Red sea so mixed up that nobody could untangle them. The boys let him go on until he stood the Mount of Olives on its head and skewgawed the city of Jerusalem 40 miles out of place, and then the ruction began. We hadn't anything to do with the panorama—hadn't even taken a drink with the man who owns it—but the crowd counted us in and fired us out of the window, and as we galloped homeward a number of the boys followed us for two or three miles and wasted a great deal of lead in trying to tumble us out of the saddle. After this we shall add to our address that the way to succeed is to keep clear of holy panoramas run by drunken men and to steer wide of such towns as Pilot Hill.

WE WERE COERCED.

Not Used to the Climate.

A cowboy named George Swift called at The Kicker office yesterday to report that there was a dead man lying beside the highway at the top of Grizzly hill, on the Santa Fe road. Mr. Swift didn't get off his horse to make a close examination, but it is his opinion that the man was a tenderfoot, unused to the climate, and that after the walk up hill he fell dead. The coroner goes out today to hold an inquest, and it is our opinion that he will discover two or three bullet holes in the body. The high climate has more or less effect on strangers, but it seldom kills them and folds their hands across their breasts at the same time. We were told the other day that the boys over at 3 by 3 ranch, where Mr. Swift belongs, had "planted" nine different strangers this year, and it might be well for the legal authorities to make a few inquiries.

Not Any For Us.

We have received the prospectus of the Great Jupiter silver mine, located somewhere or other in Colorado, and now almost ready to turn out $1,000,000 worth of ore per week. We have further received an offer of $20,000 worth of stock to publish the said prospectus one time. The management will please accept our radiant thanks, but we are not in the business any more. In our greenhorn days we gave up our columns to prospectuses and accumulated something like $1,000,000 worth of stock. We are the Croesus of the west. We've got enough and more than enough, and we'll give anybody a wheelbarrow load of stocks in exchange for a box of nickel cigars. In fact, we own 30 silver mines, out and out, and we are looking for a man who wants to give up $500 in cash and take the lot off our hands.

We Don't "Allege."

These newspaper chaps in the east can't imagine what a burden would roll off their backs if they entered the field of far western journalism. In every one of our eastern exchanges the editor feels obliged to use the prefix "allege" or "alleged," even in speaking of a 15 cent robbery or a knock down on a street corner. When an Arizona editor feels compelled to resort to that, he will hunt for some other occupation. Our way is straight from the shoulder. For instance, Captain Thompson, our beloved county register, borrowed $10 of us three months ago and agreed to return it next day. We don't "allege" that he is a liar, but we boldly state the fact. It is the same with Major Davis. We don't "allege" that he is a nuisance and a deadbeat, but we plainly come right out and say so, and if he thinks he can make us chew our words he knows where to find us. We either say a thing or keep shut about it, and we'd have to be served with notices of a thousand libel suits before we'd "allege" anything against anybody.

Not a Gentleman.

As the acknowledged head of society in this town we were given charge of Mrs. Colonel Clark's birthday party, held the other evening. A part of our duty consisted in courteously requesting all gentlemen to leave their guns in the hall as they arrived, and there was only one single objection. Mr. Hiram White, who claims to have led society in Omaha and Denver for a number of years and to be high authority on all matters of etiquette, refused to give up his gun, and when we pressed the point he called us a vulgarian and a liar. In deference to our hostess, we passed the matter over until the party broke up. Then we invited Mr. White to fight or retract, but he ran away and has not appeared on the streets for three days. Mr. White is no gentleman. In fact, Mr. White is a loafer, a cad, a prig and several other things, and if he will kindly tell us where to call for a lock of his hair we'll get most of the bristles on his head before we stop using the shears.

We Were Coerced.

On another page, under the heading of "Important," will be found a double leaded article which is supposed to be poetry. It was sent to us from Little Valley, and we sent it back with regrets. Yesterday, just as we were going to press, one Paul Hanna, the author of the said poetry, suddenly appeared in The Kicker office and held up the crowd with a gun in either hand. He said that poetry had got to come out this week or he'd shoot, and as he had the bulge on us and appeared to be deeply in earnest we stopped the press and inserted the seven verses as he directed. It is the first poetry we have published in seven months, and if a pair of navy revolvers hadn't been watching us this stuff would not have appeared. It was shot in, so to speak, and we can't help but say that we like Mr. Hanna's pluck. A man who will spend a week writing a poem and then ride 14 miles and hold up a newspaper office to get it published has got some good stuff in him. It's our idea that he ought to leave poetry alone and become a road agent. The next man who tries us may not succeed so well, as we were busy and not looking for callers.

He Was a Failure.

A man, supposed to be Pete Frazer, who was warned out of this town two weeks ago as a duffer, attempted to hold up the Pine Hill coach last Wednesday evening at Club run. He might have made a big haul, as there was plenty of money aboard, but as soon as Hank Green, the driver, yelled at him he made a dive for the bushes and was not heard of again. Hank has got a roast on him like a wounded bull, and his yells that evening were heard three miles away. If the man really was Pete Frazer, we hope he was not scared out of the country. He would come in very handy by and by when our vigilance committee had nothing to do and wanted to keep their hand in. Should the Pine Hill folks get hold of him first, they will please remember that our people have first claim.

M. QUAD.

HE KNEW HE STUTTERED.

But Misrepresentation Was a Thing He Could Not Brook.

He is an energetic young man, but a very poor hand at a typewriter. That he will get along well in the world there is little doubt, but it will never be owing to his skill as an amanuensis. He had heard that Mr. Dazer, a merchant of established reputation, wanted a typewriter to take dictation, and as he needed the salary he resolved to try. The fact that Mr. Dazer stuttered did not prevent that gentleman from desiring to dictate his correspondence. On the contrary, he thought that this method would, by compelling him to talk slowly and distinctly, assist him in conquering his unfortunate habit.

"I'm p-p-rather particular about my l-l-etters," Mr. Dazer said warningly. "I hope you will be careful to take everything d-down exactly as I s-say it."

"Yes, sir," the young man answered, with an air of assurance that was pure hypocrisy.

"Th-there won't be any use of your hurrying yourself," Mr. Dazer added. "I always t-t-talk s-slowly, and th-this typewriter s-scheme is only an experiment anyhow. If it d-d-doesn't succeed, I'll p-p-put you to work at something else."

It did not take very long for Mr. Dazer to get through with the first letter. The typewriter novice rattled away at it in a manner that, judging by the ear alone, was very convincing. He trusted to luck to give him an opportunity to copy the paper before it was submitted for inspection. But the charm of novelty was over the undertaking, and the merchant said as he held out his hand:

"L-l-let me s-see it."

With a sinking heart the young man handed the letter over. The merchant read a little, looked astonished, read a line or two more and became visibly indignant. Taking his glasses off, he swayed them by the string and looked pensive.

"I s-suppose you thought it was your duty t-to do this?"

"Of course."

"I d-don't know th-that I c-can b-blame a man for doing wh-what he conceived t-to be his duty. I t-told you to t-take things d-down just as I said them, didn't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"W-well, I must say th-that in f-following m-my instructions you have d-displayed an enthusiasm that was altogether unnecessary. I d-d-don't try to conceal m-my weakness. I know th-them as w-well as anybody. I'll admit that I s-stutter, but I'm d-d-dashed if I s-stutter as badly as you represent in this letter!"—Philander Johnson in Detroit Free Press.

A Fat King.

Louis XVI was prodigiously fat. The day before his execution Sanson, the headsman of the republic, took a look at him and was so much in doubt as to the ability of the guillotine to do its duty that he took out the knife and had it newly ground and whetted.

Put Him Out of Danger.

The only penalty inflicted upon a New York man for marrying 14 women without obtaining a divorce from either of them was to lock him up for a year where none of his wives could get at him to annoy or punish him.

ODDITIES CORNER.

SOME QUEER AND CURIOUS FEATURES OF LIFE.

At the Devil's Lake — A Pathetic Anecdote—Food for Thought—The Woman and the Lobster — Some Good, Short Stories.

AT the Devil's Lake the days are lone;
Night has no star to call her own,
And winds o'er glooms of cypress moan.

For there they led Lewény
With the ribald shout of many;
They gathered ghostly round him—
They scourged him and they bound him,
And fathoms deep they drowned him
In the Devil's deadly Lake!

The mists are crawling o'er the plains,
Where never moon unclouded shines;
Grim ghosts are gliding through the vines.

For there they led Lewény,
With the savage shout of many.
O pale the moon was beaming!
At his wife's side he lay dreaming;
But he saw the death-eyes gleaming
In the Devil's deadly Lake!

Ye startle at the phantom owl;
Ye hear the wolves for hunger howl;
But shapes more dread than panthers prowl!

For 'twas there they led Lewény,
With the brutal cries of many;
From weeping wife and mother;
From sister and from brother,
For the black crime of another—
To the Devil's deadly Lake!

"Spare ye," he cried, "the rope, the knife!
Let justice hold and judge my life;
Slay not my children and my wife!"

But there they slew Lewény,
With the hellish hate of many;
With thongs they scourged and bound him,
And fathoms deep they drowned him,
And the grim ghosts wail around him
In the Devil's lonely Lake!

—Frank L. Stanton.

A Pathetic Anecdote.

A writer in the Boston Transcript says: "A friend of Mrs. Stowe tells a quaint, pathetic little anecdote of later date than most of the reminiscences her going has called forth. A welcome guest always at the home near what was the home of her later years, it was sometimes her wont to wander, at twilight, from her own into some neighboring garden, and thence through the hospitable open door into hall or living room. In the hall of one such house there was a fine bust of Henry Ward Beecher in white marble resting in a deep niche in the wainscoted wall, and near it a softly shaded light. One summer twilight, when this light had been newly kindled Mrs. Stowe came absently in through the open door and stood looking up at the bust. 'Ah, Henry!' they heard her murmur in her quiet, dreamful voice; 'ah, Henry, the light burns before you there like a saint in your shrine! But—you were no saint, Henry! You were no saint!'"

Food for Thought.

Edward Cary, writing in the Forum of the matrimonial market, says: "Whatever else marriage may or ought to be, and however the fact may be concealed or modified by associations—religious, social or literary—there can be no doubt that it is, for a very large part of the women of the country, a means of livelihood. No one knows what the proportion is, but no one will deny that a very large number of girls regard a husband as the only sure source of such means as are required for their support, and that this view is frequently correct. Of course, other conditions are involved and often are controlling; some more refined and pleasant, some perhaps decidedly less so, but for a very considerable number it remains true that they expect to be supported through marriage and know of no other way. I do not now argue for or against the desirability of such a state of things; I do not assert or deny that it is a law of nature or of human society or of Providence; I simply cite the fact and the simple economic law that governs the disposition of marriageable women as it does of Minnesota wheat."

The Woman and the Lobster.

A lady, leading a Skye terrier by a chain, entered a Port Huron street car the other day. The dog crawled under the seat and went to sleep. Presently Jud Spalding, a well known local wag, carrying a market basket, took a vacant place beside her and stowed his basket under the seat. Soon after the woman began to wriggle. She shook out her skirts and in an audible whisper, said: "Don't be rude, Fido." Presently she turned pale, and jerking the chain, cried: "Lie down, Fido. Behave yourself, sir." A moment later, she jumped up with a shriek and began to execute a war dance, striking at her skirts the while. Mr. Spalding stared at her in amazement, and then an idea struck him. Reaching under the seat for his basket he looked inside it and then a great light of intelligence came over him. "Madam," said he, without moving an eyelash, "when you are through with my lobster will you kindly return it to me?" The jaws of the lobster, which had closed on the flounces of her dress, were wrenched apart before the lady had recovered from her faint.

Cats Wanted in Oregon.

On the register of a prominent Philadelphia hotel this legend was written recently: "Joshua L. Drumgoole, Oregon; here for pleasure, and cats." The clerk was inclined to doubt the sanity of the guest, despite the fact that he looked sensible. Mr. Drumgoole, however, laughingly explained away the clerk's fears before he went to dinner. "I have a large ranch in Oregon, devoted principally to the growing of wheat and other grain. For several years past our crops have suffered greatly by reason of the depredations of great armies of gophers that infest the country thereabouts. The nuisance has grown more and more annoying with each succeeding year, and we have finally decided that a stop must be put to it. Now, a cat is death on a gopher, but cats are not so plentiful in the west as they are here. So I intend to get together a couple of hundred cats and take them with me when I start for home. Out in my country cats bring fancy prices, but from my recollection of this locality, I should be able to get all I need for very little money."

A New Creed That Is Old.

In a recent number of the London Expositor appeared an article by the Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") on "Jesus Our Supreme Teacher," in which he presented his conception of a proper creed for the church in these words: "I believe in the Fatherhood of God; I believe in the words of Jesus; I believe in the clean heart; I believe in the service of God; I believe in the unworldly life; I promise to trust God and follow Christ; to forgive my enemies and to seek after the righteousness of God." The Christian Observer quotes the foregoing and adds this comment: "As soon as we have a statement of doctrine which is acceptable to the unitarian as well as the Christian that very fact proves its worthlessness as a creed in the house of Christ."

Crabs and Earthquakes.

For some time previous to the day upon which the great earthquake of August, 1867, occurred great swarms of crabs of an unknown variety were seen in the Bay of Payta, Chili. They all appeared to be greatly excited and were literally climbing over each other in their efforts to escape the impending calamity. How they knew that the earthquake was collecting its strength to desolate the coast is more than man can say, but that they knew something unusual was about to happen there is no doubt, whatever. That there were millions of them may be inferred from the report of Dr. Forbes, who says that "ten days after the earthquake the dead crabs were thrown upon the beach in a wall-like line three to four feet wide along the whole extent of the bay."

New Use for Life-Preservers.

A New England woman who lives in an inland town attended the Christian Endeavor convention in Washington. She spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever traveled by water. She reached Washington extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied: "Yes, I'm tired to death. I don't know as I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my state room about how to put the life-preserver on and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't, though. Some way, I couldn't seem to go to sleep with the thing on."

Making Toothpicks.

In Harbor Springs, Mich., there is a large and flourishing wood toothpick industry. White birch is exclusively used in the manufacture of toothpicks and about 1,000,000 are turned out daily. The logs are sawed up into bolts each twenty-eight inches in length, then thoroughly steamed and cut up into veneers. The veneer is cut into long ribbons three inches in width and these ribbons, eight or ten at a time, are run through the toothpick machinery, coming out at the other end, the perfect pieces falling into one basket, the broken pieces and refuse falling into another.

Historical Mansion.

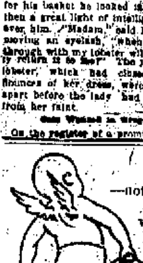
Cornbury Park, in Oxfordshire, with the historical mansion and 3,117 acres of land, including part of the ancient royal forest of Wychwood, is offered for sale in London. The place gave a title to the eldest son of the Earls of Clarendon, having been given in 1661 to the first Earl, Lord Chancellor Clarendon, by Charles II. The name has an evil notoriety in American history, through the Chancellor's grandson, Lord Cornbury, who was royal Governor of New York and New Jersey from 1702 to 1708 and was the worst Governor the province ever had.

"Brought Down the House."

The little word "again" once threw a large assembly into fits of laughter. It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. R., had the misfortune, when he tried to take a seat, to miss his chair and came down at full length on the platform. The accident occasioned not a little subdued mirth. When at last it came his turn to speak the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "The Rev. Mr. R. will again take the floor." The reverend gentleman never met so enthusiastic a reception as greeted this announcement.

Tobacco in America.

Caricaturists in depicting a German are in the habit of putting a big pipe in his mouth. The pipe is national, indeed, but the Germans as a nation are far from being the greatest smokers. They do not smoke more than Frenchmen, Russians, Swedes or Hungarians. The men of the United States and the men of Switzerland are the most inveterate smokers in the world. In these two countries the consumption of tobacco per head is three times greater than in Germany.—Exchange.



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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

A Timely Discourse Upon the Condition of National Affairs.

If Ever the Country Needed Divine Rescue It is Now, with Misery and Starvation Staring So Many in the Face.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following sermon before his Washington congregation on the subject: "Gates of Carbuncle," basing it on the text:

And I will make thy windows of agates, and thy gates of carbuncles.—Isaiah liv., 12.

Perhaps because a human disease of most painful and ofttimes fatal character is named after it, the church and the world have never done justice to that intense and all-suggestive precious stone, the carbuncle. The pearl that Christ picked up to illustrate His sermon, and the jasper and the sapphire and the amethyst which the apocalyptic vision masoned into the wall of Heaven have had proper recognition, but this, in all the ages, is the first sermon on the carbuncle.

This precious stone is found in the East Indies; in color it is an intense scarlet, and held up between your eye and the sun it is a burning coal. The poet puts it into rhythm as he writes:

Like to the burning coal whence comes its name.
Among the Greeks as Anthrax known to fame.

God sets it high up in Bible crystallography. He cuts it with a divine chisel, shapes it with a precise geometry, and kindles its fire into an almost supernatural flame of beauty. Its law of symmetry, its law of zones, its law of parallelism, something to excite the amazement of the scientist, chime the cantos of the poet and arouse the adoration of the Christian. No one but the infinite God could fashion a carbuncle as large as your thumb-nail, and, as if to make all ages appreciate this precious stone, He ordered it set in the first row of the high priest's breast-plate in olden time, and higher up than the onyx and the emerald and the diamond, and in Ezekiel's prophecies concerning the splendors of the Tyrian court the carbuncle is mentioned, the brilliancies of the walls and of the tessellated floors suggested by the Bible sentence: "Thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire!"

But in my text it is not a solitary specimen that I hand you, as the keeper of a museum might take down from the shelf a precious stone and allow you to examine it. Nor is it the panel of a door that you might stand and study it for its unique carvings or bronzed traceries, but there is a whole gate of it lifted before our admiring and astounded vision; aye! two gates of it; aye! many gates of it: "I will make thy gates of carbuncles." What gates? Gates of the church. Gates of anything worth possessing. Gates of successful enterprise. Gates of salvation. Gates of national achievement. Isaiah, who wrote this text, wrote also all that about Christ "as the Lamb to the slaughter," and spoke of Christ as saying, "I have trod the winepress alone," and wrote, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?" And do you think that Isaiah in my text merely happened to represent the gates as red gates, as crimson gates, as gates of carbuncles? No. He means that it is through atonement, through blood-red struggle, through agonies we get into anything worth getting into. Heaven's gates may well be made of pearl, a bright, polished, cheerful crystallization, because all the struggles are over and there is beyond those gates nothing but raptures and cantata and triumphal procession and everlasting holiday and kiss of reunion, and so the 12 gates are 12 pearls, and could be nothing else than pearls. But Christ hoisted the gates of pardon in His own blood, and the marks of eight fingers and two thumbs are on each gate, and as He lifted the gate it leaned against His forehead, and took from it a crimson impress, and all those gates are deeply dyed, and Isaiah was right when he spoke of those gates as gates of carbuncle.

What an odd thing it is, think some, this idea of vicarious suffering or suffering for others! Not at all. The world has seen vicarious suffering millions of times before Christ came and demonstrated it on a scale that eclipsed all that went before and all that shall come after. Rachel lived only long enough after the birth of her son to give him a name. In faint whisper she said, "Call him Ben-oni," which means "son of my pain," and all modern travelers on the road from Jerusalem to Bethel uncover their heads and stand reverently at the tomb of Rachel who died for her boy. But in all ages, how many mothers die for their children, and in many cases grown-up children, who by recreancy stab clear through the mother's heart! Suffering for others? Why the world is full of it. "Jump!" said the engineer to the fireman on the locomotive. "One of us is enough to die. Jump!" and so the engineer died at his post, trying to save the train. When this summer the two trains crashed into each other near Atlantic City, among the 47 who lost their lives, the engineer was found dead with one hand on the throttle of the locomotive, and the other on the brake. Aye! there are hundreds here to-day suffering for others. You know and God knows that it is vicarious sacrifice. But on one limestone hill about twice the height of this church, five minutes' walk from the gates of Jerusalem, was the sublimest case of suffering for others that the world ever saw or ever will see. Christ, the victim, human and Satanic malevolence the executioner, the whole human race having an overwhelming interest in the spectacle. To open a way for us sinful men and sinful women into glorious pardon and high hope and eternal exultation, Christ, with hand dripping with the rush of opened arteries, swung back the gate of deepest dye, a gate of carbuncle.

What is true in spirituals is true in temporals. There are young men and older men who hope, through the right settlement of this world controversy between silver and gold, or the bimetallic quarrel, that it will become easy to make a living. That time will never come. It never has been easy to make a living. The men who have it easy now went through hardships and self-denials to which most young men would never consent. Unless they got it by inheritance, you can not mention 20 men who have come to honorable fortune that did not fight their way inch by inch, and against fearful odds that again and again almost destroyed them. For some good reason God has arranged it for all the centuries that the only way for most people to get a livelihood for themselves and their families is with both hands and all the allied forces of the body, mind and soul to push back and push open the red gate, the gate of carbuncle. For the benefit of all young men, if I had the time, I would call the roll of those who overcame obstacle. How many of the mighty men who went one way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the United States senate, or walked the other way on Pennsylvania avenue and reached the White House, did not have to climb over political obloquy? Not one. How much scorn and scoff, and brutal attack did Horace Mann endure between the time when he first began to fight for a better common school system in Massachusetts, and the day when a statue in honor of him was placed on the steps of the state house overlooking "The Commons?"

What is true of individuals if true of nations. Was it a mild spring morning when the pilgrim fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, and did they come in a gilded yacht, gay streamers flying? No. It was in cold December and from a ship in which one would not want to cross the Hudson or the Potomac river. Scalping knives all ready to receive them, they landed, their only welcome, the Indian war-whoop. Red men on the beach. Red men in the forest. Red men on the mountains. Red men in the valleys. Living gates of red men. Gates of carbuncle!

Aboriginal hostility pushed back, surely now our forefathers will have nothing to do but to take easy possession of the fairest continent under the sun. The skies so genial, the soil so fertile, the rivers so populous with finny life, the acreage so immense, there will be merry. No. The most powerful nation, by army and navy, sounded its protest across 3,000 miles of water. Then came Lexington, and Bunker Hill, and Monmouth, and Long Island battles, and and Valley Forge, and Yorktown, and starvation, and widowhood, and orphanage, and the thirteen colonies went through sufferings which the historian has attempted to put upon canvas, but all in vain. Engraver's knife, and reporter's skill, and telegraphic wire, and daily press, which have made us acquainted with the horrors of modern battlefield, had not yet begun their vigilance, and the story of the American revolution has never been told, and never will be told. It did not take much ink to sign the Declaration of Independence, but it took a terrific amount of blood to maintain it. It was an awful gate of opposition that the men and women—and the women as much as the men—pushed back. It was a gate of self-sacrifice. It was a gate of blood. It was a gate of carbuncle.

We are not indebted to history for our knowledge of the greatest of national crises. Many of us remember it, and fathers and mothers now living had better keep telling that story to their children, so that instead of their being dependent upon cold type and obliged to say: "On such a page of such a book you can read that," will they rather be able to say: "My father told me so!" "My mother told me so!" Men and women who vividly remember 1861, and 1862, and 1863, and 1864, be yourselves the historians, telling it, not with pen, but with living tongue and voice and gesture. That is the great use of Memorial Decoration day, for the calla lilies on the grave loom soon become breathless of perfume, and in a week turn to dust like unto that which lies beneath them. But the story of courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism told on platforms and in households and by the roadside and in churches and in cemeteries, by that annual recital will be kept fresh in the memory of generations as long as our American institutions are worthy of preservation. I beg after you are dead your children will be able to say, with the Psalmist: "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what work Thou didst in their days, in the times of old." But what a time it was! Four years of homesickness! Four years of brotherly and sisterly estrangement! Four years of martyrdom! Four years of massacre! Put them in a long line, the conflagration of cities, and see them light up a whole continent! Put them in long rows, the hospitals, making a vast metropolis of pain and paroxysm! Gather them in one vast assemblage, the millions of bereft from the St. Lawrence to the gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific beaches! Put the tears into lakes, and the blood into rivers, and the shrieks into whirlwinds! During those four years many good and wise men at the north and the south saw nothing ahead but annihilation. With such a national debt we could never meet our obligations! With such mortal antipathies northern and southern men could never come into amity! Representatives of Louisiana and Georgia, and the Carolinas could never again sit side with the representatives of Maine, Massachusetts, and New York at the national capital. Lord John Russell had declared that we were "a bubble-bursting nationality," and it had come true. The nations of Europe had gathered with very resigned spirit at the funeral of our American republic. They had tolled the bells on parliaments and reichstags and lowered their flags at half-mast, and even the lion on the other side of the sea had whined for the dead eagle on this side. The deep grave had been dug, and beside Babylon, and Thebes, and Tyre, and other dead nations of the past our dead republic was to be buried. The epitaph was all ready: "Here lies the American republic. Born at Philadelphia, 4th of July 1776. Killed at Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Aged 85 years and 17 days. Peace to its ashes."

But before the obsequies had quite closed there was an interruption of the ceremonies, and our dead nation rose from its mortuary surroundings. God had made for it a special Resurrection day, and cried: "Come forth, thou Republic of Washington, and John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, and John Hancock, and Daniel Webster, and S. S. Prentiss, and Henry Clay. Come forth!" And she came forth, to be stronger than she had ever been. Her mightiest prosperities have come since that time. Who would want to push back this country to what it was in 1860 or 1850? But, oh! what a high gate, what a strong gate she had to push back before she could make one step in advance! Gate of flame! See Norfolk navy yard, and Columbia, and Chambersburg, and Charleston on fire! Gate of bayonets! See glittering rifles and carbines flash from the Susquehanna, and the James, to the Mississippi and the Arkansas! Gate of heavy artillery, making the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky and Virginia tremble as though the earth itself were struggling in its last agony. The gate was so fiery and so red that I can think of nothing more appropriate than to take the suggestion of Isaiah in the text and call it a gate of carbuncles.

This country has been for the most part of its history passing through crises, and after each crisis was better off than before it entered it, and now we are another crisis. We are told on one hand that if gold is kept as a standard and silver is not elevated, confidence will be restored and this nation will rise triumphant from all the financial misfortunes that have been afflicting us. On the other hand, we are told that if the free coinage of silver is allowed, all the wheels of business will revolve, the poor man will have a better chance, and all our industries will begin to hum and roar. During the last six presidential elections I have been urged to enter the political arena, but I never have and never will turn the pulpit in which I preach into a political stump. Every minister must do as he feels called to do, and I will not criticise him for doing what he considers his duty; but all the political harangues from pulpits from now until the 3d of November will not in all the United States change one vote, but will leave many ears stopped against anything that such clergymen may utter the rest of their lives. As a general rule, the laymen of churches understand politics better than the clergy, because they (the laymen) study politics more than the clergy, and have better opportunity of being intelligent on those subjects. But good morals, honesty, loyalty, Christian patriotism, and the Ten Commandments—these we must preach. God says distinctly in the Bible: "The silver and the gold are mine," and He will settle the controversy between those two metals.

If ever this country needed Divine rescue it needs it now. Never within my memory have so many people literally starved to death as in the past few months. Have you noticed in the newspapers how many men and women here and there have been found dead, the post mortem examination stating that the cause of death was hunger? There is not a day that we do not hear the crash of some great commercial establishment, and as a consequence many people are thrown out of employment. Among what we considered comfortable homes have come privation and close calculation and an economy that kills. Millions of people who say nothing about it are at this moment at their wits' end. There are millions of people who do not want charity, but want work. The cry has gone up to the ears of the "Lord of Sabbath," and the prayer will be heard and relief will come. If we have nothing better to depend on than American politics, relief will never come. Whoever is elected to the presidency, the wheels of government turn so slowly, and a caucus in yonder white building on the hill may tie the hands of any president. Now, though we who live in the District of Columbia can not vote, we can pray, and my prayer day and night shall be: "Oh, God, hear the cry of the souls from under the altar! Thou who hast brought the wheat and corn of this season to such magnitude of supply, give food to man and beast. Thou who hadst not where to lay Thy head, pity the shelterless. Thou who has brought to perfection the cotton of the south and the flax of the north, clothe the naked. Thou who hast filled the mine with coal, give fuel to the shivering. Bring bread to the body, intelligence to the mind, and salvation to the soul of all the people! God save the nation!"

But we must admit it is a hard gate to push back. Millions of thin hands have pushed at it without making it swing on its hard hinges. It is a gate made out of empty flour barrels, and cold fire grates, and worn out apparel, and cheerless homes, and unmedicated sickness, and ghastliness and horror. It is a gate of struggle. A gate of penury. A gate of want. A gate of disappointment. A red gate, or what Isaiah would have called a gate of carbuncles.

Now, as I have already suggested, as there are obstacles in all our paths, we will be happier if we consent to have our life a struggle. I do not know anyone to whom it is not a struggle. Louis XIV. thought he had everything fixed just right and fixed to stay, so he had the great clock of Bordeaux made. The hours of that clock were struck by figures in bronze representing the kings of Europe, and at a certain time of day William III. of England and other Kings were made to come out and bow to Louis XIV. But the clock got out of order one day and just the opposite of what was expected occurred, as the clock struck a certain hour Louis XIV. was thrown to the feet of William III. And so the clock of destiny brings many surprises and those go down that you expected to stand, and at the foot of disaster most regal conditions tumble. In all styles of life there come disappointment and struggle. God has for some good reason arranged it so. If it is not poverty, it is sickness. If it is not sickness, it is persecution. If it is not persecution, it is contest with some evil appetite. If it is not some evil appetite, it is bereavement. If it is not one thing, it is another. Do not get soured and cross and think your case is peculiar. You are just like the rest of us. You will have to take the bitter draught whether it be handed to you in golden chalice or pewter mug. A man who has a thousand dollars a year income sleeps sounder and has a better appetite than the man who has five millions. If our life were not a struggle we would never consent to get out of this world, and we would want to stay here, and so block up the way of the advancing generations. By the time that a man gets to be 70 years of age, and sometimes by the time he gets to be 50 years of age, he says: "I have had enough of this, and when the Lord wills it I am ready to emigrate to a country where there are no taxes and the silver of the trumpet put to one's lips has no quarrel with the gold of the pavement under his feet." We have in this world more opportunity to cultivate patience than to cultivate any other grace. Let that grace be strengthened in the Royal Gymnasium of obstacle and opposition, and by the help of God, having overcome our own hindrances and worriments, let us go forth to help others whose struggle is greater than our own.

And a little child, long ago in Heaven, pulls at the white robe and says, "Mother!" and she turns around, saying, "My child, for the first time I hear your voice. On earth I saw your smile and felt the curl of your blonde curls on your childish brow, but I never heard your voice, even in play or prattle, and I am confused to know which is the best music, that which the angels of God render or the voice of you, my darling. Music! I read about it, and saw the notes in the music book, and I saw the fingers of pianists and organists run up and down the snowbanks of the keyboard, but I never thought it would be anything like this. Music!" Then the angel will say to a lifelong invalid, "Did you ever breathe air like this? Such balm! Such tonic! Such immortal life in every respiration! Did you ever have any climate on earth like this climate of Heaven?" And the soul says, "This is the first time in many a long year I have been freed from pain. As I passed through the river by that gate the last ache left me, and I am well, gloriously well, everlastingly well. I have swallowed the last bitter draught. I have felt the last cut of the knife. I have passed the last sleepless night, and now I realize the beauty of what St. John said in Revelation: 'There shall be no more pain.'" And then the martyrs and the prophets and the Apostles will take up the chorus, and all the recovered invalids from earth will join in the triumphant refrain that surges to and fro, from east gate of Heaven to west gate, Chorus: "No more pain, no more pain! no more pain, no more pain."

My hearers, it will be a great Heaven for all who get through, but the best Heaven for those who had on earth nothing but struggle. Blessed all those who, before they entered the gate of pearl, passed through the gate of carbuncle!

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Weary and sad I am sitting alone
With a dying babe and a cold hearthstone;
And list to the sound of the drifting snow:
Oh, how unlike to long ago!

Those golden dreams have passed away
That filled my heart on its marriage day,
And the trembling tear drops' silent flow
Are the tribute pearls of long ago.

Oh! the hidden power of the sparkling wine
Can banish love from its holiest shrine

And place in its stead a wreath of woe
In the faded hopes of long ago!

The crowning joy of a woman's life
Is breathed in the blissful name of wife,
And the deepest pang that her heart can know
Is the blighted love of long ago.
—National Temperance Advocate.

THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY.

Four Stages of a Journey and the Dangers Attending Them.

A man or woman sitting down, or standing up if you like, to drink wine, or other stimulant, always starts on the way that leads through four stages towards an easy realizable destination. Stage one is that gentle stimulation called moderate excitement or support. Stage two is elevation; whatever that may mean it is not elevation of character, of that I am satisfied. Stage three is confusion of mind, action and deed with sad want of elevation. Stage four is complete concatenation of circumstances; all the stages perfectly matured; the journey completed, with the traveler lying down, absolutely prostrated in mind and body. The destination is reached, and found to be—a human being dead drunk and incapable.

I repeat, whenever a person begins to take any portion of alcohol he starts on that journey; starts just as distinctly with the first drop swallowed, as he would start with the first step he would put forward in a walk from the pure region of Hampstead Heath into the outfall of that Babylonish sewage which greets the smiling Thames at Barking creek.

The knotty question then is this, ought a person start on that remarkable journey of alcoholic progress at all? Should he try any stage? Every one says: "Venture not on the last three stages, on any account!" but some say: "Live and go happy, day by day, through the first; walk the first fourth of the way, and you will be better for it; it is a nice exercise; it makes your heart light; it refreshes your mind; it quickens your secretions; it assists your digestion. The wisest men of all ages have daily walked this stage on the alcoholic highway toward the point of concatenation of circumstances. In this fourth stage of their way, with an occasional venture a little further when the companionship was good, they have given the world its wit, its humor, its poetry, its greatness. Suppose they had lived a little shorter time for the exercise; they have done more work in the shorter time than they would have done in a longer time under duller circumstances; so that the advantage, on the whole, is with this moderate indulgence in alcohol. Indulgence just a fourth of the way on toward danger; never further, except on rarest occasions; and then certainly not half way—to the foot of Mount Elevation at furthest, and no further, for the sake of body and mind alike."

This, in plain language, is the argument of the modern school of thought. It is met point blank by the abstaining school, which calls out with all its sympathetic might: "Take not a step on that highway! It is the devil's highway! It is the grand model of his engineering skill; it is wide, it is open, it is straight, it is smooth, it is filled with jolly companions every one, it is fenced with pleasures, it is rich with historical reminiscences; but there is this peculiarity about it, that there is not an inch of it, not a hair breadth of it safe. Therefore, keep off it altogether. It is the devil's highway!"—Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, F. R. S., in Union Signal.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Saloon keepers are recruiting officers for the army of drunkards.

There must have been a jubilee in the pit when rum was invented.—Ram's Horn.

Cowardice is despicable, and a moral coward is the worst of all.—National Temperance Advocate.

Prove that there is no hell, and whisky men will be about the first to throw up their hats.—Ram's Horn.

If people would use the powerful microscope of common sense they would quickly see that all intoxicating liquors contain millions of germs of that disease—crime.—Motive.

No man has a right to destroy his reason by drink; to become diseased by drink, to destroy his moral sense and conception of right and wrong.—National Temperance Advocate.

As a nation we squander every year enough to pay off the national debt, and we squander it for the deadliest poison of them all, since it has power to poison the soul as well as the body.—People.

It seems that the worst deprivation that Dr. Jameson, the leader of the Transvaal raid, and his fellow prisoners suffer is that, according to prison rules, they can have no tobacco and drink. Might this not be called the refinement of punishment?

According to the Irish Temperance League's Journal the first women's temperance society was formed 60 years ago, and called after the young sovereign, the "Victoria Temperance Society." The pledge taken was the following: "We voluntarily agree to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, except medicinally, or in a religious ordinance, and thus to save our time, our health and our money for better purposes."

Religion and Drink.

Dr. H. K. Carrol, who is authority on government census statistics, furnishes an estimate of the expenditure of the churches of the United States for their maintenance. He says:

The grand total for all denominations could hardly be less than $150,000,000, and it might be many millions larger. These figures appear large; but compare them with $1,500,000,000—the annual expenditure of the American nation to sustain, the national crime of the liquor traffic—and they are small. For every dollar spent by Uncle Sam for religion, twelve are spent for drink. Who will say that Christian America is unwilling to pay for her vices?

CURSE OF THE DRINK HABIT.

To What the Largest Part of the World's Poverty and Woe Is Directly Chargeable.

It is sometimes said that there are worse crimes than drunkenness. No doubt licentiousness, in its varied forms, is the cause of untold misery, both to the wicked participants in it, and to multitudes of innocent indirect victims of its ravages. But drunkenness, while productive of a vast train of other evils, is one of the most potent promoters of licentiousness, and hence a large share of the guilt to be laid at the door of the latter vice must be justly charged to the former. It is, in a word, not only a terrible sin in itself, but it is the prolific parent of sin.

More than that, it is the cause of by far the greater part of the misery, want and suffering of the poor. No other single vice—no combination of other vices—is productive of so vast an amount of poverty as this. We have been reading, with much interest, an article in the September number of the North American Review by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., entitled "Neo-Malthusianism." Of the special topic of the paper we do not now propose to speak. It is an interesting and instructive discussion, from the economic as well as the Christian point of view, of a subject that is pressing, with increasing insistence, upon the attention of the Christian sociologist. It is to his statements, which are those of a man of large experience, concerning the part that drunkenness plays in deepening and perpetuating the poverty of the poor that we now desire to call attention.

Speaking of the wretchedness which the so-called Neo-Malthusians attribute to the too rapid increase of population, he says: "I believe the experience of every one who lives or has lived among the poor, whether it be Catholic priest or Protestant clergyman, sister of charity or district visitor, charity organization agent or brother of St. Vincent de Paul, will bear me out in my conviction that nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths, of the actual destitution among the poor is to be traced, directly or indirectly, to habits of drink. It is not, as a general rule, the drunkard himself who has to pay the heaviest penalty, at least in this world, for his intemperance. It is too often the helpless wife and the neglected children who have to bear the burden of their father's sin. There is scarcely a city or a town in the whole world from which all abject poverty would not practically disappear if the vice of drunkenness could be banished."

This is Mr. Clarke's deliberate verdict after a life spent for the most part in London and other cities of England, where the opportunities for observation are certainly unsurpassed. He further expresses his belief that "in all our complex civilization there is work for all who have willing hands and an honest heart. This proposition," he goes on to say, "is one that will perhaps be disputed. We have heard a great deal of late of the 'submerged tenth,' and of the starving crowds who would fain work if there were work to do." This he does not believe to be really the case. "I am convinced," he declares, "that even in London there is room for everyone." The real cause of the existing misery lies elsewhere than in overcrowding. "A family where there are a number of big boys and girls can earn a collective income that would keep them not only in comfort, but in luxury, if it were not for the curse of drink. Anyone who knows the inner life of Manchester, St. Helens, Dundee, Glasgow and similar towns, will tell you that there is plenty of money going in all of them, and that the poverty, hunger, dirt, disease, the ragged children, overcrowded houses, beggars in the street, paupers in the workhouse are to be traced, not to overpopulation, but (allowing for exceptional cases) almost invariably to drink."

This is, of course, only the reiteration of a truth which has long been known and frequently commented upon by the opponents of the saloon; but coming from the pen of a Roman Catholic priest who has had special opportunities to study the question, his testimony, so unqualified, so sweeping in its scope, has peculiar value. It draws back once more the curtain from that dark picture which the drink habit has painted for our instruction and warning, but whose terrible lines have become so familiar as hardly to shock our sensibilities.

And if drunkenness is the parent of such woeful ills, what shall be said of the traffic without which it would scarcely exist in civilized communities? Its banishment from the earth would not, indeed, sweep away sin. That can only come with a regenerated humanity. But the suppression of the liquor traffic would so enormously lessen the misery of the poor, to say nothing of the blessing it would confer upon the well-to-do—that this world would seem well-nigh a paradise, were it once abolished. In what way this blessed result can be accomplished is a problem to tax the wisdom of the wisest. The most determined enemies of the saloon are not agreed on this point. But that every good man, whether a confessed Christian or not, ought to labor and pray for the overthrow of so tremendous an evil—praying always, and laboring according to what seems to him the surest and most permanent method of securing the desired result—is a matter that admits of no question whatever.—N. Y. Examiner.

"THEY ALL DRINK."

Record of Four Bright, Prosperous Business Men of Boston.

It is well known that at certain central agencies a record is kept of the name, position and standing of nearly every business man in the country. Careful men are employed to collect this information; and it not only includes the amount of property which the parties are worth, but also their standing as regards punctuality, promptness, integrity, temperance, morals, etc.

A number of years ago, it is stated, a firm of four men in Boston were rated as "A 1." They were rich, prosperous, young and prompt. One of them had the curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts on the book and was satisfied; but at the end of it was written: "But they all drink." He thought it was a good joke at the time; but a few years later two of them were dead, another was a drunkard, and the fourth was poor and living partly on charity.

That one little note at the end of their rating was the most important and significant of all the facts collected and embodied in their rating. Sobriety has its cash value, and drinking costs: oh, who can tell how much it does cost?—The Christian.

An Unaccepted Challenge.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who knows Boston well, issues this challenge: "I have said a hundred times, and I am willing to say it again, that if anybody will take charge of all the poverty and crime which result from drunkenness, the South Congregational church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs relief in the city of Boston."

SPIRITUAL AFFAIRS.

BUILDING.

Building, building,
Building by night
And by day!
Building, building,
Building a hut or a palace,
Building to love or to malice,
Building, building,
Building away!
Building in joy or building in pain,
Building with God or building in vain;
Whether we will
Or no,
Whether we come
Or go,
Everyone everywhere building,
Everyone all the time building,
Building, building,
Building by night
And by day!

Building, building,
Building on land
Or on sea!
Building for earth or the ages,
Building as fools or as sages,
Building, building,
Building are we!
Building on rock or building on sand,
Building to fall or building to stand;
Either with smiles
Or tears,
Either with hopes
Or fears,
All of us all the while building,
Silently, noisily building,
Building, building,
Building on land
Or on sea!

Building, building,
Building the false
Or the true!
Building in might or in weakness,
Building in pride or in meekness,
Building, building,
Building are you!
Building on Christ or building on self,
Building for God or building for pelf;
Whether they will
Or no,
Either for weal
Or woe,
All the world ceaselessly building,
Solemnly, jestingly building,
Building, building,
Building the false
Or the true!

Building, building,
Building are we,
Either way!
Building for earth or the ages,
Building as fools or as sages,
Building, building,
Building each day!
Which shall it be, for God or for gain?
Which shall it be, on Christ or in vain?
Which shall it be
For you,
Building the false,
Or true?
Oh, since you thus must be building,
Oh, since you always are building,
Building,
Build ye on Christ
Every day!
—Melville W. Miller, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

FAITH.

The Key of the Christian Life—The Alphabet and the Literature.

The Gospel is summed up in the Apostolic words: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It is extremely simple. It is something which everybody can understand, and it is something which everybody can do. Believe and be saved. Just believe. It is so simple and easy that it is not above the budding intelligence of the child; and it is equally possible to the limited powers of the most degraded savage. This is one of the reasons why Christianity is a truly universal religion. It addresses itself to all men. It is accessible to all men. It is perfectly suited to human needs.

But to believe is not a single, separate act once exercised and never renewed. As an initial act it procures admission to the Kingdom of Christ; but the necessity of believing is not less after such admission than before. Those who begin to believe must continue to believe. True belief is necessary to that vital union with Christ which begins only to grow stronger and more perfect. Belief is not only continuous, but it should be progressive. I believe that there is a great realm of literature, rich in all that can inform the mind, charm the imagination and enrich the whole being. In this belief I begin to study the alphabet of the language in which this body of literature exists. It is easy to learn to distinguish the characters, but hard to ascertain their value in words, and harder still to grasp quickly the meaning of sentences. But I persevere, and every stage of acquisition confirms my belief, steadies my purpose, and adds force to my determination to go on until I know fully what I thirst to know. Every succeeding chapter brings new beauties in language and thought to my enraptured attention, and things are revealed to me of which I had no conception when I began to learn the alphabet.

Faith is the key not only to the Christian life but of the Christian life. You cannot use it to enter and then throw it away. If you do you will remain always in the vestibule, and never see the beauties of the temple. There is little profit in learning the alphabet if the beginner does not mean to go further and learn to read. The belief which is sufficient to admit to the kingdom of God may not be very large; it cannot be in many cases. In the child it is not of the intellect so much as of the heart. A distinction is to be made between what may be characterized as intellectual belief and belief of the heart. The child's belief in Christ is the sweet and simple trust of the childish heart. It is not full and rich and strong, as the faith which comes of culture in life's school of discipline, and which with clearer and ever broadening vision sees God and the things of God.

A child may not know that she is an heiress, and that $100,000 is on deposit in a bank subject to her order. She believes it; but she knows little about the value and uses of the money, or about the bank where it is deposited, or about the rules of banks, the process of drawing checks, and other facts which all trained financiers have at their fingers' ends. Her faith in the fortune in her name is real, but it is limited. Later on, it will lead to full knowledge of all that the possession of a large sum of money involves.

There is before every sincere believer a great realm to be explored and enjoyed. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." This is a prayer we need to offer not only at the beginning of our Christian life, but daily to the end of our probation. A popular preacher is quoted as saying: "Not 'believe,' but 'be' is the thing." The two are not alternatives. One must believe in order to be; and one must be as the result of believing. Believe and be. The two are joined together. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—N. Y. Independent.

Practical Religion.

Lord Melbourne came one day from church in a mighty fume. Finding a friend he exclaimed: "It is too bad! I have always been a supporter of the church and the clergy. But it is really too bad to have to listen to a sermon such as we had this morning. Why, the preacher actually insisted on applying religion to a man's private life!"

That is just where Christ applies religion. He makes the unclean clean. He makes the crooked straight. In a word, He turns a man right about face.—N. Y. Examiner.

Cheerfulness.

There is no use to be down in the dark, damp cellar when there are light and warmth and comfort in the parlor. Consistency is a great essential of a Christian life. There is too little of it in the lives of Christian people.—Rev. J. L. Foxton.

ALL SHE COULD.

The Sacrifice of a Bright Eastern Girl for Christ and Humanity.

Some years ago a clergyman moved from New England to the northern part of Iowa and settled upon a farm. Many people said that he was foolish to do this; that he was throwing his life away. He left behind him a comfortable home, pleasant associations, libraries, schools and congenial neighbors. Besides, he was old and beginning to be feeble. But he felt that there was awaiting him a broad field, unplowed and ready for spiritual cultivation.

He had meant to go into this home missionary work years before, but his wife had persuaded him to wait until their daughter had finished her education at an eastern college. Now the opportunity had arrived, and with an eagerness like that of youth he left a community that, as he expressed it, had been "for generations preached to death," in order to go to a people begging to be preached to life.

There in the middle west the family built a small cabin of three rooms and a "lean-to" for the kitchen. No trees protected them from the burning sun in summer or from the fierce hurricanes of winter. The country was new. There were no roads. Their nearest neighbor was six miles away across the prairie, and one Sunday the good man, after preaching to an audience of 12 persons several miles away from his home, was lost in a blizzard in endeavoring to return to it. From the effects of this exposure he died, and his wife soon followed him.

The daughter, 20 years of age, was left alone. What was she to do? Should she pack up and return to the comfortable east, or stay and fight it out in the pioneer west? She decided to stay and continue her father's work.

She went out upon the vast prairie to teach. Most of the settlers were Norwegians, and in a little two-roomed house, occupied by a large family, she went to board so that she might learn the language. But the food was so poor that she became ill. Finally she secured the position of principal in a small, struggling college. Here her surroundings were pleasant, but the trustees could not pay her salary, and after three years she went back to the prairie.

This time she boarded with a kind but ignorant Irish family. During the winter the mother died, leaving two young girls to care for a household of men. Here the teacher found her mission in life.

She taught those girls how to work. She helped them to cook, to sew, to make their own clothes, to make the home cheerful and sweet. She made herself an elder sister to the two. She shared their whole life. She mended with them, baked with them, made butter with them and endured the hayfield with them. Soon the two sisters became noted for their gentleness, consideration and excellent home qualities. Wherever they went they carried a spirit of helpfulness and an electric ray of cheerfulness.

But the world never knew of the sacrifice of the minister's daughter, who spent some of the best years of her life in dreary hardship in order to make the lives of two other girls worth living. The story of this noble sacrifice came recently to the writer from the west. What can be said of her who could have had the sweet, but chose the bitter for humanity's and for Christ's sake? There are many bright, educated eastern girls in the west, enduring poverty and hardship as good soldiers of the Master, that they may do all they can for Him. Such unreserved giving up of self ought to shame us out of our easy, self-satisfied lives of nominal Christian service.—Youth's Companion.

TERSE SAYINGS.

Some Epigrammatic Notes Taken from the Ram's Horn.

Christ lived all the truth He taught.

God made other men to show us what is in us.

The Christian who worries much, prays too little.

There is no faith in the prayer that expects no answer.

A good man's life is a voice in which many hear God speak.

No matter how God warns the sinner, He always does it in love.

No one who loves as Christ loved can live in this world without making it better.

Putting sand in sugar is no worse than claiming to be a saint and living like a sinner.

There is no trouble so bad that we may not get good out of it by talking it over with the Lord.

Every man who has tried it, will testify that it is uphill business trying to live religious without religion.

We wrong God, and cheat men, if we refuse to let our light shine as it should, because tallow is expensive.

As long as the devil can have the first chance at our children he will not care how high we build our church steeples.

How much better is the man who will rob by dishonest trade than the one who knocks down his victim with a sand-bag?

"UPWARD."

It Is the Direction Directly Away from Self.

Look up! But who can tell what "up" is? Motion and direction are dubious things; they are merely expressive of relations between the fixed and the unfixed. The man who walks through a railroad car in a direction opposite to that in which the car is moving—which way is he moving? Can he move in contrary directions at the same time? And balloons rising vertically from opposite sides of the earth both go upward, both skyward, though both contrary in direction. The truth is, that as "Heaven lies above us in our infancy," the starry heavens lie everywhere about the ever-rolling world. Whatever is straightway from the world is "up" to him who is on the world. "Up" is simply the shortest way out from earth. No fixed direction is "upward." Its only requirement is that it shall be away from the earthward, away from where men are. When Christ ascended, He simply left this common habitation of men and men's selves. Self is an earth-bound thing. He who would rise and move morally upward must move away from self away from the earth, earthly.—S. S. Times.

A Heart at Rest.

Rest—no fretfulness from want of success, no fearfulness concerning the opinions of men or the contingencies of the future, no uneasiness as to outward circumstances, no distress whether health be present or absent, whether temporal resources be scanty or abundant! Such rest as this, true heart rest, comes from conformity with the character of Christ, and from this alone. The spirit of Jesus includes it. It has no affinity with idleness.

"Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

It is assuming with gladness the other end of Christ's yoke and working together with Him in His blessed fellowship. The yoke thus taken will not chafe, the burden will prove not burdensome. There will be no discouragement, no disturbance, but meekness, quietness and perpetual peace. Blessed are they who find this rest and grow therein!—Zion's Herald.

THE PUZZLER

No. 242.—Numerical.

He sat in his swing 'neath the apple tree.
"My brother was married last night," said he,
"I wonder whether that would 1-2
The 1-2-3-4 that I might do.
I'm seven years old and something more,
And Daisy Dasher lives next door,
And grandpa said, when I made my bow
And kissed the bride, 'Well, it's your turn now.'
But Daisy has some such foolish tricks.
She said my hair was like 4-5-6,
And then she pulled it below my hat.
I 5-6-7 her a pull for that.
A fellow wants to be bold and crazy
To 6-7-8 such a girl as Daisy."
So he could not think it beyond debate,
1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8,
And his hand is, up to the present date,
Not 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

No. 243.—Diagonal and Central Acrostic.

◆ • • • •   • • ◆ • •
• ◆ • • •   • • ◆ • •
• • ◆ • •   • • ◆ • •
• • • ◆ •   • • ◆ • •
• • • • ◆   • • ◆ • •

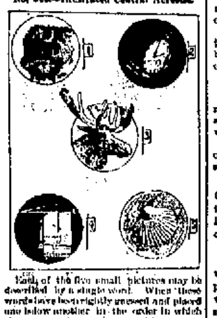
The diagonal is the name of a small spring blossom, sometimes called houstonia. The upper horizontal, of five, a fruit which is fleshy or pulpy throughout. The second row, a part of almost every kind of leaf; in foliage it is the essential part. The third row, "the chaffy scale which makes the covering of the flowers of grasses, sedges, etc." The fourth, "a cluster in which the pedicels all spring from about the same level, like the rays or sticks of an umbrella, from which it takes its name." The fifth, "cut about half way down with sharp and narrow incisions," as the leaves of some oaks and the sassafras.

In the acrostic the upper row, of five, is an Ezrahite who was less wise than Solomon. The second row, a young man who was angry with Job and with the three friends of Job. The third row, a place to which the ark of God was sent. The fourth was recovered to Syria and occupied by Syrians after the Jews were driven out. The fifth, father of the men from whom Abraham bought a sepulcher. The central vertical, a king of Tyre.

No. 245.—How They Made It Up.

The —— kept "losing his head,"
Which truly was sad to ——;
Though a cobbler who owed him a grudge
At the m—ker was highly ——.
But the cobbler and he are more friendly of ——,
And last night at the house of the cobbler he ——.

No. 244.—Illustrated Central Acrostic.



Each of the five small pictures may be described by a single word. When these words have been rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters will spell the surname of the author of a very famous book.—St. Nicholas.

No. 247.—Enigma.

I always come in early, I always come in late.
I am never in morning, nor am I found in night,
And, as I never come [illegible], I always come
[illegible]ly.
To find me, you must look for me in the petals of a lily.

No. 246.—Something Over.

Over, and "the sensation caused by caloric" —?
Over, and "rapture" —?
Over, and "real estate" —?
Over, and "the loose part of a coat" —?
Over, and "aspect" —?
Over, and "an impression in bronze, plaster, etc." —?
Over, and "penmanship" —?
Over, and "arrangement" —?
Over, and "to try in a judicial court" —?
Over, and "to throw in or out" —?
Over, and "a heavy burden" —?

Wise and Otherwise.

"It seems to me," groaned the sufferer, apostrophizing the reflection of his aching tooth in the looking glass, "that for so small a customer as you are you have lots of nerve."

"How would you like to be thrashed as I am?" complained the wheat to the corn. "I would a good deal rather be thrashed than have my ears pulled," answered the corn.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 234.—Charade: Insolent.

No. 235.—Geographical Anagrams: Cats in D—— Dantzic. Globe on U—— Boulogne.

No. 236.—Lines Addressed to a Bird: Supply the letter O; then read:

Oh! on old towers, thou gloomy owl,
Thou lovest to hoot, thou lovest to howl;
Or on old oaks your hollow tone,
So lost, so solemn sounds alone;
So mournful no one loves to go,
Or of your hooting howl to know.

No. 237.—Transpositions: Parents, entraps, rat-pens, trepans, pastern, penters.

No. 238.—Geographical Primal Acrostic: Calais, Orleans, Naples, Shanghai, Teheran, Amsterdam, Nuremberg, Tarsus, Inverness, Nantes, Odessa, Palmyra, Lucknow, Edinburgh—CONSTANTINOPLE.

No. 239.—A Diamond:

M
F O G
B O N U S
B E R A T E S
F O R E S T A L L
M O N A S T E R I E S
G U T T E R I N G
S E A R I S K
S L I N K
L E G
S

No. 240.—Beheadals: Swallow, wallow; ledger, ledge; plaice, place; ash, ah.

Reason to Remember It.

"Before we were married, Henry, you used to bring me a pound of candy every evening."

"I haven't forgotten it, Amanda. By the way, dear, I paid your last dental bill this morning. It was $47.50."—Chicago Tribune.

What He Made.

A negro preacher who has been carrying on a protracted meeting in Stewart county was asked how he got on with the meeting.

"First rate," said he. "I made 10 convicts the first night."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Without a parallel in history," says Gladstone, is the sultan's diplomatic triumph over the six powers, by which he is permitted to continue the massacre of Christians. It is indeed.

The stealing by contract, under his very nose, of all poor Mr. Carnegie's perfection armor plate making secrets was what might be called a dirty Russian trick.

As between political predictions on the size of majorities and predictions of the weather prophet, we pin our faith to the weather prophet.

FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR 1896.

Teas, Coffees, Sugar, Syrup, Spices, Tobacco, Fresh Fruits, California Dried Fruits, Nuts, Candies and Canned Goods, Fish.
Wool Carpets, Rag Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Table Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Rugs, Mats, Chinese Mattings and Linoleums.

SUGARS, ALL GRADES.

The Cuban War has had much to do with the Sugar market. The supplies are being cut off, the plantations destroyed, and if continued will undoubtedly advance the prices much more. Anticipating higher markets we have laid in a large lot and will continue to sell at the late quotations. Standard Granulated, per lb 5½c; White Coffee C, 4½c; Good Yellow Extra C, 4c; Cut Loaf and Powdered, 6c; Standard Coffee A Sugar, 5c.

TEAS: GREEN, OOLONG AND JAPAN.

The market has changed but little since our last report. The fine grades of Teas command full prices—besides they are very cheap in comparison with a few years ago, when no Tea could be bought less than 60c to 80c lb. We now sell a good Tea at 25c lb, and a fair Tea at 20c lb. Our best, 50c. No better to be had anywhere, no matter if you pay 75c for it.
Young Hyson, good, 25c; extra, 35c; best, 50c.
Gun Powder, good, 35c; very best, 50c.
Oolong Black Tea, 25c; best, 50c.
Uncolored Japan, 30c; extra best, 50c.
English Breakfast, best quality, 50c.
Tea in 1 pound packages, 15c; Imperial best, 50c.

COFFEES REDUCED 1c ALL AROUND.

The best Rio now down to 17c per lb.
The best Roasted Rio, loose, 20c per lb.
Coffee in packages, now 20c per lb.
Java, Old Government, now 30c per lb.
Government Java, Roasted, 30c per lb.
Mocha, Green, 30c; Roasted, 30c per lb.

Lake Fish and Boston Fish.

Nice No. 1 Georgia Cod Fish, 5c lb; Cusk Hake, looks like Cod Fish, 5c lb; Cod Fish in 2 pound bricks, 5c lb; Scotch Herring, $1.10 per keg; Holland Herring, 80c per keg; Labrador Herring, 1½c each, $4.50 per barrel; Mackerel, in kits, $1.25 and $2.50; Mackerel, per lb, 10c; Extra Bloater Mess, 15c per lb; Dried Herring in boxes, 15c per box; No. 1 White Fish, in kits, $1.00; Family White Fish, in kits, 50c; Pickerel, in kits, $1.00; Smoked Yarmouth Bloaters, 1½c each; Finnan Haddies, 8c.

RICE DOWN TO 4c LB.—We have a large shipment just to hand. Nice Rice, as good as sold at 6c, for 4c lb; it is from Louisiana. Also New Orleans Molasses, a good quality down to 30c gallon; and the best Yellow New Orleans at 35c gallon; also the Silver Drips, at 30c gallon, and nice Yellow Sorghum, 30c gallon.

OILS—LINSEED, HARNESS AND MACHINE OILS.

Boiled Linseed Oil, 50c gallon; Raw Linseed Oil, 60c gallon; Harness Oil, 50c gallon; also in small cans, 25c can; Neatsfoot Oil, 70c gallon; Fish Oil, 60c gallon; Machine Oil, 20c and 30c gallon; Castor Oil, 75c gallon; Lard Oil, 70c gallon.

California and Domestic Dried Fruits and Canned Goods.

California Peaches, best, 15c can; Green Gages, 10½c can; Apricots, 15c can; Egg Plums, 12½c can; White Cherries, 20c can; Baltimore Peaches, 2 lb yellow, 10c can; Baltimore Pie Peaches, 8c can, and one gallon cans Apples, nice goods, 15c can. This is 5c lower than ever sold at. Best Indiana Packed Tomatoes, 7c can; Illinois Nice Packed Corn, 20c can.

THE DRIED FRUITS.—No. 1 Extra California Peaches, 7c lb; California Prunes, 5c lb; Large Extra Prunes, 10c lb; California Raisins, night good, 4c lb; Extra Muscatels, 5c lb; best London Layers, 6c lb; No. 1 New Zante Currants, 5c lb; they are nicer than those in packages at 7c; Dried Apples, 5c lb.

TOBACCOS AND CIGARS.

Good Cigars, 50c per box; Extra Choice, 75c per box; Royal Seal, 60c per box; Artistic, 85c box; C. G., $1.15 box.
PLUG TOBACCO.—Battle Ax, 25c lb; Horse Shoe, 45c lb; J. T., 34 lb; Durham Smoking, 45c lb; Mail Pouch, 25c lb; Sweet Conqueror, 15c lb; Fine Cut, 25c and 30c lb.

Wines and Liquors for Medical Use Only.

Wines are now very cheap; all grades are down 20c gallon. We now sell Best Catawba Sweet Wine, 70c gallon; Port and Sherry Wine, 80c gallon, and to sell them at $1.00 and formerly $1.25, now at 80c gallon; No. 1 Best California Muscatel and Angelica Wine, 80c gallon; Blackberry Wine, 80c gallon; Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter, 20c bottle. We have two dozen of Genuine Champagne, ¼ pints, usually sold at $1.25 bottle, we offer it at 60c a bottle. It was bought from the Aveline House proprietor when the house changed hands. Brandy, Gin and Kimmel, $1.00, $1.50 and $1.75 gallon; Old [illegible] Pure Bourbon, $2.00 gallon; other Whiskies, $1.00, $1.25, $1.40 and $1.75 gallon.

Carpets, Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Rugs, Mats, Chinese Mattings, Window Shades.

The corner room we have devoted exclusively to these goods, and a most interesting line we have. We can suit all parties in prices and patterns. All Wool Carpets down to 50c, and good Ingrain, 25c and 35c yard; Brussels, 45c a yard; Best Brussels, 70c yard; Velvets, yard; Rugs, 30c, 45c, 85c, $1.25 and $2.50 each.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.

One yard wide, yard, 20c and 30c; one and one-half yards wide, 30c and 45c yard; two yards wide, 40c and 60c yard; two and one-half yards wide, 75c yard; Linoleums, two yards wide, 85c, and $1.25 yard.

WINDOW SHADES.—We have a good shade at 10c each; extra, 25c each; best 35c each. Also Lace Curtains, a very nice one as low as 45c pair; extra nice, $1.00, $1.25 and $2 pair. We have a fine line of those goods and can save our customers money on these goods as well as on other goods.

Fort Wayne Fruit House.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY OCT. 3, 1896.

A ROYAL BETROTHAL.

PRINCESS HELENA TO THE CROWN PRINCE OF ITALY.

King of a Black Mountain—Picturesque Personality of a Ruler Who Is Making Great Alliances Through His Pretty Daughters.

(Special Letter.)

Smallest among peoples, rough rock throne
Of freedom! Warriors beating back the swarm
Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,
Great Tsernagora!

Such was the apostrophe addressed by the late Lord Tennyson to the Black Mountain Kingdom of Montenegro, ruled over by Prince Nicolas. The recent betrothal of his third daughter, Helena, to the Crown Prince of Italy, the talk of courts and a problem for statesmen, recalls the picturesque personality of Prince Nicolas and the unique political importance of his little principality—the size of Rhode Island—with 200,000 inhabitants.

Princess Helena, one of seven daughters, was born in the royal palace in Cettinje in 1873. With her sisters she inherited the superb dark beauty of their mother, the daughter of a Montenegrin nobleman. She has been most carefully reared by tutors and governesses, and is not only admirable in all the arts and graces of European courts, but is well versed in the play of politics and in every way qualified to succeed even so lovely a queen as Margherita of Italy.

For several years past the name of the Prince of Naples has been matrimonially mentioned in connection with nearly every eligible princess in Europe, and the affair has operated to divide Roman society into several parties. One section, the first to appear, wishes for a marriage with Princess Clementine of Belgium, youngest daughter of King Leopold II. Another large party hopes for an alliance with an English princess, because of the friendship existing between the two nations and the good feeling of the two reigning houses one for the other. A third agitates for Princess Fedora of Schleswig-Holstein, sister of the Empress of Germany, in order to consolidate the alliance with that country. A fourth wants a marriage with the Archduchess Maria Annunziata of Austria to popularize the Austrian alliance, which still has in Italy many opponents. According to others, the Prince will look to the east and marry Princess Maria Maddalena, fourth daughter of King George of Greece, born in Athens in 1876.

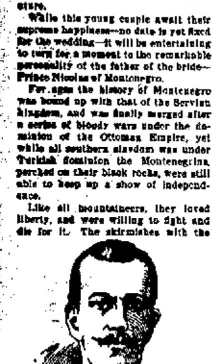
Last month it was rumored in London that the beautiful and unsuspected little Princess Helena had won the great prize, and this rumor has now turned out to be correct.

The groom to be and future King of Italy is the only son of the present king, and is named Vittorio Emmanuele Fernandino Maria Gennaro. He was born in 1869, and has the repute of being a liberal, scholarly and soldierly man, being a general in the Italian army and a patron of art and literature.

While this young couple await their supreme happiness—no date is yet fixed for the wedding—it will be entertaining to turn for a moment to the remarkable personality of the father of the bride—Prince Nicolas of Montenegro.

For ages the history of Montenegro was bound up with that of the Servian kingdom, and was finally merged after a series of bloody wars under the dominion of the Ottoman Empire, yet while all southern slavdom was under Turkish dominion the Montenegrins, perched on their black rocks, were still able to keep up a show of independence.

Like all mountaineers, they loved liberty, and were willing to fight and die for it. The skirmishes with the Turks continued for more than a century, the deadly hatred of Montenegro's arch enemy being handed down from father to son.



PRINCE OF NAPLES.

In the sixteenth century the Turks, under Sultan Solyman, wearied of this desultory fighting, appeared in such overwhelming force that the black mountaineers were forced to sullenly submit to Turkish suzerainty. Such a condition lasted for two hundred years, when the Montenegrins once more broke the yoke and declared themselves an independent people and established a native monarchy, with Njegosch as sovereign. He was invested with hierarchical as well as regal powers, as were his successors, until 1851, when Prince Danieli, coming to the throne, declined the ecclesiastical dignity, and since then the two functions have been separate and distinct.

It is from the original Njegosch that the present Nicolas of Montenegro derives his descent, through seven generations.

He is now about fifty-five years of age, tall, rather stout and of prodigious physical strength. A mustache covers a strong, firm mouth, and he wears short mutton chop whiskers. At home he always dresses in the native costume—a white woolen tunic, with close fitting sleeves, open in front to display a red shirt richly embroidered with gold lace, and large blue trousers, tucked into high boots, the whole set off by a graceful toque of red and black silk.

When he leaves his little kingdom, which he often does, he appears in the garb of an English gentleman. He is passionately fond of yachting for a mountaineer and maintains a fine steamer in the harbor of Cattaro, whence he makes extensive cruises.

The palace is not exactly like Buckingham Palace, nor yet the Winter Palace, in St. Petersburg, but it is a sufficiently imposing building situated in the capital, Cettinje, and is sumptuously furnished in the best modern style.

Not long ago a leading Paris paper found these pleasant things to say of him:

Un paladin du moyen age. Le vrai roi des Montagnes Noires. D'une bravoure heroique et celebre dans un pays de heros.

Il adore le Tsar et donnerait, heureux, son sang et sa vie pour lui. Il est superbe en costume national. Son peuple l'aime et l'admire. Il a vu prosperer autour de lui sa charmante famille. Ses filles ont des fronts fait pour les plus belles couronnes; ses fils tiennent de lui.

Eleve a Paris, au lycee Louis-le-Grand, le prince Nicolas a garde de la France un chaud et bon souvenir.

Le Montenegro est l'ami de notre pays.

An Englishman who was his guest at Cettinje writes of him as follows:

PRINCESS HELEN.

"The prince does not lead the regular life of a European ruler; he is a sort of chief of clan, and shares the rude, independent existence of his people. He rises late, and goes to the senate or visits the court house, and takes part in the deliberations of the supreme tribunal. When a criminal case is on he follows the debates attentively, questions the accused and witnesses, and sometimes acts as counsel for the person on trial. Upon his daily promenade through the streets of the capital the prince allows all of his subjects to approach him and make known their demands. These petitions are usually presented at the public well, where the prince, sitting on the brink and surrounded by his guards, listens kindly to the complaints or requests of those who desire to speak to him.

"The family dinner takes place at noon, and is followed by a long siesta, for the Montenegrins are as lazy as they are brave. A horseback ride usually precedes the evening meal, after which the prince frequently joins a lot of his warriors and senators, to whom he talks on European politics, science and the leading questions of the day, and listens to their remarks about Montenegrin affairs. In these familiar conversations the Black Mountain chief finds out more in an hour about the condition of his country than he could learn from an extensive correspondence.

It is said of the prince that he does a certain amount of money lending on his own account, since there are no banks, and he is the only person who has any money in his kingdom, and not overmuch at that.

He is an indefatigable worker, is constantly moving about in his principality, and it is said of him that he knows every one of his subjects by sight. He will this year celebrate the bicentenary of his dynasty.

It seems cruel that such a patriarchal ruler should not have a more fertile and more prosperous country to rule over. Physically, the country of the Black Mountain is about as unpromising as it can be. A saying among the natives is that when the Creator was distributing rocks over the earth's surface he dropped his bag into Montenegro.

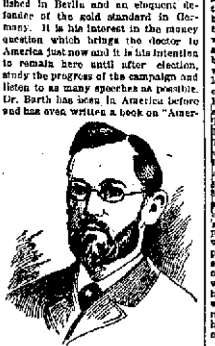
From the summit of Mount Lovchen, the highest peak in the country, an endless succession of huge bowlders of various heights meets the eye in every direction. There are a few fertile plains, but no one has ever learned husbandry or any other business for that matter, except fighting, and to this day the entire male population goes abroad armed with revolver and knife, relics, however, of the old war spirit against the Turks only, for these people rarely quarrel among themselves.

Montenegro is known in Europe as the southern outpost of Russia. It is recognized on all sides that the Prince's political affiliations are all with Russia. It is said that Russia has already dowered three of his daughters, one of whom is married to a son of a cousin of the Czar and another to a Russian nobleman closely allied to the Czar's court.

FINANCIAL EXPERT.

Dr. Barth of Germany Is Improving His Knowledge Here.

There is now in this country Dr. Theodor Barth, the editor of Die Nation, which is an influential paper published in Berlin and an eloquent defender of the gold standard in Germany. It is his interest in the money question which brings the doctor to America just now and it is his intention to remain here until after election, study the progress of the campaign and listen to as many speeches as possible. Dr. Barth has been in America before and has even written a book on "American Agricultural Life," which shows painstaking and thought. He is still a comparatively young man and has taken degrees in philosophy and law and is a member of the reichstag. Some years ago he gave up law to enter journalism, in which he has made a pronounced success.



DR. THEODOR BARTH.

Honoring a Town.

Belfort, the eastern gate of France, and Rambervillers, in the Vosges mountains, have just received the cross of the Legion of Honor, which will be emblazoned on the town arms, in honor of the gallant resistance the people made to the Germans twenty-five years ago. Altogether nine towns in France now have the cross of the Legion of Honor on their coat of arms.—Sketch.

FASHIONS OF NEW YORK.

An Abundance of Variety In the Autumn Millinery.

THE ALPINE HAT VERY POPULAR.

Headgear to Suit All Tastes—Novelties In Trimming—New Laces For Waists—Cravenettes In Demand—Brilliancy of Color Distinguishes the New Silks.

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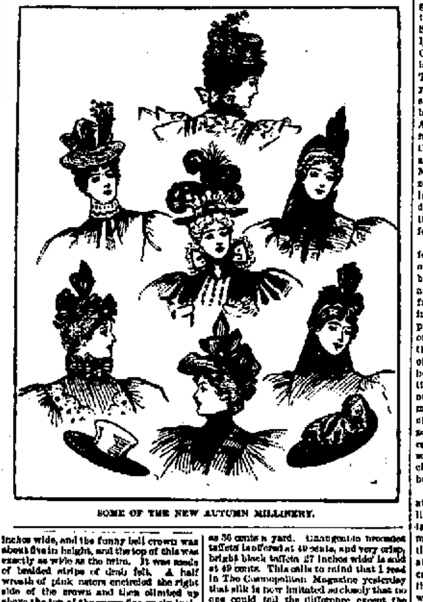
There is something for every one in the millinery for this fall. There are neat and dainty hats, pert and impudent ones, elegant and quiet ones, loud and noisy ones, besides many others too numerous to mention in detail. Some are essentially feminine, but there are many mannish looking things. There are creations bearing the impress of historical research and others that have certainly been born of today. Some are of straw in fancy braids, some of smooth felt and others of silk beaver. These last generally have a high bell crown in white, cream, drab or fawn color, with a black or dark brown brim. In some cases this style is lavishly trimmed with feathers, velvet, buckles and other things, but quite as often there is no garniture beyond a band of velvet with a small gold buckle. This is a very trying simplicity, and none but a veritable beauty would dare to wear one.

The alpine hat for ordinary wear gains in favor and is seen in all the season's colors in hard and in soft felt. One very pretty one was of drab with a band of garnet velvet all around the brim and a band around the crown. In front was a sort of Jacob's ladder made of white lace and garnet velvet, set up on the crown, and a row was twisted around the brim below the flat velvet band. Two pale blue quills with garnet centers were stuck carelessly in on the left side. While some ladies prefer that their alpine hats shall be severely plain, others have theirs literally smothered in all sorts of garnishing. There was an odd little shape that made one think of the old English prints. The brim was not over two inches wide, and the funny bell crown was about five in height, and the top of this was exactly as wide as the brim. It was made of braided strips of drab felt. A half wreath of pink asters encircled the right side of the crown and then climbed up above the top of the crown five or six inches. On the left side was a flat pink bow.



SOME OF THE NEW AUTUMN MILLINERY.

There are capotes without number, each of these seeming to be fashioned with a view to the utilization of some scrap of lace or velvet not large enough for anything else. But they are always pretty and make the wearer look lovely. Turbans are with us in large numbers. One of the newest ideas is to have a hat brim of smooth or beaver felt, with a soft, puffed crown of velvet or brocade, or indeed anything that comes handy. I saw one of these soft, puffed crowns of plaid velvet, another of taffeta, and still another of pretty, soft Chinese crape in two tones. Some of these crowns are disguised by having an upstanding quilling all around them of velvet, moire, satin or taffeta, and in some instances lace. There is a new kind of hand wrought lace, called point d'arabe, which lends itself well to this style of use, as it is rich and stiff, much like the venetian point.

Some take the felt hats now shown and cut the crown out and gather loosely a disk of material just as large as the brim is round, and this forms a puffed crown of the right size. This can be afterward trimmed in any way one fancies. Parrots, blackbirds and birds of paradise are all seen, to say nothing of a lot of nondescripts that never were hatched from eggs. These were the outcome of the inventive Frenchwoman's mind. In mourning hats and bonnets there is a marked improvement in shape and trimming. They have not the same rigid and depressing lines, and now the deepest mourning toques and close bonnets may have rosettes of crape and bows of crape, besides various other devices in the way of lisse, upstanding loops and quillings. For widows the little double roll of white crape is still de rigueur, while all the rest of the bonnet and the long veil are of heavy English courtauld crape. A hat for mourning for a young lady was of black surah stretched over a stiff foundation and bound with crape. The crown was soft and made of thin black Italian crape bordered with English crape. The loops and bows were made in the same way. The whole effect was light and pleasing, yet it told its secret of existence in its material. Black silk mull, in accordion plaits, was used to make a dainty little bonnet, with nothing but its color to suggest mourning. The plaiting was plaited again into rolling folds, and a little upstanding twist of it gave it a decidedly perky little air. Still it was made to wear with a half mourning gown. The big plumes continue to curl over the tops of some astounding hats and to give a very commanding and military air to the new women. Yet, really, when all is said, the hats of the fall of 1896 are tasteful, and, while sometimes gorgeous, are, in the main, everything one could desire. Perhaps this is because there are so many that one may choose from.

Among the novelties in trimming one finds some beautiful new changeable taffeta ribbons with velvet edges. This gives a very rich effect, and to those who like brilliant hues it is pleasing. The same taffeta, grosgrain and moire ribbons that have been in vogue all summer are so still and doubtless will remain in fashion. There are some metallic brocades in some of the very richest Persian ribbons. The chenev designs in their exquisite, vague figurings will be largely used for evening hats and bonnets. And, oh, dear! some theater hats have an appalling array of plumes, great bows and tulle trimmings. All the stores have their openings this week, but the favored fashion editor had their beauties displayed for her special benefit a week earlier, and I have seen so much and so many things that I could not tell of them in a week. But I must mention the fancy feathers and different kinds of birds, the wings, the aigrets, the fluffy pompons and the many imitations of the birds of paradise. The moire antique ribbons for millinery are, I think, the handsomest I ever saw. Some of it is made with a somber [illegible] like bengaline, while others have a gloss higher than taffeta.

Among other things, I find a new line of laces intended for making waists. This is in fancy net and may be gathered loosely over a silk blouse or modeled into a bolero. Some have bands to trim with, and some of it is wide enough for flounce skirts. The one entirely new lace is the arabic. This promises great durability. There are any number of boleros and figures fashioned of renaissance lace and Russian as well as duchess lace. These dainty and dressy articles are to be sewed to some suitable lining or else directly on the waist of the gown they are to decorate, whether it is high or low in the neck, for evening or for the street. One sees these boleros on many gowns. They are particularly handsome over fine broadcloth, and they are seen also on several of the new rough wools, though I hardly like the combination. The new bourette cheviots in all their designs are made up into such warm looking and weather resisting suits that it is no wonder that half the women turn from the lighter novelties and go back to look again at the woolen suits and gowns. The bourette cheviots are those with little knobs and knots set closely together. The boucle cheviots are those with tiny curls of mohair above the surface. The novelty goods in wools and silk and wools are too numerous to mention, but all are good, warm, durable and handsome, in rich colors as befit the season.

There is an unusually heavy demand for the black, dark blue, drab and brown cravenettes. They are used for cycling suits to the almost entire exclusion of other fabrics. These are perfectly dyed and are waterproof, and the only fault that I can find with the fabric is that it is a little heavy, but it requires no lining. For walking suits for business and for a round dozen of other things these cravenettes are employed. They are made with short fly front coats or tight basques of some kind. Some have a short military cape to wear over the shoulders. No matter what the color or style of making, these are always handsome.

The new silks are, generally speaking, more remarkable for brilliancy of color than solid quality, but in these days of rapid changes perhaps that is a good idea, as the silk is cheap. Indeed, I wonder how it can be sold as cheaply as it is. In some places one finds chameleon taffeta as low as 50 cents a yard. Changeable brocaded taffeta is offered at 40 cents, and very crisp, bright black taffeta 27 inches wide is sold at 49 cents. This calls to mind that I read in The Cosmopolitan Magazine yesterday that silk is now imitated so closely that no one could tell the difference, except the imitation has a brighter gloss and sharper rustle. It is made of wood fiber and reduced chemically to practically the same substance as the filaments of raw silk, and then it is woven and finished in the same way. Perhaps that has something to do with the cheapness of silk. Anyhow let us all be thankful that women have the dainty stuff.

There are perhaps 30 designs of colored moire velours. These are exceptionally rich and elegant. The gold and silver satin damask is almost too magnificent, but there are times and places where it is suitably worn. The price of a yard of this would buy another whole gown of less pretentious material, but perhaps it would, after all, not be so satisfying. There are some unusually rich and sumptuous satin brocades, both in colors and in plain blacks. The colors are artistic to a degree.

KATE LAROY.

Waiting to Meet Johnson.

I got to know that the old man Robinson, at whose cabin I was staying for a week, had had a feud with the Johnsons for about 20 years, and one afternoon, when we were over at the moonshine still and alone, I brought the matter up and asked him how it began.

"I can't skasely remember," he replied, "but I reckon dawgs had somethin to do with it. Reckon our dawgs had a fout."

"And each of you stood up for his dog?"

"Of cos'e."

"And did you have a fight with Johnson?"

"Reckon I did."

"Well, why can't the matter be fixed up? I'm told that four or five people have been killed and the war still goes on. Can't you and Johnson come together and make peace?"

"How?" he asked.

"Suppose I go and talk to Johnson and tell him you are willing to let the matter drop if he is."

"Yes."

"Then you can meet, shake hands, take a drink and let the news go out that you are friends."

"That would be nice," he replied, while shaking his head in a doubtful way.

"Of course it would. If you agree to it, I'll go and see Johnson today."

"It wouldn't do—wouldn't do, sah. We've dun tried it three times over."

"Then you've been brought together?"

"Yes, sah, three times. He was willin and I was willin, but when we come together he sez to me if them dawgs had bin left alone his dawg would hev licked."

"And you denied it?"

"Of co'se. My dawg was on top and bound to lick. Yes, sah, allus denied and dun called Johnson a liar, and then the wah broke out again."

"But couldn't the dogs be left out?"

"Yes, I reckon they might, but if they was he'd begin braggin 'bout his ole mowl, and I'd hev to brag about mine, and that'd be a row to end up with. Better let the matter drop, sah. I shall likely meet Johnson at the 'lection next week, and one or 'tother will be popped over, and that will be the last of it."

One Exception.

"Yes," admitted the boy with the bicycle, "I go to the Universalist Sunday school, but you can't make me believe a park policeman will ever go to heaven."—Chicago Tribune.

THE BOSTON LIBRARY.

A MAGNIFICENT MODERN TEMPLE OF ART AND LEARNING.

American Artists Have Richly Adorned It—The Beautiful Decorations of Abbey and Sargent—It Is Classed Among the Finest in the World.

(Boston Letter.)

BOSTONIANS are proud of their cultured and intellectual circles; of their music and their art; their symphony concerts and their popular concerts; their new subway; their old churches and graveyards; their municipal government, with the numerous suburban governments, differing essentially from the Chicago idea; their literary traditions of the past; their new vaudeville theater of the present; their clearances and financial statistics, showing them to be the second city in the country and Chicago third; their magnificent breathing spaces; their baked beans and Sunday morning fish balls—but, most of all, are they proud of their new public library. You may have seen the wonders of the vatican or viewed the decorative work in the palaces and public buildings of France and Germany; you may have absorbed the work of Angelo, Raphael, del Sarto or Rembrandt—but you are informed that you know nothing about decorative effort unless you have seen the results achieved by that great modern pair, Abbey and Sargent, in the new Boston library.

And truly you witness something as interesting in its way as any of the old masters, and you believe the time will come when strangers within the gates of Boston will pay a pilgrimage to the then old masters, Abbey and Sargent. The library itself is obviously designed after the Bibliotheque Ste. Genevieve in Paris, although Bostonians disclaim the slightest plagiarism. The inscriptions are read to you by your Boston friend with much pride, self-complacency and emphasis: "Built by the People and Dedicated to the Advancement of Learning;" "The Commonwealth Requires the Education of the People as the Safeguard of Order and Liberty;" "Founded Through the Munificence and Public Spirit of Citizens." These inscriptions are very satisfying to the resident, and visitors are duly and emphatically impressed with their significance, departing with this feeling: "Let us go and do likewise."

After such experience the Detroiter feels so humiliated that he looks the other way when he passes his own library. He becomes humble and small, after his experience with his Boston friends, and he does not dare to look in the face "Knowledge," that masterpiece of wood carving which adorns, ornaments and beautifies the front of the local edifice. When the influence of Boston town in a measure subsides he chides himself upon his super-sensitiveness, and is thankful, indeed, for our superb collection of books which may some day be set in a Bibliotheque of our own, with decorations by Wenzell, Kobhoren, Melchers or other local (?) artists of whose efforts we are so justly proud that we continue to claim them because they lived here before they moved away.

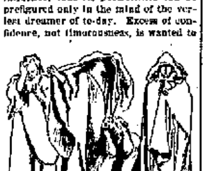
It is to be regretted that the country at large has heard of Boston's public library more through the action of certain of her citizens in relation to the much-talked-of Macmonnies Bacchante than for any other reason. The whole affair was lamentable and yet ludicrous, because Boston, having reached the sublime, suddenly and without warning descended to the ridiculous. But having achieved so much in this project that "magnificent" is the only word that fittingly expresses the result, it is really too bad that such fun has been poked at poor, prudish old Boston. She is entitled to so much applause that the shafts of ridicule are decidedly unkind. Poor, rejected Bacchante, embodiment of joyousness! The French government would not buy you; Boston wouldn't have you. You should turn into a figure of melancholy. But after all perhaps you would have intruded upon the seriousness of a philosopher's ruminations in the quietude of the court yard—and you should go back to the boulevards where you belong. A water god or something of that kind will do for a fountain.

The decorations have been frequently described.

FROM SARGENT FRIEZE.

Mr. Sargent's scheme is vast and difficult to grasp. He has himself outlined his intention to represent "the triumph of religion—a mural decoration illustrating certain stages of Jewish and Christian history." The portion which has been completed represents the strife between Monotheism and Polytheism. So much of Sargent's work as is in place consists of a lunette, a frieze and a section of the ceiling. The text of his subject, condensed from the 106th Psalm, has been inscribed by Mr. Sargent in dark blue letters upon a gilt background: "They forgat God their saviour, which had done great things in Egypt. And they served * * idols: which were a snare unto them. Yea, they sacrificed their sons and their daughters unto devils, and shed innocent blood, even the blood of their sons and of their daughters * * * unto the idols of Canaan. * * * Therefore was the wrath of the Lord kindled against his people * * And he gave them into the hand of the heathen; and they that hated them ruled over them. Their enemies also oppressed them, and they were brought into subjection under their hand. Nevertheless he regarded their affliction, when he heard their cry: And he remembered for them his covenant."

Lindsay Swift, in an admirable and public-spirited article, has pointed out that the public library is safely lodged in one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, and that it will no longer be possible to say that America has no structure of continental dignity and impressiveness. It has an enormous collection of books, and adds yearly an increment so large as to constitute a good working library in itself. It has every modern appliance to facilitate both the public and its working force, which is composed of well-trained and competent men and women, many of whom are giving a tone and reputation to their profession and to the institution which they serve. With such an equipment and in such surroundings, supported and revered by a community conspicuous for the high average of the culture of its citizens, facing a future full of the promise of new birth in arts and letters, the public library of the city of Boston has every reason to be sure of fulfilling its most confident hopes. What the present has been to those humble beginnings of half a century ago, so shall the end of the next fifty years see an institution so robust, so progressive, so powerful in influence, that its possibilities can be prefigured only in the mind of the veriest dreamer of to-day. Excess of confidence, not timorousness, is wanted to



GROUP BY SARGENT.

carry on great objects; the task rests lightly on a coming generation, born of those who made a nation safe after perils of civil war. A belief in the coming greatness of Boston is just now needful, not to assign to it the respectful appellation of a second Edinburgh or the Athens of America, but to beautify it, to revere it, to make its politics and its inner life as wise and pure as its outward appearance is destined to be fair. In all this coming welfare, the noble structure on Copley square will receive and contribute its full share.

The visitor will be impressed by the fact that the public library is lodged in a building far more attractive and splendid than the structure which contains Boston's art treasures in the same square. It seems most fitting that the cause of education should thus be ennobled and all the resources of architecture, painting, sculpture, etc., be brought to bear to lend dignity and beauty. Books are very well; the books of a commonwealth set in such a noble casket are much better. Here is the environment that stimulates study and educates the untutored in matters of art. Within that structure one seems insulated, as it were, from the petty annoyances of the outside world; here is the majestic calm that should exist for the student and the scholar; here is another and better world, perhaps, than may be found without those four walls. Thus one may forgive the self-complacency of the Bostonian, thoroughly New Englandish, and by a few words of commendation express in his humble western manner admiration for the way they do things "down east."

Make Your Workmen Comfortable.

A manufacturer, in gossiping about the best ways of handling workmen, says that the nature of the floor of the shop has a great deal to do with the amount of work that is got out of the operative staff. He was once struck by the difference in the apparent activity of two sets of men working on similar jobs at the vise in two rooms of a large shop. One was in an old building and the other was in one of recent construction. In the former the men stood easily and naturally at their work, and showed no symptoms of a hankering for a seat on the bench, while in the latter the men were shifting their weight from one foot to the other, throwing one leg upon the bench at every opportunity and showing every evidence of foot fatigue. The superintendent guessed that the difference was due to the floors upon which the two gangs of men were standing. In the old shop the floor was of wood, springy to a certain extent, and a poor conductor of heat. In the new shop it was of the most beautiful concrete, an excellent conductor of heat from the feet of the workman, and as unyielding as granite rock. So the benches in the new shop were raised a couple of inches, and each man was given a platform of wood that rested on two crosspieces at the end, and had a slight spring to it. The foot weariness disappeared almost at once, and no further trouble was experienced. Which shows that the prettiest floor is not always the best for the workmen.

THE CHINESE SCHOOLBOY.

He Must Study Long Hours Every Day in the Year.

The Chinese school children have instilled into them at an early age habits of hard, steady study, says an exchange. At the age of 5 a boy begins his schooling. At daylight he rises, and, after dressing as quickly as possible, he starts breakfastless to school. He is given a task and after it is completed he is allowed an hour for breakfast. Again, later, he has an hour for luncheon, but he is at his study nearly twelve hours a day, seven days in the week. All this time when he is not reciting his lessons he is studying aloud at the top of his voice. He is under the eye of his master both in school and on his way to and from school. The lad is taught rudimentary astronomy, physics and natural history, but greater stress is put upon writing and his literary studies. "A Thousand Letters," a poem, is the study that forms the backbone of his literary education. In it are taught the duties of children to parents and all such matters. Whatever the study may be—history, classics or science—every lesson is learned and repeated word for word.

Things to Remember.

Education today means much more than the past revealed to us. It means life in its fullness, body, mind, soul developed, so that they do not only know, but can use and observe; no committing to memory for the sake of repeating and following, but the gaining, so that the individual will know how to think and act in strong independent fashion.

Every young life has a right to an intellectual environment. What fresh air is to the plant the domestic atmosphere is to the child, and in proportion to its overwhelming importance is the emphasis of the obligation. The home must be not alone the shelter of the body, but the cradle of the mind.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Its Source.

"Little Johnny opened his drum to find where the noise came from."

"Did he find out?"

"Yes; when his father came home the noise came from little Johnny."—Pick-Me-Up.

EXPENSIVE BLINDNESS.

Mrs. Short—I am blind to all your faults.
Mr. Short—Why shouldn't you be? I threw most all of my dust in your eyes.

AS USUAL.

He—What caused your brother's illness?
She—His sweetheart's death. She fell into the well and was drowned.
He—Umph! A woman at the bottom of it.

A CUTTING REMARK.

Mr. Rowley—What's de mattah, Pete, goin' to cut a niggah?
Pete—Nope—a watahmillin.

AN ATHLETIC BREAKFAST.

Tough Boy—We had scrambled eggs for breakfast.
New Boy—Scrambled eggs?
Tough Boy—Yes, mother cooked an egg and we all scrambled for it.

HARNESS AND HORSES.

Nervous Animals Should Not Be Weighted Down With Superfluous Straps.

Our English harness, though excellent for cool weather, is very trying to horses in the great heat, says the Spectator. The multiplicity of straps and the hot collar form a network of wet, hot lines across the animal's back and flanks. Soldiers sweating under the pressure of cross belts and side belts on a summer march soon realize the feeling of the overharnessed horses and take the view that the light American harness, worked with a breastplate in place of a collar, is probably more comfortable for the animal. The violent perspiration of some horses, though it looks uncomfortable, is probably a relief to them. There is nothing worse for a horse than to be "hidebound" and the only discomforts which the opposite symptoms entail are the danger of sores being caused by harness rubbing on the wet skin, and the risk of chills, to which horses are equally subject with human beings in hot weather. One driver of the writer's acquaintance always maintained that one of his horses could sweat at pleasure and did so whenever he wanted to shirk work. "He's artful, he's artful," was the invariable reply if the condition of the animal's coat was pointed out as a reason for moderating the pace. Nervous exhaustion from heat is probably more common among horses than is supposed. They suffer not only from the depression of tone caused by the temperature but from the worry and excitement caused by flies and insects, which madden the working horse with no time or means to rid himself of them effectually. The network jackets and flaps granted even to smart carriage horses in hot weather are a real benefit to them, and if cows could be provided with similar but more extensive protection it is certain that the yield of milk would be increased by the respite from constant nervous worry.

Were Not Early Birds.

A German savant finds, on investigation, that most centenarians are people who have practiced the late to bed and late to rise theory.

Twelve newspapers to a population of 15,000 is the record of Caldwell county, Missouri.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, wholesale druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, wholesale druggists, Toledo Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

FOR RENT.

A very handsome suit of rooms in the new Sentinel building. Apply at Sentinel counting room.

HE SENDS IT FREE.

Physicians' Prescription for Cure of Weakness in Men.

Painful diseases are bad enough but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness, the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicine that not only completely restored his general health but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the prescription of this wonderful remedy, free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist nor do I pose as an enthusiast but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Send me your name and address today. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage stamps necessary to mail the prescription but send for the remedy and learn that there are a few things on earth that although they cost nothing to get they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a life time of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 210, Kalamazoo, Mich., and the prescription will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

sat 26-12wks

FASHIONS CHANGE

BUT

POZZONI'S

Complexion

POWDER

REMAINS ALWAYS THE SAME.

The finest, purest and most beautifying toilet powder ever made. It is soothing, healing, healthful and harmless; and when rightly used IS INVISIBLE. If you have never tried

POZZONI'S

you do not know what an IDEAL COMPLEXION POWDER is.

IT IS SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs and Injections. They cure in 48 hours the same diseases without any inconvenience. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

D. D. WESSELL

DENTIST

34 & 36 Calhoun St.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS!

STEAM AND

GAS-FITTERS.

48 East Main Street.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

FREE DISPENSARY.

Open every day from 8 a. m. to 9 a. m. at the Fort Wayne College of Medicine, [illegible] street. Medicines free to the poor. Patients [illegible] will be visited at their homes.

The Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains Run by Central Time

AS FOLLOWS:

*Daily. †Daily, except Sunday.

From Ft. Wayne to LEAVE ARRIVE

Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station, Fort Wayne, Ind.

East Bound. West Bound.

[illegible] a.m. 5 15 a.m.
[illegible] a.m. From Col. 6 10 a.m.
[illegible] p.m. 7 10 a.m.
[illegible] p.m. 11 40 a.m.
[illegible] p.m. Limited. 1 30 p.m.
[illegible] p.m. from Chi. 5 40 p.m.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R.R.

In effect Sept. 27, 1896.

NORTH BOUND.

*For Grand Rapids and north 2 40 am
[illegible] 8 15 am
[illegible] 2 55 pm
From Richmond arrives 6 20 pm

SOUTH BOUND.

*For Richmond and Cincinnati 12 45 am
[illegible] 5 45 am
[illegible] 12 25 pm
From Grand Rapids arrives 7 15 pm

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILROAD.

Effective May 17, 1896.

No. GOING EAST. Depart.
2 N. Y. & Boston Limited, daily [illegible]
[illegible] Toledo Local Ex., daily [illegible]
[illegible] N. Y. and N. Eng. Flyer, daily [illegible]
4 Fast Mail and Exp., ex. Sunday 7 25 am

GOING WEST.

5 Pacific Express, ex. Sunday [illegible]
[illegible] Kan. City Cannon Ball, daily [illegible]
[illegible] Government Fast Mail, daily [illegible]
[illegible] St. Louis Vestibule Lim., daily [illegible]
[illegible] Andrews Local, ex. Sunday [illegible]
[illegible] Toledo Accom. ex. ex. Sunday [illegible]
[illegible] Toledo-Ft. W. spec. Sun. only [illegible]

NICKEL PLATE

Chicago depot, Clark and 12th streets. Buffalo depot, Exchange and Michigan St. Nos. 5 and 6 and local freight trains daily except Sunday. Other trains daily.

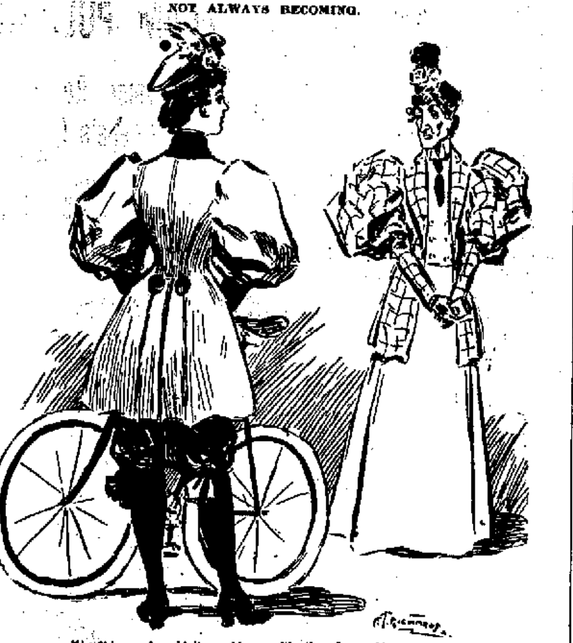
EAST.	Arrive.	Depart.
*No. 2 N. Y. & Boston Ex.	*1 05 am	*1 05 am
†No. 4 Cleveland Mail	1 00 pm	1 00 pm
*No. 6 Eastern Express	*6 20 pm	*6 25 pm
†Local Freight	4 25 pm	7 30 am
WEST.	Arrive.	Depart.
*No. 1 Chicago Express	*1 55 am	*2 05 am
†No. 3 Chicago Mail	1 05 pm	1 10 pm
*No. 5 Western Express	*4 05 pm	*4 10 pm
†Local Freight	2 25 pm	7 00 am

*Daily. †Daily Except Sunday.

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

SOUTHWARD.	ARRIVE.
No. 25 Way Freight	6 25 pm
No. 26 Cin. Express and Mail	11 00 am
No. 30 Detroit and Ind'pls Express	3 50 pm
NORTHWARD.	DEPART.
No. 25 Way Freight	6 40 am
No. 27 Through Express and Mail	11 25 am
No. 29 Detroit and Indianapolis Ex	4 45 pm

NOT ALWAYS BECOMING.



Miss Skinner—I wouldn't wear bloomers like those for anything.
Miss Goodform—I wouldn't either, if I were you.

Skin Came Off

I had an obstinate skin disease, called Eczema. My body, head, and arms were covered with scale-like drops of matter, which came off in layers of dry scales. I suffered for over a year without relief, consulted several doctors without aid, and had almost given up hope. I saw an advertisement about CUTICURA REMEDIES, took them, and in eight weeks I was as well as ever, for my skin is as nice and clear as a baby's. GEO. MEABURN, Hanover, Ontario, Canada.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, externally, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor cures.

Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, 50c. and $1. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. "How to Cure Every Skin Disease," mailed free.

USE DR. KILMER'S SURE HEADACHE CURE.
Mfr'd. at SOUTH BEND, IND

25 Cents a Box. 25 Doses. Sample Free

Worth $1.00 a Tablet.

Dr. Kilmer's Sure Headache Cure is worth its weight to me when I have sick headache. High Hill, Va. Mrs. Berryman.

For sale by Gross & Pellens, 84 Calhoun St.

Happy Days

[illegible]

Sex-ine Pills

The famous Brain and Nerve Food, [illegible]

A legal guarantee [illegible] Peal Medicine Co., Cleveland, O.

For Sale by A. J. Keller, Druggist, Corner Calhoun and Washington Sts. Joct'eodly

GERDING & AUMANN BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

HOT AIR FURNACES,
STEAM and HOT WATER HEATERS,
STOVES, TIN and HARDWARE.

Slate, Steel and Corrugated Iron roofing, Repairing, Spouting, and all kinds of job work promptly attended to.

NO. 115 WALLACE ST.,
Phone 88. Fort Wayne, Ind.

50c ROME CITY And Return Sundays.

For Sunday Trains During Sept. The G. R. & I. will sell tickets to Rome City and return for 50 cents, good going and returning on Sunday trains only, leaving Ft. Wayne 8:15 a. m., returning leaving Rome City 8 p. m.

A DULL SATURDAY.

Nothing of Importance Transpires in Shop Circles.

The McKinley Railway Club Goes to Canton—A Party of Pennsylvania Employes Leave for the Lakes.

Pittsburg engine 344 is in the shops for repairs.

John Kay, Nickel Plate brakeman, has gone east to visit friends a few days.

A half dozen of the employes of the electric works joined the excursionists to Canton today.

F. J. Ruch, a steam fitter who had been sick several days, took his place in the Pittsburg shops this morning.

Frank J. Woulfe, agent for the Lehigh dispatch, is in the city, to remain over Sunday with his relatives.

Master Mechanic W. W. Atterbury has returned from Detroit and resumed charge of affairs at the Pennsylvania shops.

C. H. Countiss yesterday assumed the duties of contracting agent of the Blue and Canadian Southern lines at Chicago.

The sharp advance in wheat has increased shipments very perceptibly, and corn is beginning to move again at the fifteen cent rate.

W. McDowell, Nickel Plate brakeman, who was off duty on account of sickness in his family, reported for work last evening.

The Pittsburg shops were in operation today, though all the departments were "short on help," so many of the employes being at Canton.

Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern railway, says his company never had any intention of purchasing the Norfolk and Western.

Frank J. Burns, air brake machinist, came home from Coldwater, Mich., this morning and Monday will resume his place in the Pittsburg shops.

Brakeman Bowden, who for the past month was "on a short haul" out of Bellevue, Ohio, has returned to this city and resumed a through freight run.

James S. Leah has assumed the duties of general southern and western agent of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, a promotion from traveling passenger agent.

Michael Hughes has returned to the Pittsburg machine shop after a six months' service in the round house. His place in the latter has been filled by H. Brume, an apprentice.

The roads in the Transcontinental Passenger association have agreed to make a rate of $60 for the round trip from points in California to Canton, Ohio, for parties of not less than 100.

The offices of the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus road, at Columbus, Ohio, will in a few days be removed to Mount Vernon. The removal includes the superintendent, train dispatchers and car accountant.

The adoption by the city waterworks department of the eight-hour labor day has resulted in the employment of another crew at the pumping station. John Nolan, jr., the machinist, is one of the new men.

A train consisting of two baggage cars, two coaches and three sleepers, passed over the Pittsburg at 1:50 o'clock this morning. It carried 187 Chicago bicyclists on a pilgrimage to Canton to see Major McKinley.

J. F. Sechler, master mechanic of the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis road, has retired from that position and was succeeded by Frank C. Cleaver, late master mechanic of the Vandalia at its Terre Haute shops.

The funeral of the late Charles Stewart will take place from the house, No. 30 Hough street, at 8:30 o'clock Monday morning, and from the Cathedral a half hour later. No doubt many of the shop comrades of the deceased will attend.

The excursion party to Canton this morning numbered about 800 persons. The train, consisting of twelve coaches and a commissary car, was hauled by one of the big class X engines, No. 277. Conductor Michael Ginty had charge of the train and Engineer William Gates was at the throttle. On one of the cars was a streamer bearing the legend, "Railroad Men's McKinley Club, Fort Wayne, Ind."

F. H. Tristain, who has been elected president of the American Association of Traveling Passenger Agents, is one of the most efficient passenger men on the Wabash system. He has traveled in the Central Traffic association territory for the Wabash for eight years.

J. V. Gruber, a boilermaker, who has been employed in the Wabash shops for some years, has been granted a leave of absence and next week he will go to Kansas City, where he has secured work until there is a demand for his services in the company's shops in this city.

Indianapolis Journal: "The rumor that C. M. Hays, general manager of the Grand Trunk, was soon to retire is denied. Mr. Hays has a five years' contract with the stockholders of the company and has served but fifteen months. His salary is $15,000 per annum."

The Missouri Pacific is applying the rate cutting knife in all directions. Thursday it announced a cut in the rate on beer from the Mississippi river to all points on the Missouri to fifteen cents per 100 pounds. The rate for years has been twenty-two cents per 100 pounds.

It has leaked out that the reason the Scioto valley division of the Norfolk and Western was not sold at the recent foreclosure sale was that the Chesapeake and Ohio syndicate wanted to purchase the road, and consequently the interest on its bonds was not allowed to go by default.

The following gentlemen left over the Grand Rapids this morning for Austin Lake, Mich.: Robert Learmonth, T. J. Foley, L. A. Ivans, James Humphrey and F. E. Thorpe, of the Pennsylvania offices at this point; C. S. Sims, jr., of Pittsburg; B. H. Oyler, of Lima, and F. R. Lawyer, of South Chicago. They were accompanied by Robert Lee Roberts, a dining car cook, who will look after the culinary part of the expedition. The party will take quarters in the summer hotel at the lake, which had been closed for the season, but is reopened for their especial benefit. The gentlemen expect to return next Saturday.

The presidents of the western roads do not seem to be making any progress in their plans of providing for a successor to the Western Freight association. A majority of the presidents are at present in favor of reviving the old Union league agreement, which provided for a physical pool. To this some of the others object on the ground that no pool of the western roads has ever been found to work in a satisfactory manner. Every attempt to form a pool has resulted in the further demoralization of the rates it was desired to protect, and the instances in which one road has turned over to another any of its traffic are very scarce. However, the pooling arrangement seems to be uppermost with the presidents at the present time.

Sunday School Convention.

An interesting Sunday school convention was held in Lafayette township Thursday and Friday. The following officers were elected for the township:

President—William Lomig.
Vice President—N. H. Horn.
Treasurer—J. J. Lawrence.
Secretary—Arthur Kelsey.

Awarded
Highest Honors—World's Fair,

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

DEFY THE LAW.

Cigarettes Sold by Retail Dealers in This City.

They Have Taken out No License—The Law May be Put to Test.

Notwithstanding the heavy penalty which attaches to the new cigarette ordinance, it is positively known that some retail dealers are selling cigarettes. Evidence could be easily secured if an effort was made to get it. A prominent wholesale merchant who handles the goods told a SENTINEL reporter today that it is a fact that dealers are selling these goods over their counters, without a license.

The statement has been made among certain dealers that the law is unconstitutional and that a test in the courts would declare it so. An opportunity is here to learn whether the law is good or not.

TEN DEATHS.

Light Mortality Record Reported by the Undertakers.

Death of Mrs. Bechtold—Funeral of Charles Stewart Changed to Monday.

Fort Wayne friends of Mrs. Charles A. Bechtold, of Lafayette, will be pained to learn of her death in that city a few days ago. Deceased was born in Dillsborough, Ind., on the 2d of September, 1875, and came to Lafayette with her parents in 1879. Her father, Joseph Abdon, died four years ago, and of the family there now survive the mother, a sister, Miss Eva Abdon, George Abdon, and W. D. Kerr, of Fort Wayne. Miss Eva Abdon will be remembered as a former stenographer in the offices of the Fort Wayne Electric corporation.

The funeral of Charles Stewart, the well known shopman, has been changed to Monday and will be held at 8:30 a. m. from the residence, 30 Hough street, and 9 o'clock from the Cathedral.

DEATHS OF THE WEEK.

The following is the list of deaths reported by the city undertakers for the week ending October 3:

Isaiah Wyatt, 34 years old, consumption.

Ada Keplinger, 30 years old, typhoid fever.

Christina Goebel, 73 years old, paralysis.

Charles Stewart, 63 years old, kidney trouble.

Margaret Lipes, 85 years old, old age.

Hattie Daler, 55 years old, cancer.

John Dolin, 76 years old, cancerous kidney.

Lisette Kleinsorge, 53 years old, sinking chills.

Andrew Oldfield, 1 year old, convulsions.

Henry C. Buettel, 1 year old, diphtheria.

A HUMAN CHAMELEON.

This Woman's Skin Changes Color to Suit Her Clothes.

A human chameleon who changes color upon coming into contact with various hues lives in Manchester, N. H. So strange a characteristic would, of course, command for its possessor a good salary in a dime museum, but in this case the possessor is a lady who has no desire for notoriety and looks upon the phenomenon as a dreadful affliction. It is caused by a disease, of course, but the physicians have never been able to determine the nature of the complaint. The color of her eyes remains brown and her hair black, but her face and hands change to suit the color of her clothes. She does not dare to wear ribbons nor any of the shades of blue, red, green or yellow. In pure white her face is ghastly, and the color of her hair and eyes make it even more so than it would be if they were lighter. Black renders her so dark a brunette that there might be a strong suspicion that she was not of the Caucasian race. She, therefore, wears none but subdued grays and browns, which render her less noticeable. The affliction, for it is a great affliction, came upon her gradually and is steadily growing more pronounced.

Kept Tab on Himself.

Dr. Argyle Mackey of Washington City shot himself with suicidal intent one day last week, and before the end came he explained to the physicians at his bedside in minute detail his feelings while dying. He felt his own pulse, and measured accurately the length of time the internal hemorrhage would take to kill him. It was like a quiet lecture delivered before a medical clinic. He feebly attempted to embrace his mother, and while trying to do so, closed his eyes and passed into eternity.

Neat but They Caught Him.

A professional burglar in Berlin found a new and original way of adding to the ordinary profits of his profession. After each burglary he sent a full account of it to one of the daily newspapers, and for this he received payment in the usual way. But he tried his plan once too often. The editor got suspicious and gave information to the police, who soon found how this amateur reporter was able to beat all rivals in the way of early information.

Subscribe for THE SENTINEL.

PHILLIP T. COLGROVE

NEW CHANCELLOR OF THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Has Been an Able, Well-Known Michigan Lawyer for Many Years—His Advancement in the Pythian Order—Not Yet Forty.

MR. Phillip T. Colgrove, who was elected chancellor of the Knights of Pythias at Cleveland, was born in Winchester, Ind., April 27, 1858. His father's family moved to Charlotte, Mich., in 1863, where he lived until he attained his majority. At the age of 14 years he entered Olivet college, where he remained five years. He spent one year teaching in a business college and normal institute. In the fall he moved to Hastings, Mich., and entered into partnership with Judge Clement Smith, with whom he was associated in law practice until 1893, when the latter was elected judge of the Fifth judicial circuit. In the fall of 1883 Mr. Colgrove was elected prosecuting attorney of Barry county and was re-elected twice. In 1889 he was elected to represent the Eleventh senatorial district in the state legislature by upward of 2,000 majority. He became a member of Barry lodge, No. 13, at Hastings, Mich., Dec. 11, 1882, and served as prelate during the year 1883. He was elected vice chancellor in 1884; chancellor commander in 1885, and representative to the grand lodge in 1885 and 1886. He was elected grand master at arms in 1886 and in 1887, and was grand chancellor for Michigan for two years. He has been chairman of the committee on law of the grand lodge for six years. He entered the supreme lodge in 1883 at Milwaukee and was elected supreme vice chancellor at Washington in the session of 1894. In August, 1885, he joined Hastings division, No. 19, and participated in every national drill except the competitive drill at Washington.

P. T. COLGROVE.

THE TAAL.

Language Spoken by the Boer of Today—A Shrunken Vocabulary.

The language spoken by the Boer of to-day is called "the Taal," says the Fortnightly Review. It is not French nor is it Dutch, nor is it even in the usual acceptation of the word a dialect of Dutch, but it is a broken form of speech based on that language. It is used at the present day all over South Africa by the Boers and half-castes as their only speech; it is found in its greatest purity in the Free State, Transvaal and frontier districts, where it has been least exposed to scholastic and foreign influences during the last few years. To analyse fully this tiny but interesting variety of speech would take us far beyond our limits. It differs from the Dutch of the Hollander not as archaic forms of speech in Europe often differ from the literary, as the Italian of the Ligurian peasant from that of the Florentine, or the Somersetshire or Yorkshire dialects from the language of the London newspapers; these archaic European dialects not only often represent the earlier form of the language, but are often richer in varied idioms and in the power of expressing subtle and complex thoughts than are their allied literary forms. The relation of the Taal to Dutch is of a quite different kind. The Dutch of Holland is as highly developed a language and as voluminous and capable of expressing the finest scintillation of thought as any in Europe. The vocabulary of the Taal has shrunk to a few hundred words, which have been shorn of almost all their inflections and have been otherwise clipped. The plurals, which in Dutch are formed in various and complex ways, the Taal forms by an almost universal addition of an "e," and the verbs, which in Dutch are as fully and expressively conjugated as in English or German, in the Taal drop all persons but the third person singular. Thus, the verb "to be," instead of being conjugated, as in the Dutch of Holland and in analogy with all civilized European languages, thus runs: Ik is, Je is, Hij is, Ons is, Yulle is, Hulle is, which would answer in English to "I is," "thou is," "he is," "we is," "you is," "they is."

Republican Silver Club.

Rooms 7 and 8, 12 West Wayne street, Fort Wayne. Reading rooms open every day and evening, where you can find all the books and papers bearing on the money question. Good speaking every Wednesday evening. Every one welcome.

A. B. WHITE, President.
J. C. CAIN, Vice President.
J. H. YOUNG, Cor. Sec'y.

S. S. S.

Mr. A. H. Crensby, of No. 169 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had eaten two large holes in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of

Cancer

and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, declared her case was hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die. S. S. S. was recommended, and astonishing as it may seem, a few bottles cured her sound and well.

Our treatise on this disease will be sent free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.

FREE DISPENSARY.

Open every day from 9 a. m. to 9 a. m., at the Fort Wayne College of Medicine, 183 W. Superior street. Medicines free to the poor. Patients too sick to come to the Dispensary will be visited at their home.

"77"

used in
SEPTEMBER,
OCTOBER,
NOVEMBER,
will keep you free from
COLDS
all Winter long

"Brain Fag."

General Debility; Physical and Nervous Weakness and Prostration, arising from long continued illness, Excessive Physical or Mental Application, Exhausting Drains upon the system beyond its power of recuperation. Cured by

HUMPHREYS' NO. 24

a HOMEOPATHIC NERVE TONIC that will make you well. If there is indigestion alternate with No. 10, the famous Specific for

Dyspepsia: indigestion; weak stomach; bad taste, coated tongue, offensive breath, loss of appetite, and dull, heavy stupid feeling; rising of water or food after eating.

Scores of sufferers have been restored to LIFE, HEALTH and VIGOR by the use of SPECIFICS No. 24 and No 10

DR. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MANUAL OF DISEASES FREE AT YOUR DRUGGISTS OR MAILED ON REQUEST.

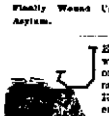
Small bottles of pleasant pellets, fit the vest pocket. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents or five for $1. Humphreys' Medicine Co., corner William and John streets, New York.

DURKEE STRUCK LUCK

MADE A FORTUNE OUT OF ONE DAY'S NERVY WORK.

ALTHOUGH A MERE TRAMP HE RUN A BILL OF SIXTY THOUSAND.

On Credit He Made an Income of $1,800 a Day — Took to Riotous Living and Finally Wound Up in a Lunatic Asylum.



E. DURKEE, who was probably one of the best known men in Arizona in 1880, died the other day in an insane hospital at Stockton, Cal. Durkee began business one day near Tombstone without a dollar of his own and two days thereafter he was enjoying an income of from $1,500 to $1,800 a day. During the gold craze of '79 he had wandered up and down California, but failed to strike a "find." He made his way into Arizona, and there saw the opportunity of his life. He had the nerve and went to work to carry out his plans. He made contracts with the men who were digging ore to haul it to the railroads at Tombstone for $3 per ton. He was very successful in getting contracts but did not know where he was going to get the teams with which to do the work. One day he went to E. B. Gage, a wealthy mine owner, and requested the loan of $60,000, with nothing to give as security. After some hesitancy, the money was forthcoming, and Durkee bought 20 teams of 60 mules each, which he shipped to Tombstone. This meant that he could haul 600 tons of ore a day, and at $3 per ton meant $1,800 per day, or $650,000 per year. He employed 15 men at $1.50 per day and board.

The sudden wealth caused Durkee's head to turn, and he began to enjoy occasional excursions to nearby towns, where his money flowed like water. One of these visits was made to Los Angeles in the summer of 1886. At that time the southern metropolis had a real estate boom, and money was, in consequence, flowing very freely. Durkee was, however, equal to the wildest of the boomers in his ability to spend money, and even those who were making money by the thousands stood aghast at his utter abandon.

The most extravagant circumstance, and one which has lived to this day, was the occasion when he had just returned from driving behind some fast horses he had been purchasing for trotting purposes. Ringing up the boy after going to his room, he ordered that half a dozen baskets of champagne be sent up at once, as he wanted to take a bath. The wine was produced without delay, and the bath, such as a few even among the very rich have indulged in, and Durkee, evidently very much refreshed, paid for the luxury and resumed his riotous carouse.

The story of Durkee's high gambling in Tombstone is perhaps the most interesting of a series of wild extravagances and of which Arizona people like best to talk about. He was a frequenter of the Oriental saloon, kept by M. E. Joyce, said to be one of the richest gambling places in the West. One day Durkee came into town and announced that he was out for a little fun. This meant much to the saloon men, and he was given the right of way along the line.

"See here," said he, "I want a chance to play a little faro, and don't want any one to chip in. Do you understand?" said Durkee, impressively.

They understood, and he was told to

DURKEE IN BLUE JEANS.

shout his orders. He did so. The first to be issued was for a woman of the place, called "Em," to take the dealer's place at the table and another young woman of the same character to take the "lookout," whereupon he pulled off his coat, and calling upon all hands to liquor at his expense, he began his play. His first bet was $1,000 on an ace. He lost before he had time to draw his breath, but instead of being disconcerted he went at it with renewed vigor. Luck was always against him, save with an occasional small winning, and in three hours after taking charge of the table he lost $5,000, all the money he had with him, and he withdrew from the game.

Despite all adverses of this character Durkee never lost his temper and seemed utterly careless as to the outcome. These gambling periods were more or less frequent, each time he played resulting disastrously financially.

When coming to Los Angeles he always appeared dressed in a teamster's garb of blue overalls and a big hat. On his hands, no matter how warm the day, was a pair of gloves. Fine clothes was not one of his weaknesses, no matter what other desires he may have had and indulged in. In spite of all his lavish expenditures and his unlucky ventures he left a fortune of upward of $100,000 to his wife, who is now living in Los Angeles.

The friends of this wonderfully fortunate teamster speak in very high terms of his past generosity to less fortunate citizens of Tombstone, and state that he was a man who, with all his faults, was much respected.

Here we go again to Rome City and return for 50c, Sunday morning, at 8:15. 1t3

The Ames Tree Co.

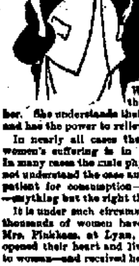
Are prepared to furnish shade trees from 4 to 16 inches in diameter and guarantee them to live. Why wait a life time to grow shade trees when you can have them within ten days. $100 invested in trees will enhance the value of your property $1,000

Home office No. 20 Pixley-Long block. I. M. VANSLYKE, 16tf Manager.

HESITATE NO LONGER.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms.

No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.



Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitiveness in this direction. They couldn't say to the physician what they ought to say to someone. Mrs. Pinkham has received the confidence of thousands. Women open their hearts to her. She understands their suffering, and has the power to relieve and cure.

In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the male physician does not understand the case and treats the patient for consumption—indigestion—anything but the right thing.

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their heart and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

You ask how she can tell if the doctor cannot? Because no man living ever treated so many cases and possesses such vast experience.

Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, sends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you.

Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure cure for this trouble. For twenty years it has done its grand work and cured thousands.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Bicycles at $5, $10 and [illegible], ladies' and gents, at 81 Cass St. 1-6t

FOR SALE—At the Broadway nursery a fine stock of nursery goods; office will be open Monday and every day until end of November. D. Nestel.

FOR SALE—An eight year old mare. City broke, perfectly gentle. A road wagon and phaeton almost new. Will sell cheap if taken at once. For particulars, call at 25 W. Berry St. 2nf

FOR SALE—One 160 acre farm, two 80 acres, one 47 acre, one 21 acre, one 15 acre, one 15 acre, and two 5 acres; these are within two miles of city. To trade: One 160 acre, one 120 acre, one 80 acre, one 60 acre, one 80 acre; also plenty of city property to sell or exchange. For particulars call on E. G. Niswonger & Co., 23 Calhoun St., up stairs. tf

LOST.

LOST—A shopping bag containing spectacles, between Vordermark's hall and the corner Main and Calhoun sts. Finder please leave at 177 Calhoun street. 1-2t

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY.
Office and Residence 26 Madison St.
Specialty—Diseases of Women.
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., and 7 to 8 p. m.
Telephone 430.

Always FIRST
Gail Borden Eagle Brand
CONDENSED MILK
For 35 years the leading brand. It is the Best and the most economical.
A PERFECT FOOD FOR INFANTS

Cool Mornings AND Cool Nights

Causes a person to think of an Overcoat.

We have the finest line of Overcoatings and Suitings in the city for Fall and Winter wear, at lower prices than anyone else.

G. SCHMIDT,
Merchant Tailor.
70 East Main Street.

The Rosy Freshness

And a velvety softness of the skin is invariably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

HUMANE SOCIETY NOTICE.

All parties having knowledge of acts of cruelty to animals or children will greatly favor and assist the Fort Wayne Humane Society by telephoning or writing such information to Officer Schlaudroff, 88 Clinton street. Telephone No. 8.

F. J. ZIMMERLY & CO.
PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,
Gas and Steam Fitters.
306 CALHOUN STREET

Thousands of men are afraid of the lightning, and yet not one man in ten thousand is ever killed by it. Few men are afraid of consumption, and yet it causes one-sixth of all the deaths in the world. It is more deadly than either wars or pestilences. Any sort of wasting disease may lead to consumption. Any slight disorder of the respiratory organs may easily develop it. Weakness of the body, emaciation, lack of vitality are plain invitations for the germs of consumption. Consumption is not entirely a disease of the lungs. It is a disease of the blood that shows itself most strongly in the lungs. It is not—as it used to be considered—incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has changed all that. It will cure ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of consumption if taken in time. It is the most wonderful blood maker and flesh builder in the world. It cures where doctors have failed. It has brought back to life hundreds of men and women who were considered as good as dead.

Mrs. Nancy E. Tubb, of Amory, Monroe Co., Miss., writes: "About ten years ago I suffered an attack of nervous prostration resulting in other troubles which my family physician pronounced consumption. We doctored with him until we lost all hope. I finally happened to find one of Dr. Pierce's little Memorandum Books, saw his medicine recommended and thought I would try it; sent and got one bottle of each—'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription'—and one bottle of 'Pellets.' As soon as I began to use these medicines my health began to improve, and before I had used one-half dozen bottles I felt almost as strong as I ever was. I am now enjoying good health again. Two years ago I had a little boy who seemed to be subject to phthisic (asthma) and I thought I would try the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and to my surprise it cured him entirely; he has never had another attack."

Special Prices
FALL OF 1896.

Suits to Order.
$45 Suits for $35.
$40 Suits for $30.
$35 Suits for $25.
$30 Suits for $20.
$25 Suits for $18.
Good suits for $17.

Overcoats to Order.
$45 Overcoat, $30.
$35 Overcoat, $20.
Fine Overcoats for $17 and $18.
Good Pantaloons $4 50.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.

A. FOSTER
Merchant Tailor,
15 W. Wayne St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

WANTED.

WANTED—Two first-class pattern makers. Apply at office of Kerr Murray Mfg. Co. 1-3t

WANTED—Two unfurnished rooms, centrally located. Address P., care Sentinel. 3-3t

WANTED—Washing or house cleaning; will take washing home. Address J. T., 146 Wallace street. 10t

WANTED—Two or three unfurnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Address "Rooms," care Sentinel office. 2-3t

WANTED—Two or three pleasant unfurnished rooms for light housekeeping; no family reference given. Address R., care carrier No. 8. 3-7t

WANTED—Girl for general housework in small family; must come well recommended. Apply to Mrs. Hobson, 63 West Wayne street.

WANTED—A few ladies and gentlemen to canvass; stipulated salary guaranteed. Call or address J. W. Barnes, room 8 Arcade, Fort Wayne, Ind. tu-thu-sa-tf

WANTED—Salesmen to sell to dealers; $100 monthly and expenses. Experience unnecessary; write for particulars. Acme Cigar Co., 5th Ave., Chicago.

WANTED—Call at the Associated Charities office if you want to hire laboring men or women to do washing or cleaning. Room No. 8 City hall. Telephone 445. tf

WANTED—Agents either sex. $5.00 daily, supplying regular customers. Goods sell in every house. Free samples given for distribution; immense profits; write for samples. Excelsior, 448 Mozart St., Chicago, Ill. 29-1m

WANTED—By an honest and industrious colored man a place to work for his board. He desires to attend the City Grammar school during the winter. Is about 20 years of age and is willing to do any kind of work. Call at Sentinel office. 1-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Furnished room on ground floor. Inquire 46 Douglas Ave.

FOR RENT—An excellent store room on Calhoun street; apply Sentinel office. tf

FOR RENT—Front furnished room with board, also table board, 56 East Berry street. 3-3t

FOR RENT—Two delightful office rooms, centrally located. Rent reasonable. Apply at Sentinel office. 26tf

FOR RENT—House of five rooms with gas and water, No. 84 W. Superior. Inquire at 281 W. Washington street. 3-2t

FOR RENT—House No. 40 Garden St., corner Jefferson; eight rooms, natural water. Hoffman Bros., 200 W. Main street. 23t

FOR RENT—A pleasant furnished room suitable for single gentleman. Apply at Randall Cycle Co., 31 W. Berry St. 29-t3

FOR RENT—Suit of nicely furnished rooms on first or second floor, suitable for light housekeeping. Call or address, 126 E. Wayne street. 3-2t

FOR RENT—Store room Nos. 43 and 45 E. Main street; store room No. 20 Calhoun street and store room 1st floor No. 40 East Columbia street. Schrader & Wilson, 7 Court street. 2-1m

FOR RENT—Good pasture for cows and horses, on Walton avenue, south of Lutheran farm. Inquire of Squire Hawthorn, third house south of Pontiac street, on Walton avenue. 12tf

FOR RENT—An eight room flat, corner Calhoun and Allen streets, with bath room, hard and soft water, natural and artificial gas; rent low to right party. Address "G," care Sentinel. 11tf

FOR RENT—Very desirable five room "Flat," two squares from Court house; bay window front, mantel, grate, closets, store room, etc.; most complete "Flat" in the city. Geo. R. Bowen, 110 Barr St. 3-eod-4t

FOR RENT—Rooms; or a house of five rooms and a basement, 143 Fairfield Ave., Northwest corner of Fairfield avenue and Williams streets. Call at 139 W. Williams street. Cheap rates to an honest renter.

FOR RENT—Two six room houses. All modern improvements, at 235 and 237 Barr street. Also two on Hillside Ave., between Lakeside and [illegible]. For particulars call at Dr. Niswonger, 33 Calhoun St., up stairs. 10tf

The Nation's Pride
The Standard Rotary Shuttle Sewing Machine

[illegible]

BUY A STANDARD.

You will Never Regret it

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER
AGENTS.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

INSURANCE.

JAMES E. GRAHAM,
. . . LAWYER. . . .
ABSTRACTOR OF
Titles, Insurance, Collecting and Loan Agent.
Room 28 & 29 Bank Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.

S. C. LUMBARD,
Insurance, Real Estate and Loans
Aveline House Block.

BANKS.

HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK.
Capital [illegible] Surplus [illegible]
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of three per cent. [illegible] on certificates of deposit [illegible]
President—Charles McCulloch,
Cashier—John Mohr, Jr.

White National Bank
Capital & Surplus, $340,000.
Pays 3 per cent interest per annum on time deposits
Safe deposit boxes for rent at $5 per annum.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. WM. D. BUHL,
Office and Residence 83 Calhoun St.
Hours: 7 to 9 a. m.; 12 to 2 p. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.
Telephone 172.

D. C. FISHER,
Insurance, Real Estate, Loans.
No. 8 East Berry street,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.

DR. B. GARD—To ladies suffering from ailments [illegible]

G. W. BOWEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician and Surgeon.
[illegible]
West Main street, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Special attention paid to chronic diseases.

DR. E. W. NEISWONGER,
Physician and Surgeon.
Specialist in all Acute or Chronic Diseases. [illegible]
Indiana. Office Hours: from 9 a. m. to [illegible]

DRUGGIST.

GROSS & PELLENS,
DRUGGISTS,
Corner Calhoun and Wayne Sts. Phone 138

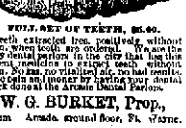
J. C. Peltier.

Undertaker and Embalmer.

17 West Wayne Street.

Cheap Meals served to women.
Young Women's Christian Association,
NOON-REST,
24 West Washington Street
Breakfast, 6:30 to 8. Dinner, 11 to 2.
Supper, 5:30 to 7.

GOLD
Crowns, 22 Karat, $5.00.
$5. FULL SETS, $5.
Gold Crown, 22 K, $5 and upward,
Gold Fillings, $1.
Silver fillings, 50c to 75c.
Good Sets of Teeth, $5.
Best Sets of Teeth, $8.



FULL SET OF TEETH, $5.00.

Teeth extracted free, positively without pain, when teeth are ordered. We are the only dental parlors in the city that has this patent medicine to extract teeth without pain. No gas, no vitalized air, no bad results. Save pain and money by having your dental work done at the Arcade Dental Parlors.

W. G. BURKET, Prop.,
Room Arcade, ground floor, Ft. Wayne.

OCTOBER

FOR FALL CARPETS, FOR FALL WRAPS, For Woolen Dress Goods.

It's the month when the store has made the complete change. When its stocks are full to overflowing—ready in all its departments to show you the novelties and the beauties for Fall and Winter.

THE NEW FALL CARPETS.

There's not a form of carpet luxury so attractive as the rich, heavy

Wiltons, Axminsters and Moquettes.

They are more than handsome, they have a peculiar durability in wear that belongs to all cut-pile fabrics. We now exhibit the new, rich dark and medium colorings in

Whittall's Elegant Wiltons,
Smith and Hartford Axminsters,
Beattie's, Smith's and Stinson's Velvets,
Smith's Best Moquettes.

The prices of these fine floor coverings are about one-half of what they formerly were.

IN BODY BRUSSELS CARPETS

You will find the best stock that was ever in the store. They include large lines of the newest patterns in the Bigelow, Lowell and Whittall makes, which all the world knows are the best. Tapestry Brussels Carpets, in large variety.

AGRA INGRAIN CARPETS

Take the lead in Ingrains—for quality, for choice patterns, for wear. There's none like them. Ingrain Carpets from 15c a yard up.

Draperies.

We now exhibit all the new and charming Lace Curtains and Portiers in Damask and Chenille. Curtain Materials and Upholstery Fabrics. The showing of these lines are very great.

Black Dress Goods.

The new Black Dress Goods for Autumn are already here in lavish profusion and such a gathering of black novelties has never been seen in this city.

Jacquards in all wool and mohair and tweed. Plain and fancy Cheviots, Henriettas, Camel's Hair, Matelasse, Brocades and Diagonals in a great variety of effects, 50c to $5.00 a yard.

Women's Fall Wraps,

Women's Fall Suits.

All the late styles now in, the prettiest showing of these goods ever made here.

Blankets.

You'll do your best work in Blanket buying in October. Stocks are at their best—you'll get the choice in borders. We never gave such values in Blankets as we'll do this month. Blankets were never so cheap.

Dress Goods.

There's just one complete Dress Goods store in all this section of state—It's Root's, as you all very well know. Rich imported novelties are now shown. Medium rough weaves with curls of Mohair, heavy wale goods, Pineapple weaves, newest Covert Cloths, Boucle Cloths, 50c a yard up to $6.00.

Then there's the low price dress fabrics—imitations of the finer novelties—10c a yard to 45c.

Our Fall Gloves

Are all here—button and hook kids; all lengths—all colors for street and evening wear.

You can buy anything you write for, as well through our Mail Order Department as if you came to the store.

ROOT & COMPANY.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

By depositing it with the

Allen County Loan & Savings Association

22 East Berry Street.

Try our new plan. Shares $1.00 each per month, matures in seventy-seven months.

No Fines or Membership Fee.

MONEY TO LOAN

On real estate or personal security. C. F. PFEIFFER, rooms 6 and 7 Bass Block. 2tf

Millinery, Wraps, Overcoats and Shoes—Special Sale.
30t4 "Fair," Trustee's Sale.

Good All Around Men

ARE RARE—The great statesman can't manage his own children; the preacher can't drive a nail straight.
JUST SO with clothing. It's half good—good stuff, but spoiled in making; or well sewed, but ill-fitting and shapeless. Do you easily find clothing that's excellent all over?—especially Boys' Clothing.

WELL IT'S HERE—That's what makes these suits so remarkable.

BOY'S GOOD CLOTHES,

Made up in either Reefer or Double-Breasted style in all new colorings and Scotch fabrics, Strictly all-wool and the kind that is hard to wear out—at

$2.50, $3.00, and $3.50.

Other stores have goods at the same prices, but none of them can equal these values.

If You Are Interested

in the higher grades of Boys' Clothing you will find our stock of SUITS, REEFERS AND OVERCOATS the most complete in the city.

FREE

To the larger boys we give a full size "FOOT BALL" with a suit or overcoat at $3.50 or over, and to the little fellows we give the latest Easter novelty, the MECHANICAL FLY with every suit or overcoat.

Sam, Pete & Max.

COST SALE!

To make room for our Fall stock of Pianos, we will close out our entire line of Organs at cost.

PACKARD, STORY & CLARK, NEWMAN BROS., WICK ORGAN CO., HAMILTON & KIMBALL.

Dont buy an Organ until you have seen our bargains.

G. CONKLIN,

34 East Berry Street.

CASH OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, OCT. 3, 1896.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office..........No. 173.
Editorial Rooms........No. 650.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 3—For Indiana:—Fair tonight and Sunday; warmer in central portions tonight; warmer Sunday; variable winds.

NEWS NOTES.

Mrs. G. B. Stemen entertained a thimble party this afternoon.

The Concordia foot ball club played at the college campus this afternoon.

Miss Edith Harding, daughter of D. L. Harding, is down with scarlet fever.

Miss Dougherty and Miss Nebor, of Wabash, are visiting Miss Etta Mossman.

The Wayne True Blues will give a social hop on the evening of October 22.

Nick Peigen has been appointed on the police force in place of J. W. Flickinger.

A. Hattersley and daughter, Kathryn, arrived yesterday from a three months' sojourn in England.

Mrs. Bisel and son Oscar, of Canton, Ohio, who have been the guests of Mrs. Quinn, returned home today.

The first meeting of the Women's Reading club will be held Tuesday, at the home of Mrs. E. T. Williams.

Mrs. N. S. Woodward, of Plymouth, Ind., is visiting her daughters, Mrs. C. E. Reed and Mrs. Charles Wilding.

The Baptist state convention will be held at Bluffton, October 15 to 19, and quite a number from here will attend.

Rev. C. C. Cissell will preach at the Trinity M. E church at 7:30 this evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

W. W. Vale and mother, who have been visiting friends in the city, returned to their home in Canton, Ohio, this morning.

Miss Emilia Remus, the charming daughter of Julius Remus, will be married to Christ Schulte the latter part of this month.

Mrs. P. L. Potter and Mrs. S. A. Gillette returned today from Middletown, Ohio, where they have been visiting relatives and friends.

Hugh Duncan, a well known insurance agent of this city, has been appointed to take charge of an agency in Illinois and has left to assume his new duties.

Word was received in this city yesterday that the Rev. Albrecht, formerly of Fort Wayne, was dangerously ill from the effects of eating tainted canned fish at Milwaukee.

Harvey A. Snyder, who was visiting his brother, Rev. S. U. Snyder, pastor of Heidelberg Reformed church, left for Columbus, Ohio, where he is taking a course in medicine. He also contemplates studying in Europe.

Mrs. Sophia Wiebke, an aged lady who resides in the country, was painfully injured yesterday morning at the home of William Yergens, on Washington boulevard, where she is visiting. She fell from the doorstep and fractured her thigh bone.

The Lakeside Ladies' Aid society, which discontinued meetings during the summer, will begin their regular meetings next Tuesday at the home of Mrs. George R. Hench, 49 Elmwood avenue. All Lakeside ladies interested in charitable work are cordially invited to be present.

The Echo Minstrel Croquet club has organized with the following members: Thomas Patten, president; George Litot, secretary and treasurer; Frank Sallier, general manager; Ben Scheiderer, property man; Eugene Hammond, Joseph Sanmieders, Charles Striehmacker, Ed Berry and Joseph Lennard.

C. W. Siebold has taken out a permit to erect a two story dwelling on lot 7, Nelson's addition, to cost $1,000. Anna Kuehor has taken out a permit to erect an addition to her house on Saville avenue, and Charles Bahr one to erect an addition to his house on lot 92 Chute's homestead addition, to cost $150.

A careful examination of the trees that are struck by lightning shows that over half of them are white poplar. From this fact scientists conclude that the poplar has some value as a conductor of lightning. This being the case, agriculturalists are advised to plant these trees in the vicinity of their farm buildings.

It was Joseph R. Lowry, a nephew of the judge and a student in his office, who spoke at Huntertown on Thursday evening. The latter was then absent at court elsewhere. He expects to be out speaking soon, however, in response to several invitations. The speech was Joseph R. Lowry's maiden effort and made an excellent impression.

Today and tomorrow are memorable days for the war survivors of the battle of Corinth. It is the anniversary of that famous battle. The survivors in this city are Joseph Lumbard, James E. Graham and William Benedict, the two former being of the same company. That battle was a hot contest of two days, in which Rosecrans won a great victory.

Court No. 96, Tribe of Ben Hur, will hold their regular meeting tonight at Vordermark's hall, on Calhoun street. This is the new court that was instituted last Saturday night. This order calls its lodges courts, after the old traditional name of official meeting places of the Hebrews. The Tribe of Ben Hur is founded on the birth, life and death of our Saviour.

Fresh Baltimore Oysters for This, Saturday, Afternoon.

Large Selects, for frying, 28c can.
Best Standards, for stewing, 22c can.
Best Michigan Celery, 23c bunch.
Nice Sweet Jamacia Oranges, 25c doz.
Kelley Island Grapes, 9lb baskets, 15c.
Cape Cod Cranberries, 6c quart.

Fair House.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Blair, of Andrews, formerly of this city—a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Van Slyke went to Kendallville to attend the fair today.

Mrs. N. B. Rowe has returned from Colorado, where she has been the guest of her son.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Evans will soon be at home in the Evans homestead, on West Berry street.

Mrs. Miles and daughter Eva, of Huntington, will be the guests of Mrs. Joe Russell next week.

Miss Grace Gilbert has returned to her home in Marion after a short visit with Fort Wayne friends.

Mrs. Frank Stone has been elected president and Miss Chrissie Davis secretary of the Baptist sisterhood.

Miss Elenor Walkam, who has been visiting Miss Charles Muhler, jr., leaves today for her home in Louisville.

Ed Freiburger, who has been in the city as representative for the Remington typewriter, left for Indianapolis last evening.

Mrs. D. D. Williams is seriously ill. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene La Point, of Huntington, have been called to her bedside.

L. G. Holsey, representing Allen B. Wrisley Co.'s Old Country soap, is introducing his goods among the dealers of this city.

An old man named S. W. Chase fell in a fit on Hoagland avenue yesterday and the patrol wagon conveyed him to his home on Huffman street.

Miss Alice Cope, who has been a visitor in the city for some time, and her mother, Mrs. W. C. Taylor, have gone to Kansas City to spend the winter.

Gus Klinkenberg has resigned his position as prescriptionist at the Klinkenberg drug store and will leave next week for Oregon to locate permanently.

Henry Geller and Mont Kerr have been elected members of the Basti Viri club. The next meeting of the club will be held next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. W. W. Andrews has accepted a position in the school for the blind at Columbus, Ohio. Mrs. Andrews was formerly with the orphans' home in this city.

Miss Anna Reckall has issued invitations for a party to be given at her East Wayne street home Monday, Oct. 5, the occasion being her eleventh birthday.

The Letter Carriers' association will hold a meeting tonight at which A. E. Mohl will submit a report of the last national convention, to which he was sent as a delegate.

Capt. C. M. Simpson, of Pasadena, Cal., is in the city, the guest of R. J. Fisher. Captain Simpson is a member of the California state legislature and is a leading attorney of Pasadena. He is legal adviser for Mrs. Maude Walker, Mr. Fisher's daughter.

Mrs. George Boggs and daughter, of Pittsburg, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sperry. Mrs. Boggs is the author of "A Romance of the New Virginia," written under the name of Martha Frye Boggs. The story is published by the Arena Publishing company, of Boston.

Louis Nessler, of Indianapolis, representing the toy house of Kipp Bros., has arranged to put up an emporium at the Wayne hotel for the display of his goods. He will be here six weeks and will be assisted by Charles Keno in showing goods to merchants who come in from surrounding towns.

Last Thursday evening a very pleasant surprise was tendered Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ball, at their home in Lakeside, by a large number of friends, who gathered to remind them of the first anniversary of their marriage. The M. S. orchestra furnished the music, and cards and games were the features of the evening. Luncheon was served at a late hour.

The board of public health have compiled the following mortality report for September, 1896: Total number of deaths, 62; consumption, 12; Bright's disease, 6; cholera infantum, 5; cancer, 5; meningitis, 5; old age, 5; typhoid fever, 4; exhaustion, 3; diphtheria, 3; bronchitis, 3; accident and operation, 3; stillborn, 1; obstruction of bowels, 1; paralysis, 2; epilepsy, 1; cause not given, 2.

An entertainment and social will be given at the East Side Baptist mission, Thursday evening, Oct. 8, at which the following program will be rendered: Prayer, Rev. L. L. Henson; piano solo, Miss Winnie Dougall; recitation, Miss Anna M. Pailley; zither solo, Art Herisler; recitation, Clara Kanne; piano duet, Mrs. Frank Stone and Miss Lena McKillstrick; address, Rev. L. L. Henson; vocal solo, Art Dougall; recitation, Miss May Williams; vocal solo, Miss Georgia Davis; zither solo, Art Herisler.

The political census idiot who goes through trains demanding the views of the passengers, or indulges in straw votes on street cars, ferry boats, or at picnics and reunions, have received a setback. One of these impromptu vote takers polled a train a few evenings ago at Madison, Ill. When his voice was heard demanding, "Silver or gold," one sleepy passenger, under the impression that he was dealing with a train robber, shot him full of hot lead. The straw vote fiend will now have a chance to see how the inmates of the hospital are going to cast their vote.

Decatur has a holy terror in the person of Frank Schumacker, who drinks heavily and then drives his family out of the house with an ax, club or anything else handy. Last night he was in the midst of a war dance on the mangled remains of some furniture, when a crowd of neighbors took him in charge, and tying a rope around his neck escorted him to the river. When the stream was reached Schumacker was given two minutes to make his peace with the Lord, and was on the last thirty seconds of his prayer when the city marshal arrived on the scene and rescued him from death in the St. Mary's river. Neighbors threaten to lynch him next time.

St Bernard branch 103, C. K. of A., will hold a meeting tomorrow afternoon.

C. S. Siebold is building for himself a handsome new home on Runion avenue.

Degree of Honor lodge No. 2, A. O. U. W., holds a special meeting this evening.

Richard Sithen, who was visiting at the home of R. L. Romy, has returned to his home at Bloomington, Ill.

A praise meeting will be held at the Northside reading room, No. 96 Wells street, Sunday afternoon at 3:30.

William R. Jennings, of Lafayette, arrived here this morning for medical treatment from Dr. N. B. Smith.

The board of managers of the "Door of Hope" will meet next Friday afternoon at 3:30, at the Home, 141 Cass street.

U. S. Sheaff, traveling salesman for DeWald & Co., will resume his duties on the road next Monday after a week's sickness.

Kendallville Sun: "Henry Wichman, of Fort Wayne, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. F. Kiel, and other friends in the city."

Mrs. James McIlree, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Edward M. Wilson, returned to her home in Wabash today.

Mrs. Fulton, of Bucyrus, Ohio, will make her home for awhile with her nephew, Harry D. Keplinger, and care for his children.

James L. Romy and bride are now cozily domiciled in their new house on the Romy farm, west of the city on the Romy gravel road.

Miss Frances Cramer has decided to remain in the city this year and has accepted a position with the Kimball Piano company as assistant bookkeeper.

The ladies who take part in the Spinster entertainment for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. are requested to meet next Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Mrs. Meyer's home, 22 West Wayne street.

Sheriff Clausmeier and Superintendent Gooding went to Michigan City today, having in charge three prisoners, Chippie King, Charles Lewis and one Hoke, who will serve terms in the penitentiary.

Tomorrow will be a day of special services at the Grace Reformed church. Every member and friend of the church is urgently requested to be at the morning service, when the pastor will speak on the topic, "The Church Member's Duty to His Church."

The regular season at Robison park will close tomorrow with the exhibitions in the afternoon and evening of Arion, the king of the high wire. The Hibernian Rifles will give a drill and dance in the pavilion Wednesday night, October 7. The Zollinger Battery will also drill.

Services in the Odd Fellows' hall, on Berry street, tomorrow at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. of the First Spiritual society, conducted by Mrs. J. Lindsey, a noted medium and speaker from Grand Rapids. We invite the public to these services free. Children's lyceum at 9 o'clock.

Homer C. Hartman and Hugh Keegan addressed a republican meeting in the Sixth ward last night. This is Mr. Keegan's first year as a campaign speaker and he is winning many compliments, his efforts last night being highly praised. The speech of Mr. Hartman was an excellent one. He made an able and interesting presentation of the financial question at the meeting last night.

An exchange draws a parallel between a man and a dog, which inclines to favor the latter, in these words: "Help a dog out of a ditch and no matter what sort of a dog he is—town dog, or country dog, educated or illiterate, aristocratic or plebian, he will wag his tail into paralysis and exhaust every muscle trying to tell that every drop of blood in his veins is at your service. Help a man out of a ditch and what follows will depend very much upon his breed."

Muncie Herald: "Dr. J. W. Younge, of Fort Wayne, spoke to the most packed house last night that has been in Muncie during the campaign. The doctor is a rapid talker, and no one can misunderstand what he says. It was a great speech in behalf of the laboring class and free coinage of silver and carried the audience with him from start to finish. The subject of finance and tariff was handled without gloves and each rounded sentence was followed by the greatest of applause."

The St. John's Reformed church will hold their annual mission festival tomorrow at the church, corner of Washington boulevard and Webster street. In the morning at 10:15 o'clock, Rev. F. W. Horstmeier, pastor of the Reformed church at St. Louis, Mo., will deliver the sermon, and also speak to the Ladies' society and Young People's society in the afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Rev. Horstmeier is an interesting pulpit speaker, and has been successful in his mission work at St. Louis. In the evening at 7:30, Rev. Dr. Kuelling, the pastor of the Salem Reformed church, will deliver the sermon. There will be special singing by the church choir at all the services. There will be communion services at the close of the morning worship.

Last Tuesday, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Pierr, of St. Joe township, occurred the marriage of their youngest daughter, Mary, to Mr. John Kelliker. The bride, a sweet blonde, looked lovely in her gown of white organdie with chiffon and white satin trimmings. She was attended by two little flower girls, Josie Henry and Clara Veshaw; her sister, Miss Anna Pierr, and Katie Kelliker. The groom's attendants were Mr. Johnnie Bothner and Frank Pierr. The groom is very prominent in St. Joe and has hosts of friends who extend their congratulations. The Goeglein Cornet band rendered music all day and in the evening the Goeglein orchestra played for dancing. Many beautiful and costly presents were received.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Barnett left today for Kansas City to visit friends.

Misses Frankie Eldred and Irma Modaker left today for Galion, Ohio, to be the guest of Miss Igon.

Hon. John Overmyer and Hon. Hugh Dougherty arrived in the city at noon today and are ready for their meeting in this city this evening.

Rehling & Bischoff have a novel window exhibit at their store. Various poisons are exhibited and as a central figure there is a grinning skull with a cigarette clinched between its teeth.

Mrs. Jennie Ray Ormsby will open her school of physical culture in the Sons of Columbus hall, new Lau building, on Monday night, October 5. All interested in physical culture are cordially invited to meet with Mrs. Ormsby at this time and consult with her in regard to the work. Arrangements will be made at this meeting for various classes.

BICYCLE MISHAPS.

Carl Tuttle and Miss Flora Rodehoaver Are Injured.

Carl Tuttle, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Myron E. Tuttle, of Washington boulevard, was badly injured at noon today by falling off his bicycle at the corner of Wayne and Van Buren streets. The handle of the bicycle ran into his side and inflicted injuries both externally and internally. He was conveyed to his home, 220 Washington boulevard, and was unconscious for a time. Dr. McCausland attended him.

Miss Flora Rodehoaver, stenographer for Root & Co., while riding her wheel today noon, collided with another rider and sustained an injury to one knee. She will be confined to her home for some time on account of the accident.

Hon. Hugh Dougherty, of Bluffton, will discuss the silver question at Saengerbund Hall tonight.

PLEASING PROGRAM.

Harvest Home Entertainment Tomorrow Night.

There will be a "Harvest Home" entertainment given tomorrow night at Christ's Evangelical Lutheran church, corner Jefferson and Webster streets. The program will be as follows:

Prayer and Scripture Reading	Rev. A. A. Hundley
Song—"Step by Step"	School
"Husking of the Corn"	Louisa McKillstrick
"Only a Boy"	Bertie Mannen
"A Pearl"	Nina Storm
"The Summer Invites"	Ethel Berhool
Solo	Edith White
Selected	Harvey McKillstrick
"Slender Blades of Grass"	Maude Pence
"Use and Abuse of God's Gifts"	Clarence Loveline
Duet	May Bradley and Maude Merillat
"In the Looking Glass"	Lola Stott
"A Kind Little Girl"	Grade Thain
"A Useful Life"	Pat Ramsey
Solo	Lulu Meyer
"The Road to Yesterday"	Pearl Nelson
"Tabbie and Nell"	Irene Siebert
"A Dream"	Sadie Arnold
Solo	May Bradley
Selected	Myrtle Henry
"Give Thanks for What"	John. Kester
"The Apple Tree is the Tree for Me"	Rosa Thain
Song—"Be Thou With Us"	School
Lord's Prayer	

WORKING GIRLS.

They Will Give an Entertainment and Hop at A. O. U. W. Hall.

The Working Girls' union will give an entertainment and hop at the A. O. U. W. hall, corner of Calhoun and Superior streets, next Monday evening, at which the following program will be carried out:

Star Mandolin Club	Selection
Select Reading	Mrs. Gowlins
Dialogue—A Practical Life Lesson	
Harp solo	Miss Tillie Kelly
Recitation	Miss Grace Singleton
Song and dance	Eva Howard
Vocal solo	Mrs. Robinson
Selection	Mandolin club
Zero family	Eva, Katie and Tony
Piano solo	Lillian Mathews
Recitation—Pantomime	Agnes Anderson
Selection	Star Mandolin Club
Dialogue	
Tableaux	

Musical Service.

The first musical service for this season will be given tomorrow evening at Westminster church, West Berry street. The following numbers will be given:

Theme, Kreutzer Sonata	Arr. by Batiste	Miss Lindeman.
Love Divine	Abt	Miss Sawyer, Mr. Bash.
Scene from Lohengrin	Warner	Mr. Jennison.
Fear Ye Not O Israel	Buck	Mr. Bash.
Babylon	Watson	Miss Sawyer.
Prayer to Madonna	Gordigiani	Mr. Jennison.
Selection—"Mignon"	Arr. by Warren	Miss Lindeman.

Hon. John Overmeyer, of North Vernon, will discuss the silver question at Saengerbund Hall tonight.

The leaves at night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore the strange device,
Excelsior.

A large lawn can be cleaned quickly and nicely with our Excelsior Wheel rake, which is made to push and a boy can use it.

Morgan & Co., Columbia St.

We cure Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis.

HIBONE MEDICINE CO.,
Room 3, Schmitz Block.

The wall paper you are in search of is at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun street, and costs less than you think.

Persons interested in the Kindergarten work and to those who are thinking of sending their children, should do so at once, so that they may receive the entire year's work. Terms, $10.00 a term of twelve weeks. Misses Cramer and McCracken, 114 West Wayne street, corner Wayne and Ewing.

HON. W. J. BRYAN AT LOGANSPORT.

On Wednesday, Oct. 7th, the Hon. W. J. Bryan will speak at Logansport, for which the WABASH will run a special train, leaving Fort Wayne at 8:10 a. m., returning at 11 o'clock same evening. Tickets at one fare for round trip. 'Phone 6. 3t3

A large Railway Map of United States, so arranged in sections as to be entirely practicable and convenient to passengers in any position, is contained in the Rand-McNally Railway Guide. This will aid the most inexperienced traveler in tracing his route.

You can always save money and get wall paper to please you at L. O. Hull's, 90 Calhoun St.

Dr. Jno. J. Ogle has opened an office in ROOMS 10, Arcade. 14tf

50c to Rome City and back, Sunday morning, at 8:15. 1t3

Hon. John Overmeyer, of North Vernon, will discuss the silver question at Saengerbund Hall tonight.

Millinery, Wraps, Overcoats and Shoes—Special Sale.
30t4 "Fair," Trustee's Sale.

Try it again to Rome City and return for 50c, Sunday morning, at 8:15. 1t3

Great Reduction.

100 piece decorated dinner sets, reduced to $7.50.

10 piece chamber sets, reduced to $2.00.

Haviland decorated china, 113 pieces, reduced to $25.00.

112 piece dinner sets, reduced to $7.50.

All articles in our large stock of China, Lamps, Silver Plated Knives and Forks and Spoons reduced 30 per cent.

We make this reduction to enable us to close out our entire stock.

Mason Jars, 50 cents per dozen.

29sat's 9t Ward's China Store.

The Best

Carpet cleaning, sewing and laying is done by the Zimmer Carpet Cleaning Company. 5eod3t

Farmers' Excursion.

The Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway will give their Annual Excursion to

Grand Rapids

on Tuesday, October 6th. Tickets will be sold at Fort Wayne for $1.75 round trip. Special train will leave Fort Wayne at 4:10 a. m. Train returning will leave Grand Rapids at 7 p. m. and 11:30 p. m.; giving excursionists all day in the city, and an opportunity to visit the theatres.

C. L. Lockwood, G. P. A.,
22sat7t Grand Rapids, Mich.

Millinery, Wraps, Overcoats and Shoes—Special Sale.
30t4 "Fair," Trustee's Sale.

THE LAST DAY

—OF OUR—

GREAT SHOE SALE

Which closes Saturday Night, Oct. 3rd.

Your choice of all our Fine Shoes for $2.00. These goods are worth from $3.50 to $5.00 a pair.

All our Ladies' and Gents' fine Shoes worth $2 and $2.25, GO AT $1.60 PAIR.

All our Ladies' and Gents' fine Shoes worth $1.75 to $1.90, GO AT $1.25 PAIR.

Ladies' Oxfords & House slippers go at 50, 65, 75, 85c & $1 pair

Boys' Shoes, all kinds and all sizes, go at $1.00, $1.15, $1.25, $1.35 and $1.50 a pair.

Misses' and Children's Shoes, all styles, 75, 85, 90c, $1.00, $1.15 and $1.25 a pair.

Ladies' Overgaiters in all colors from 25c upwards.

Remember this sale closes Saturday Night, Oct. 3rd.

THE

Manufacturers' Shoe Store

25 Calhoun Street.
PETE KISERS' OLD STAND.

LOANS. LOANS.

Ten Thousand Dollars

To Loan in Sums of

$10, $15, $20, $30, $50, $100, $200,

Or any amount you may wish, on furniture, pianos, organs, guns, horses and wagons, bicycles, store fixtures, machinery, storage receipts, or any other available security.

Everything left in your possession, undisturbed, and you will have the use of the money. You can pay it back in weekly or monthly installments as you may find it most convenient. All business strictly private and confidential.

Loans made the same day you apply for it. Real Estate Loans made also.

Indiana Mortgage Loan Co.,

Room 8 Foellinger Block.
26 Calhoun Street.

T. H. McQUILLAN.

(Successor to Louis Mohr.)

DEALER IN

Domestic and White Sewing Machines.

Supplies for all Machines.

Sales Room 150 1-2 Calhoun St.

I pay the Best Price for CAST-OFF CLOTHING.

Please notify me at No. 76 Barr street, and I will call. I also do the best cleaning and repairing of clothing at the lowest price.

S. FIELDBLEAT,
76 Barr Street.

Voice Culture Studio.

Prof. George Abiani Smith, of room 12, Schmitz block, will accept a limited number of students. Excellent references. 26 1m

Coal and Wood.

The most reliable and best fuel is Coal or Wood. Don't rely on Natural Gas. Now is the time to buy Coal for winter. Don't wait until the Gas fails. For good quality, low prices and quick delivery, go to

GEO. H. KRUDOP,
Tel. No. 125. Cor. Francis and Hayden St.

STOP

At Lydia E. Auger's, No. 15 E. Washington St., for your Carnations and Roses, or at Vesey's Greenhouses, 90 Thompson Ave. Telephone 231.

Removal Sale.

We will sell everything at the very lowest price, on account of removing to 179 Calhoun street, opposite Cathedral.

Goldstein's New and Second-hand Store.

179 CALHOUN STREET.
New and second-hand Bicycles at your own prices.

THE LOWEST PRICES

—AND—

THE BEST VALUES!

In Good, Honest, Reliable Dry Goods are always found at "The People's Store." The items quoted below are samples of the extremely low bargains offered all over the store.

10 cases Best Fancy Prints	AT 4c YARD.
30 pieces 60 inch Turkey Red Table Linen, Fast colors, worth 35c	AT 19c YARD.
100 doz Extra Size Marseilles Towels, worth 15c	AT 10c EACH.
50 dozen All Linen Huck Towels, large size, worth 20c	AT 12½c EACH.
200 pieces Heavy All Linen Crash Toweling, worth 7c	AT 4c YARD.
50 pieces Unbleached Sheeting 2¼ yards wide, worth 20c	AT 10c YARD.
100 pieces Light and Dark Heavy Outing Flannel, worth 8c	AT 5c YARD.
150 dozen Ladies' Fast Black Seamless Hose worth 15c	AT 10c PAIR.
50 dozen Ladies All Wool Cashmere Seamless Hose, worth 25c	AT 17c PAIR.
50 dozen Children's Heavy Ribbed Fast Black Hose, worth 15c	AT 10c PAIR.
75 doz Ladies' 4-Button Kid Gloves in new Fall shades of Tan, Red, Brown and Black, a glove equal to anything sold in the city up to $1.00; go on sale	AT 59c PAIR.
Not more than 2 pair sold to one customer.	
100 doz Ladies' Fine Cambric Hdkfs, edged with Valenciennes Lace, worth 10c	AT 5c EACH.
50 doz Ladies' Fine Swiss Embroidered and Lace Insertion Hdkfs, worth 19c	AT 12½c EACH.
100 doz Ladies' Fine Ribbed Underwear, Fleece lined, Fine Egyptian Cotton, worth 30c, in White and Natural Grey	AT 25c EACH.
100 doz Men's Heavy Camelshair Underwear, sold everywhere at 75c; go on sale	AT 50c EACH.
40 doz Children's Ribbed Union Suits, Fleece lined, worth 75c	AT 60c SUIT.
100 doz All Wool Flannel Shirts, full size, worth 75c	AT 50c EACH.
100 doz. Ladies' Gingham Aprons, large size and Fast color, worth 15c each; go at	3 FOR 25c.
36 inch All Wool French Serge in new Fall shades, worth 39c	AT 20c YARD.
50 pieces 38 inch Novelty Dress Goods, new and pretty designs, worth 25c	AT 19c YARD.
Best quality Corduroy Velveteen, in new Fall shades	AT 62½c YARD
100 Ladies' Figured Mohair Skirts, 4 yds. wide, Bustle lining, Velvet bound, a regular $2.50 Skirt	At $1.48 Each.
50 Ladies' Heavy Beaver Double Capes, Braided and Fur trimmed, worth $5.00	At $3.90 Each.
100 Ladies' Jackets and Capes which have sold at $2.90, $5.00 and $6.00; go at	98c EACH.
100 Ladies' Jackets and Capes which have sold at $7.00 to $10; go at	$1.98 EACH.
Cuticura Soap	AT 15c CAKE.
Genuine Buttermilk Soap	AT 20c BOX.

REMEMBER ....

These prices are not quoted for one day only, but are our regular every day prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

The People's Store.

BEADELL & CO.

Best Lighted Store in the City.

S. W. HULL, WALL PAPER.

Latest Designs, Most Select Coloring, All Grades. Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging, House and Sign Painting. Wall Tinting, Etc.

Do Not Forget our Initials or Number.

27—Clinton Street—27

TELEPHONE 250.

ROBISON - PARK.

SUNDAY 2:30 and 8:30 P. M.

Special Performance of

ARION

The king of high wire walkers, rides a bicycle at night on a live 500 volt trolley wire.

Tuesday, Oct. 6th

Grand Musical Concert

and dance in the pavilion; everybody invited.

Wednesday, Oct. 7th

Military Drill and dance under the auspices of Hibernian Rifles.

Are You a Sufferer?

HE NEVER FAILS.

Dr. N. B. Smith,

the leading and only expert specialist in the city, treats all private diseases, varicocele, nervous debility, and all wasting diseases in young, middle-aged and old permanently cured. Dr. Smith is a graduate of one of the best medical colleges in the United States. He GUARANTEES a prompt and complete cure in all cases undertaken.

OFFICE.....
No. 107 Calhoun Street.

CUT SALE

—OF—

All Horse Boots & Clothing.

20 per cent. off all other goods in stock. Light, Double Carriage and Surrey Harness, Team, Express and Farm Harness, Hair Brushes, Curry Combs, Whips, Collars, Etc., Etc.

No. 11 Harrison Street.

Geo. H. Kuntz,

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

I, Samuel Bard, trustee, will offer for sale the entire assets of the Old Fort Spice & Extract Co. remaining on hand, Oct. 8th, 1896. Bids will be received up to that date.

SAMUEL BARD, Trustee.

Art Needle Work Display.

We are now showing some of the most beautiful Embroidered Table Linens, in doilies, center pieces, lunch cloths, etc., ever shown in the city. It will repay you to call and see them.

We have also received our Fall line of stamped linens, stamping patterns and embroidery materials.

Coronation Braid is new and popular. We have it.

Art Needle Work Co.,

22 W. Berry Street
(Miss Lowry's China Store.)

People Will Buy Goods

In Hard Times, if they are Sold Cheap Enough.

We are selling lots of goods—more than ever before in the history of our great store, but are making mighty little money.

Times are not propitious for money making. The people will only buy when they are offered a $2 article for $1.

We have been filling our immense establishment with car load after car load of just such bargains, bought of receivers of failures that have failed.

The effect upon our business has been marked. In August of 1895 our sales exceeded those of August of 1894 sixty-two per cent. In August of this year we made a gain in sales over last year of twenty-two per cent, making a gain in August of 1896 over the same month of 1894 of eighty-four per cent. We doubt if such a record of increase of sales can be matched by any old established house in the state.

Foster Furniture Co.

MONEY TO LOAN.

At lowest rate, on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, carriages, fixtures, etc., and leave the property in your possession.

Payments arranged on the weekly or monthly installment plan or to suit your convenience.

Furniture leases paid off and more money advanced. Business strictly private and confidential.

Fort Wayne Mortgage Loan Co.,
Room 2, Bissel Blk. 44½ Calhoun St.